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MARCH
1933

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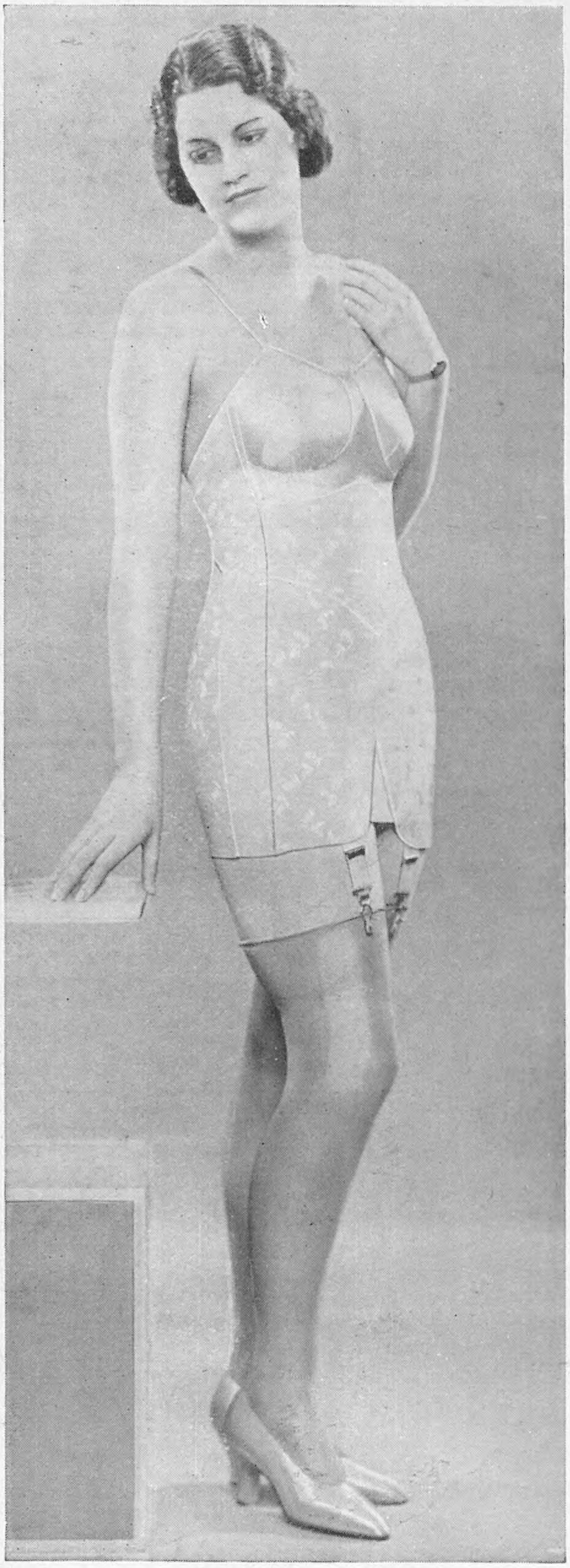

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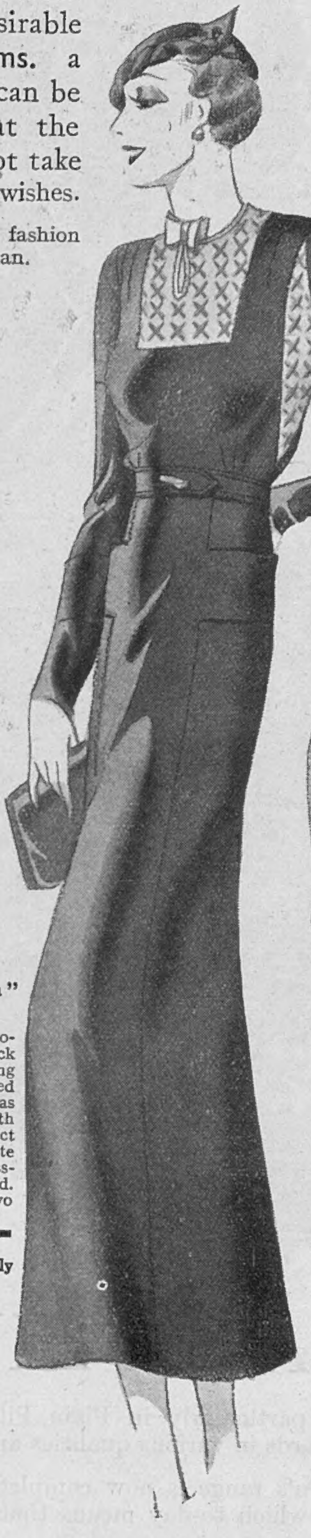

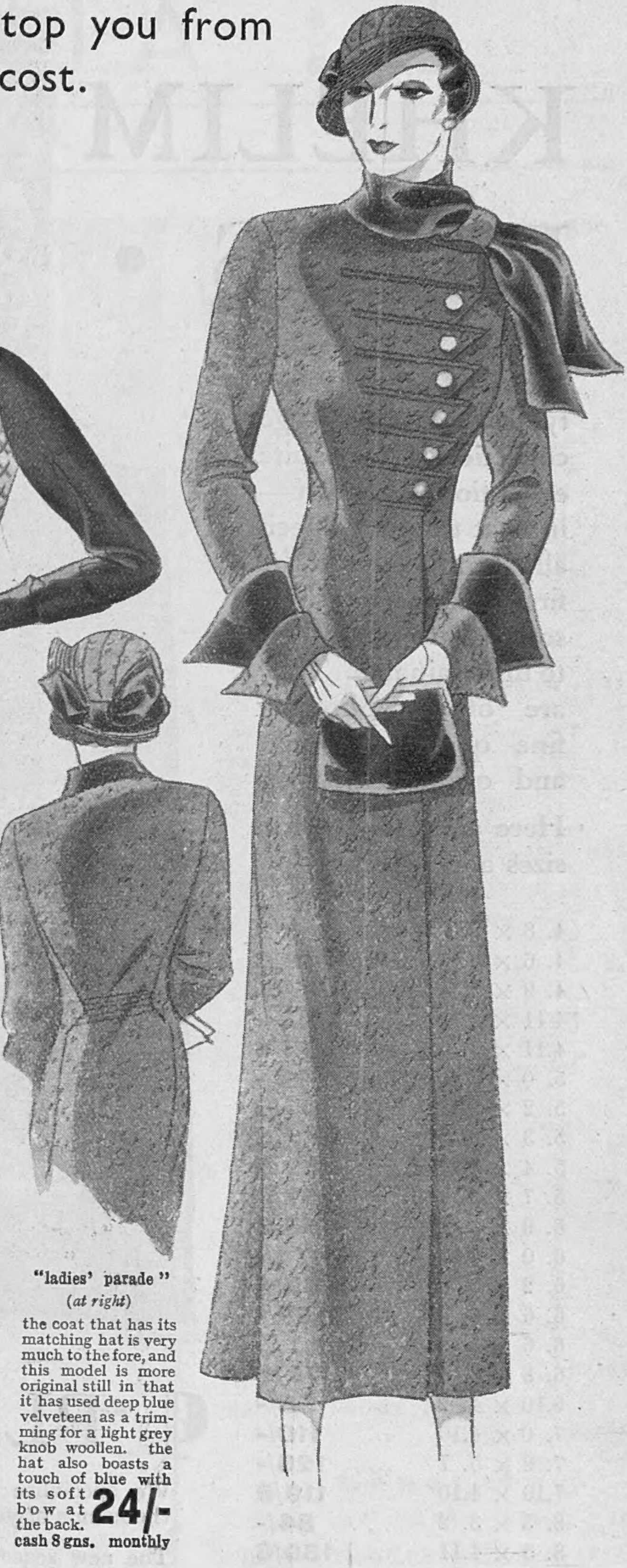

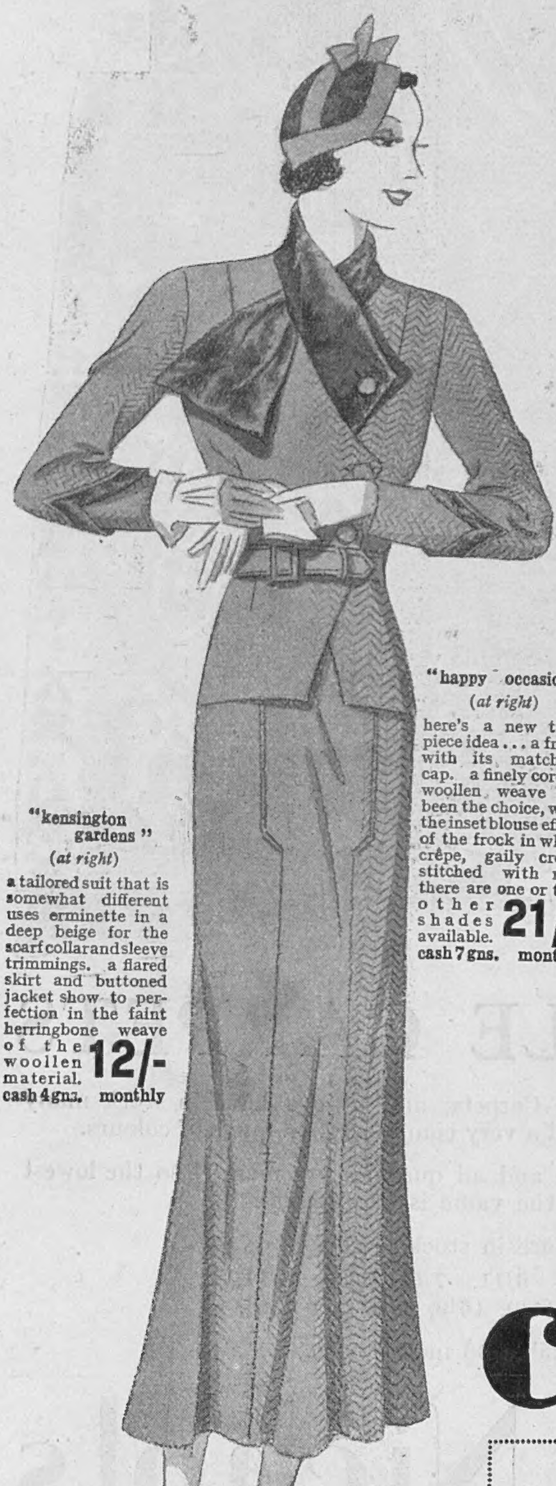

"kensington gardens"
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Vol. 6, No. 3. MARCH, 1933

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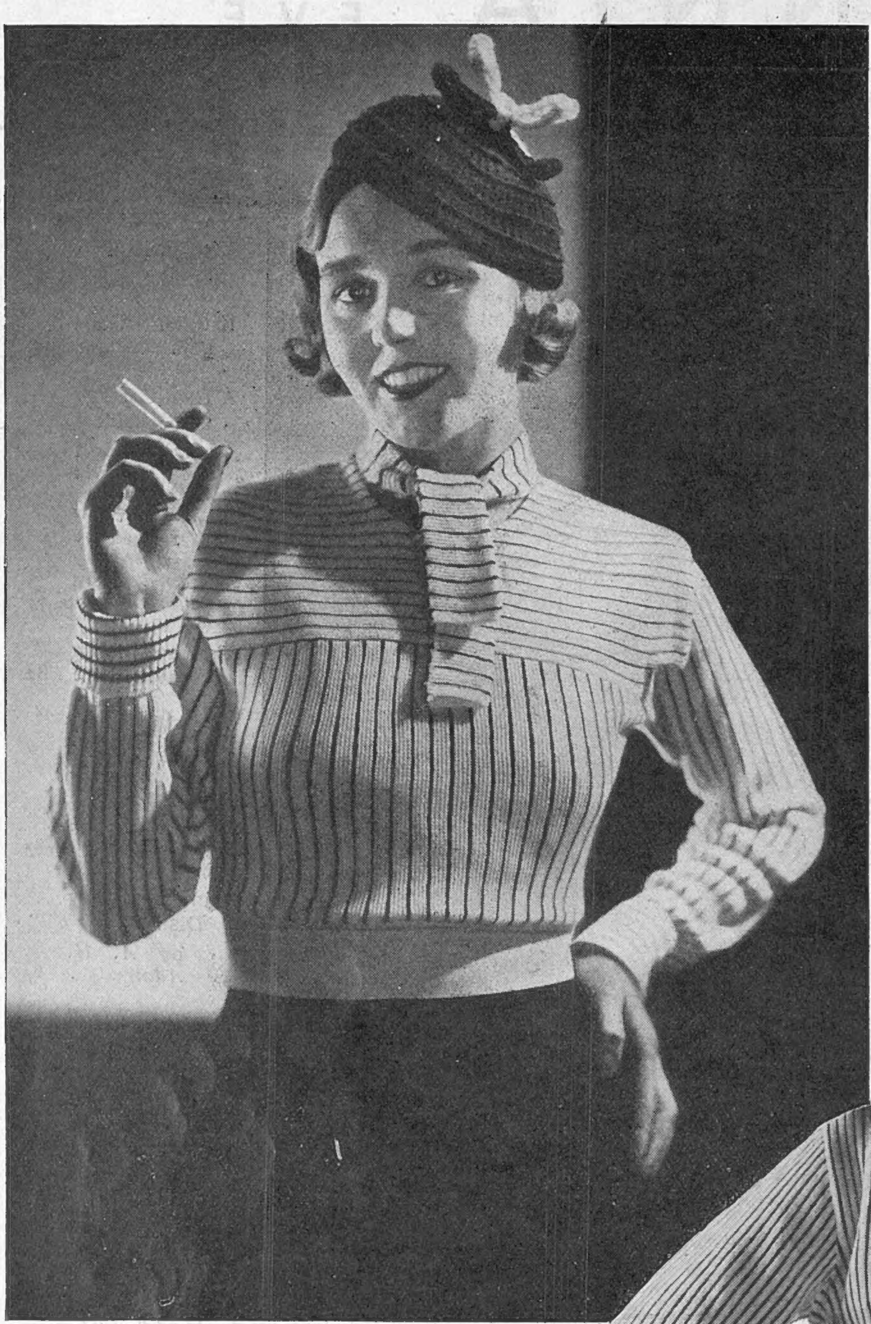
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 130. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



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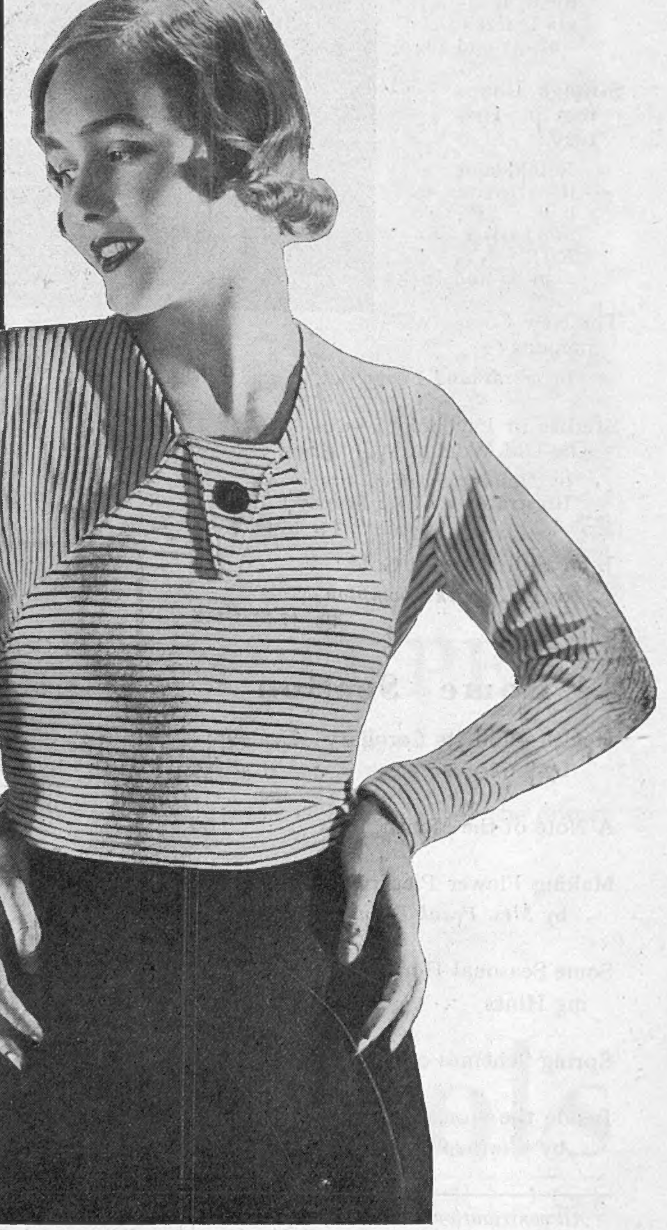

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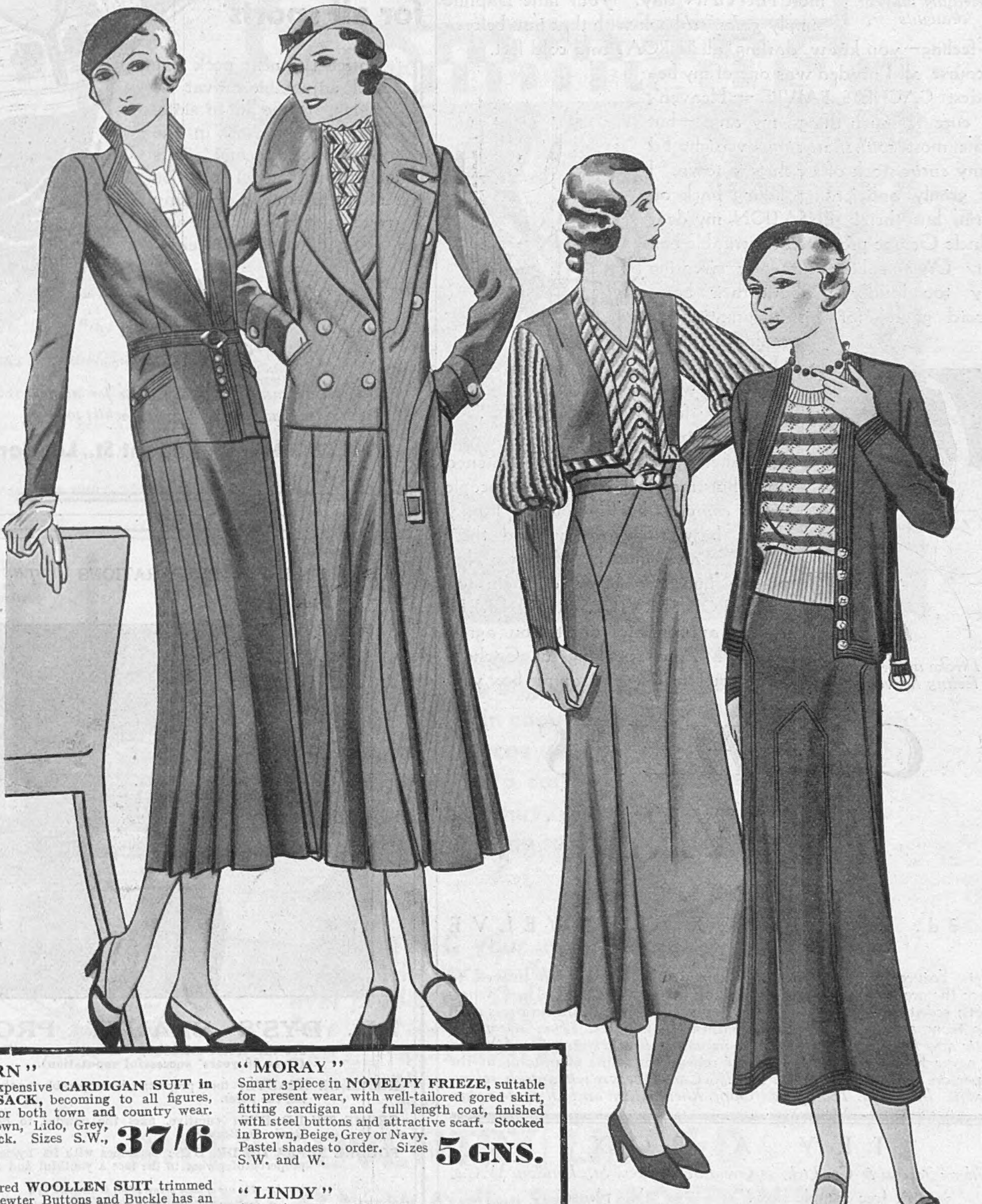

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Naturally, I had the *foulest* cold in a day or two—which wasn't improved by my being *hiked* off to trot round with the guns on the most PLUVIAN day. Your little Daphne simply *goloshed* back with that just-before-'flu-feeling—you know, darling, all THROAT and cold feet.

Of course, all I needed was one of my belovedest CACHETS FAIVRE — Heaven's *own* cure for such things, my angel—but by the most *soul-shattering* oversight I'd left my *entire* stock of Cachets in town. I was grimly anticipating falling back on aspirin, but then! SENSATION, my dear—Uncle George produced a veritable box of my *Olympic* little cure-alls—swearing (only too loudly!) about their being 'doocid good' for his rheumatism or malaria or something. RAPTURE! I woke up next day feeling *heavenly*, and after that things *really* brightened up. But imagine UNCLE, of all people—the *complete* health-hound! It only shows how *stupendously* good these Cachets Faivre must be. Anyway, I'm posting him two boxes of them to-day—FOR SERVICES RENDERED. *Rather* appropriate, don't you agree, darling? And speaking of Cachets, have you sent for *your* sample box yet?

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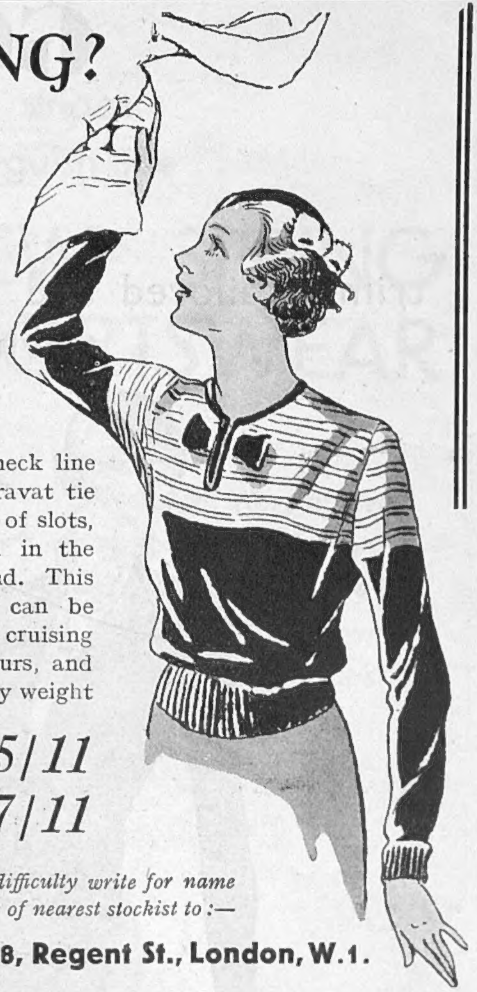

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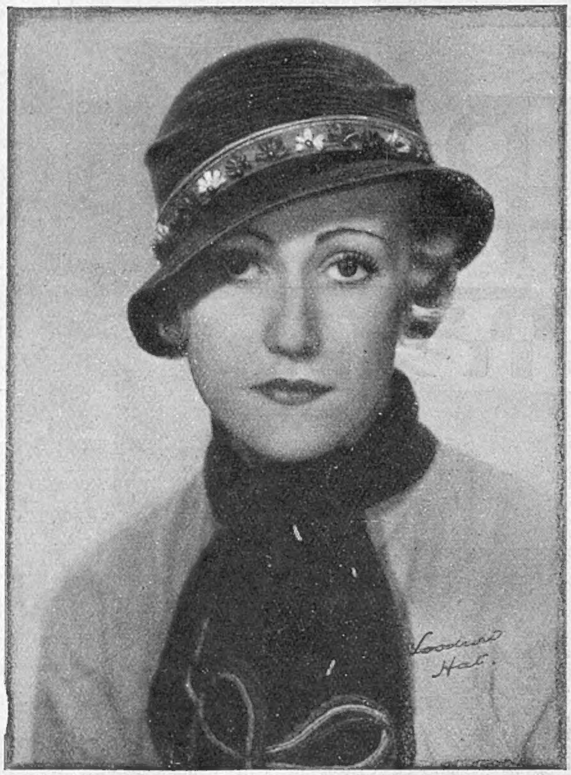

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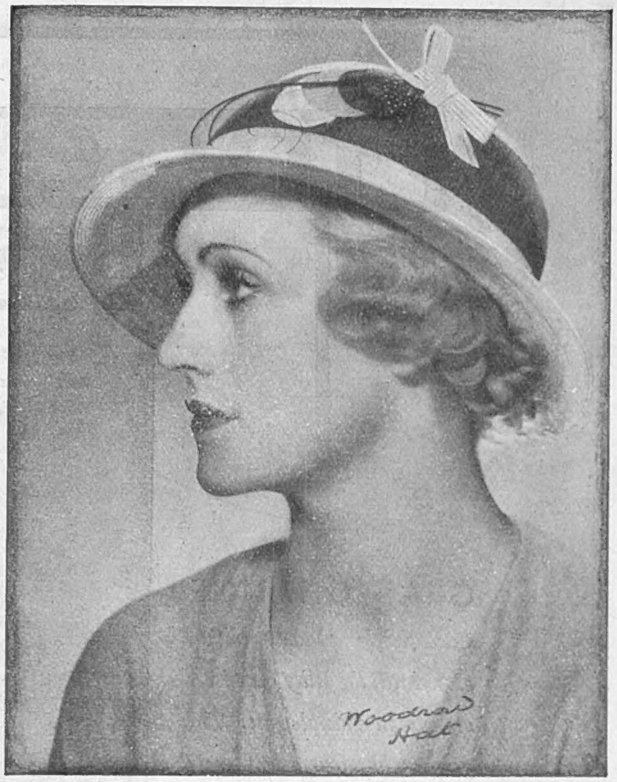

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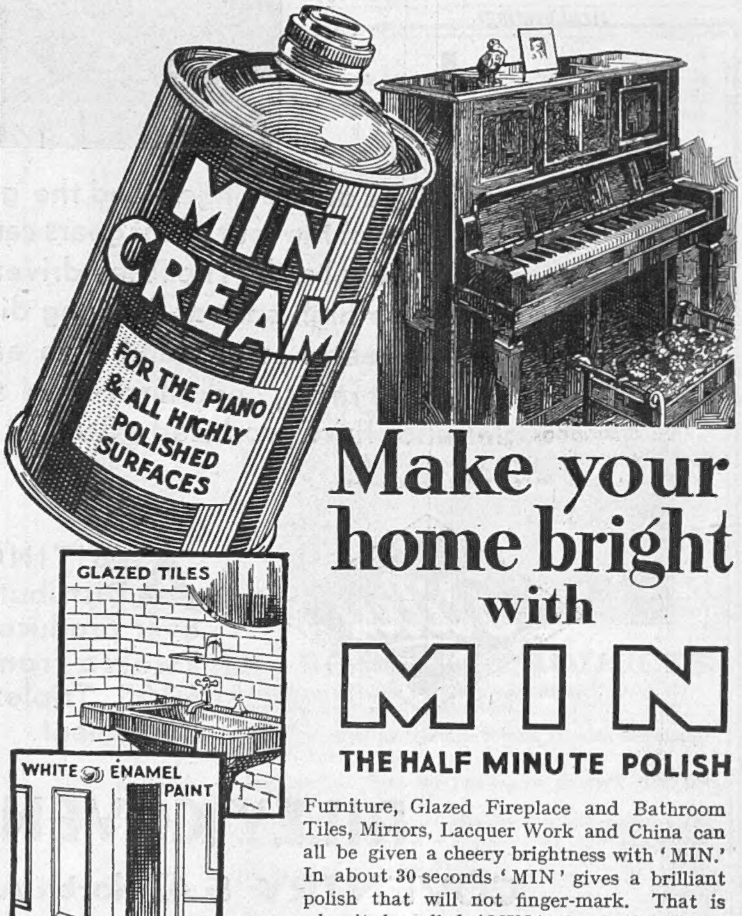
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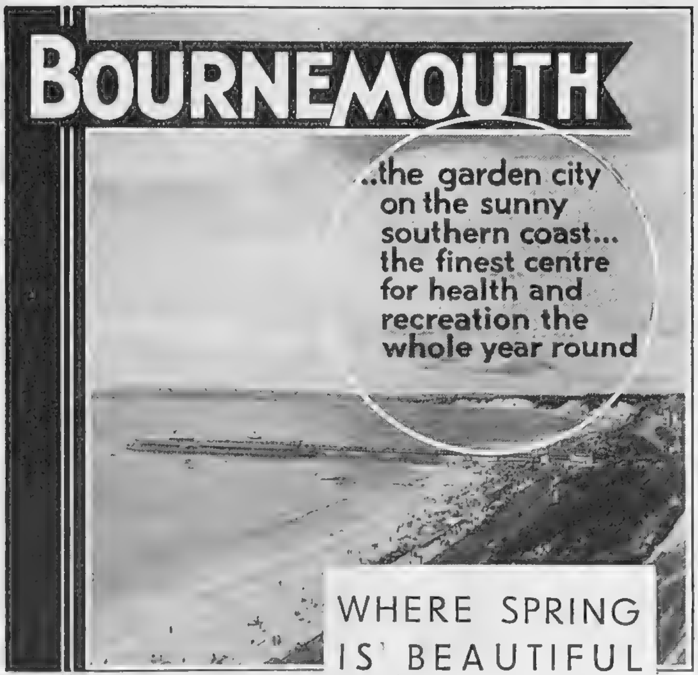
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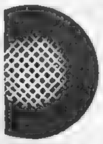

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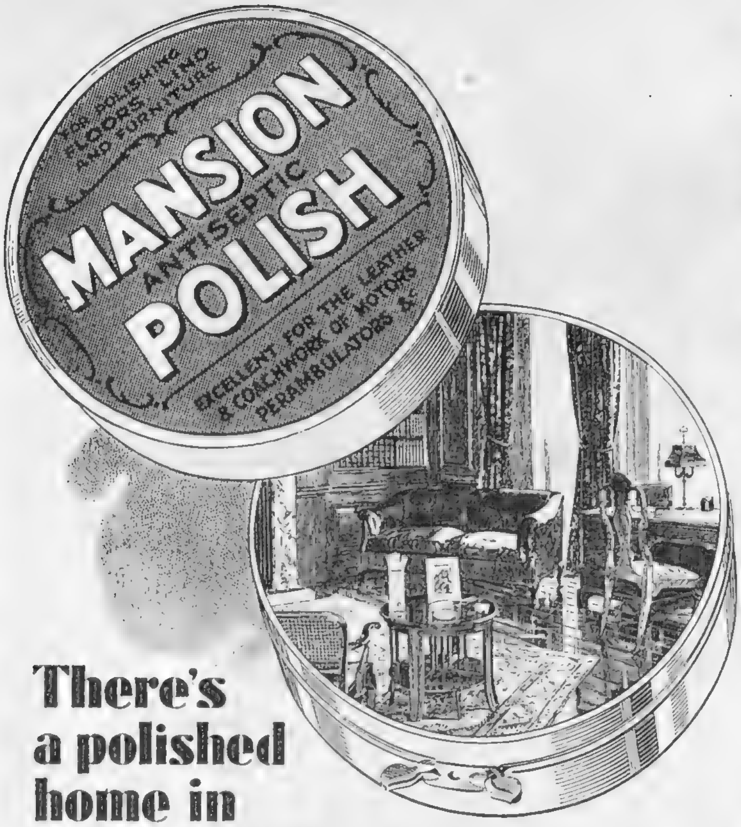
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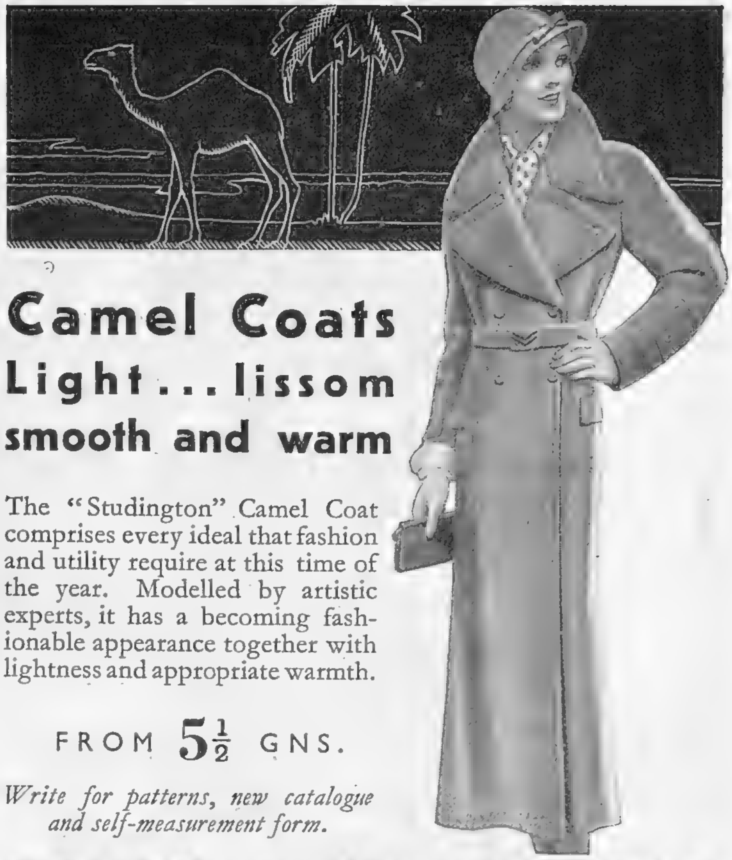

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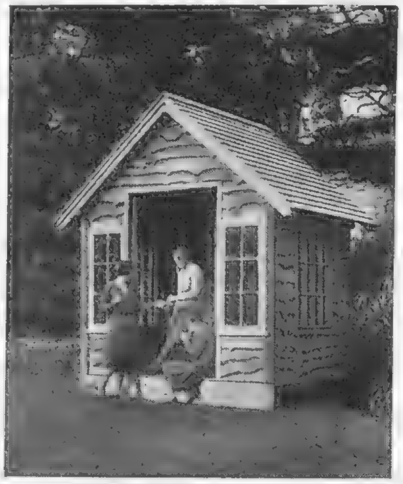

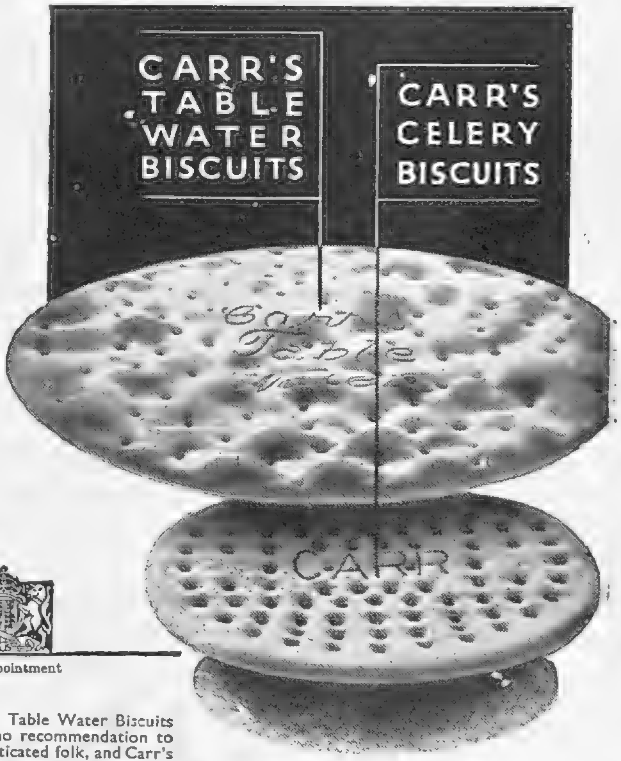

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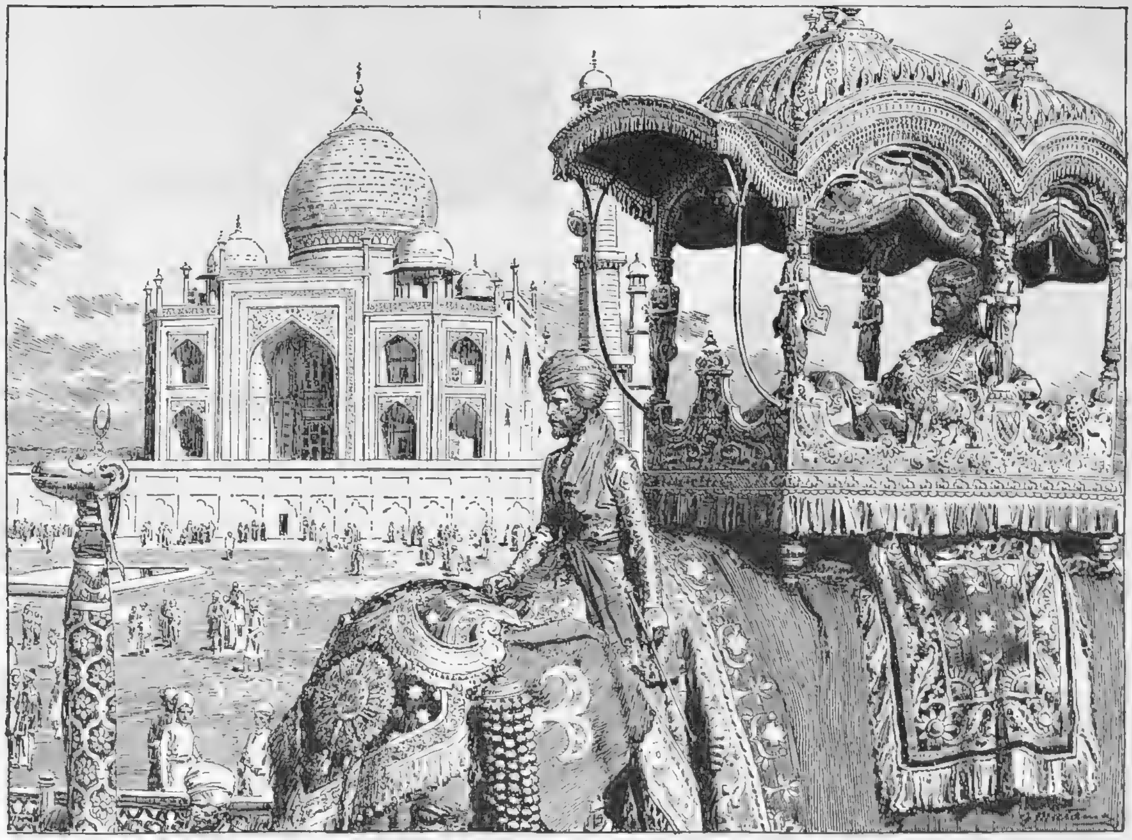

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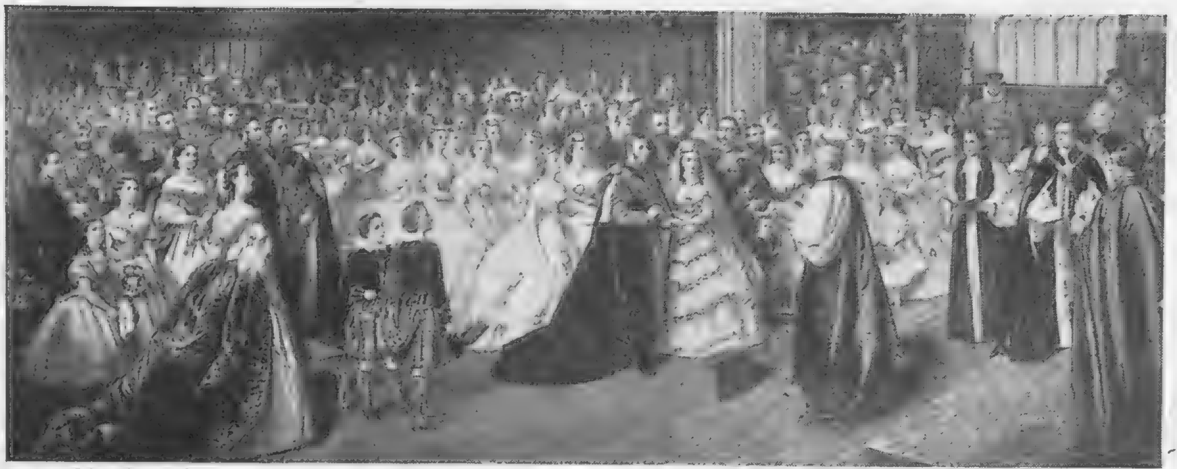
BRITANNIA and EVE

1833 Calendar for March 1933



Marriage of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra in the Royal Chapel at Windsor, March 10th, 1863

1st, WEDNESDAY.—*The first day of Lent, being Ash Wednesday, so called because of the penitential ceremony of burning the palms blessed on the previous Palm Sunday.*

The Feast of St. David, the patron saint of Wales. Fifty-three Welsh churches recall the name of this half-legendary divine of 1,300 years ago.

2nd, THURSDAY.

On this day in 1918 the representatives of the new Soviet Government of Russia were meeting the Central Powers at Brest-Litovsk in Poland. During the night peace terms were fixed and a treaty signed.

3rd, FRIDAY.

Who remembers COPLEY FIELDING, the greatest water-colour landscape artist of his day? Born six years before the French Revolution, he died a famous man on this day in 1855. His pictures are now relegated to the back rooms of galleries and museums.

4th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 6.42. *Sun sets* 5.43. *Lighting up time* 6.13.

On this day FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT will (D.V.) stand upon the steps of the Capitol in Washington and take the oath as the thirty-second President of the United States of America.

5th, SUNDAY.—*The First Sunday in Lent.*

5th, Sun.—The 77th anniversary of the burning of old Covent Garden Theatre. A new and larger building soon arose from the ashes of the famous playhouse.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, the great English polar explorer, was buried on March 5th, 1922, in South Georgia.

6th, MONDAY.

JOHN REDMOND, most eloquent of Irish politicians and leader of the Parnellites, died on this day in 1918.

7th, TUESDAY.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN, author of the best known of English Histories, died on this day in 1883.

8th, WEDNESDAY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, the great American Congregationalist preacher, died on this day in 1887. He was a wonderful pulpit orator, his favourite theme being love—of God, man and liberty.

9th, THURSDAY.

King William, the first Emperor of the newly founded German Empire, died on March 9th, 1888, leaving his throne to his son, William, destined to be known as "the Kaiser."

10th, FRIDAY.

PRINCE EDWARD, the eldest son and second child of Queen Victoria, was married to PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark, on this day, 1863.

11th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 6.26. *Sun sets* 5.55. *Lighting up time* 6.25.

Baghdad was captured again by the British on this day in 1917, and the dream of a Berlin-to-Baghdad railway which was behind Germany's backing of Turkey became even more remote.

12th, SUNDAY.—*The Second Sunday in Lent.*

12th, Sun.—The first news of the outbreak of revolution in Petrograd was flashed to the world just sixteen years ago.

IVAR KREUGER, most sensational of all the financial criminals whom the world economic crisis disclosed, shot himself in Paris when the affairs of the Swedish Match Company showed that he had been engaged in frauds of the most heinous nature.

13th, MONDAY.

KARL MARX, philosopher of revolution and most misquoted and misunderstood of writers, died in 1883, a quarter of a century before his theories were put into practice.

LT.-GEN. H. SHRAPNEL, who gave his name to ballistic science, died on March 13th, 1842.

14th, TUESDAY.

The great Millwall Docks were opened on this day in 1868.

Just a year ago MR. GEORGE EASTMAN, the millionaire who popularised photography as a pastime for millions, demonstrated his disgust with the way the world was going by shooting himself in his home at Rochester.

15th, WEDNESDAY.

On this day in 1917 the TSAR NICHOLAS abdicated the Throne of Russia, leaving the Government in the vacillating hands of Kerensky.

DAME MADGE KENDAL was born on March 15th, 1849. She was destined to become second only to Dame Ellen Terry as a great actress.

16th, THURSDAY.

The eleventh anniversary of Egypt's independence as a kingdom; but British soldiers still maintain a watching brief.

GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA, the Spanish Dictator who flared into the limelight like a meteor and as quickly disappeared, died of a broken heart in Paris two years ago.

17th, FRIDAY.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, a festival celebrated all over the world wherever Irishmen meet.

Nine years ago four American airmen started from Santa Monica in California to fly around the world. Six months later two of them arrived back again. They could have done it three times as quickly on the ground and sea. But it was the first world flight.

18th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 6.10. *Sun sets* 6.7. *Lighting up time* 6.37.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is sixty-four years old to-day.

The building occupied by Madame Tussaud's waxworks exhibition in the Marylebone Road was alight on this night in 1925 and gave London the most picturesque and bizarre conflagration for may years.

19th, SUNDAY.—*The Third Sunday in Lent.*

19th, Sun.—In 1863 the statutes enforcing the keeping of Lent were repealed by the Statute Law Revision Act. The Lenten fast dates back about sixteen hundred years.

20th, MONDAY.

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON, a great servant of Empire, died at dawn on this day in 1925, after a long illness.

MARSHAL FOCH, the commander of all the Allied Armies in the field during the last two years of the Great War, died four years ago (1929).

21st, TUESDAY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, the linendraper who turned poet, died on this day in 1843.

The second battle of the Somme began on this day in 1918.

22nd, WEDNESDAY.

On this day was born in 1857 PAUL DOUMER in the French town of Aurillac. He was destined to lose his four sons in the Great War, and then his own life at the hands of a crazed Russian called Gorguloff, while he was President of the French Republic.

23rd, THURSDAY.

LORD MILNER, statesman and Empire administrator, was born at Bonn in 1854.

24th, FRIDAY.

The Grand National Steeplechase, greatest "over the sticks" event in the world, will be run at Aintree, near Liverpool on this day.

A year ago KING GEORGE V personally distributed the Royal Maundy money in Westminster Abbey for the first time for 220 years.

25th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 5.54. *Sun sets* 6.19. *Lighting up time* 6.39.

THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION, Lady Day. And Quarter Day.

26th, SUNDAY.—*The Fourth Sunday in Lent.*

26th, Sun.—SARAH BERNHARDT, the greatest French actress of her time (and perhaps the greatest in the world), died in Paris in Holy Week, 1923. She was of French and Dutch parentage and Jewish descent.

CECIL RHODES, adventurous Imperial enthusiast, died in 1902.

27th, MONDAY.

Two years ago ARNOLD BENNETT, one of the most popular and human novelist of the century, died in London.

On this day in 1916 the first Allied War Conference met in Paris.

28th, TUESDAY.

In 1854 France and Britain opened their campaign in the Crimea against the Russians to keep the Sea of Marmora in the hands of the Turks.

29th, WEDNESDAY.

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL, whose dandyism gave a phrase to the English language, died on this day in 1840, a paralytic wreck, in a charitable asylum in France.

30th, THURSDAY.

JOHN CONSTABLE, a great English landscape painter, died on March 30th, 1837.

The first aeroplane on the England-to-India service left Croydon three years ago with Sir Samuel Hoare as its principal passenger.

31st, FRIDAY.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER celebrates his thirty-third birthday.

WHAT is a great man? How do we appraise greatness in our fellows? Who is to judge? What, indeed, constitutes greatness?

I have been pondering over this for some time, and I have finally come to the conclusion that greatness is really only appraised at its true value long after the individual has passed into Eternity. Achievement and its effects, not achievement alone, must be the measure of one's greatness.

If we cast our minds back to other generations we pick out the great men of the time unerringly because the subsequent verdict of History has put them in the front rank. I doubt if we had lived in the Georgian era whether we would then have picked out, say, Charles James Fox as a figure that would be conspicuous in the twentieth century; or Richard Brinsley Sheridan, or David Garrick, or Romney or Gainsborough. Even little Nelson, whose name is so gloriously interwoven in the history of his country, was for long regarded by a great number of his countrymen as an eccentric, theatrical personage, and it was really not until he found death so gloriously at Trafalgar that his place was fixed indelibly in the scroll.

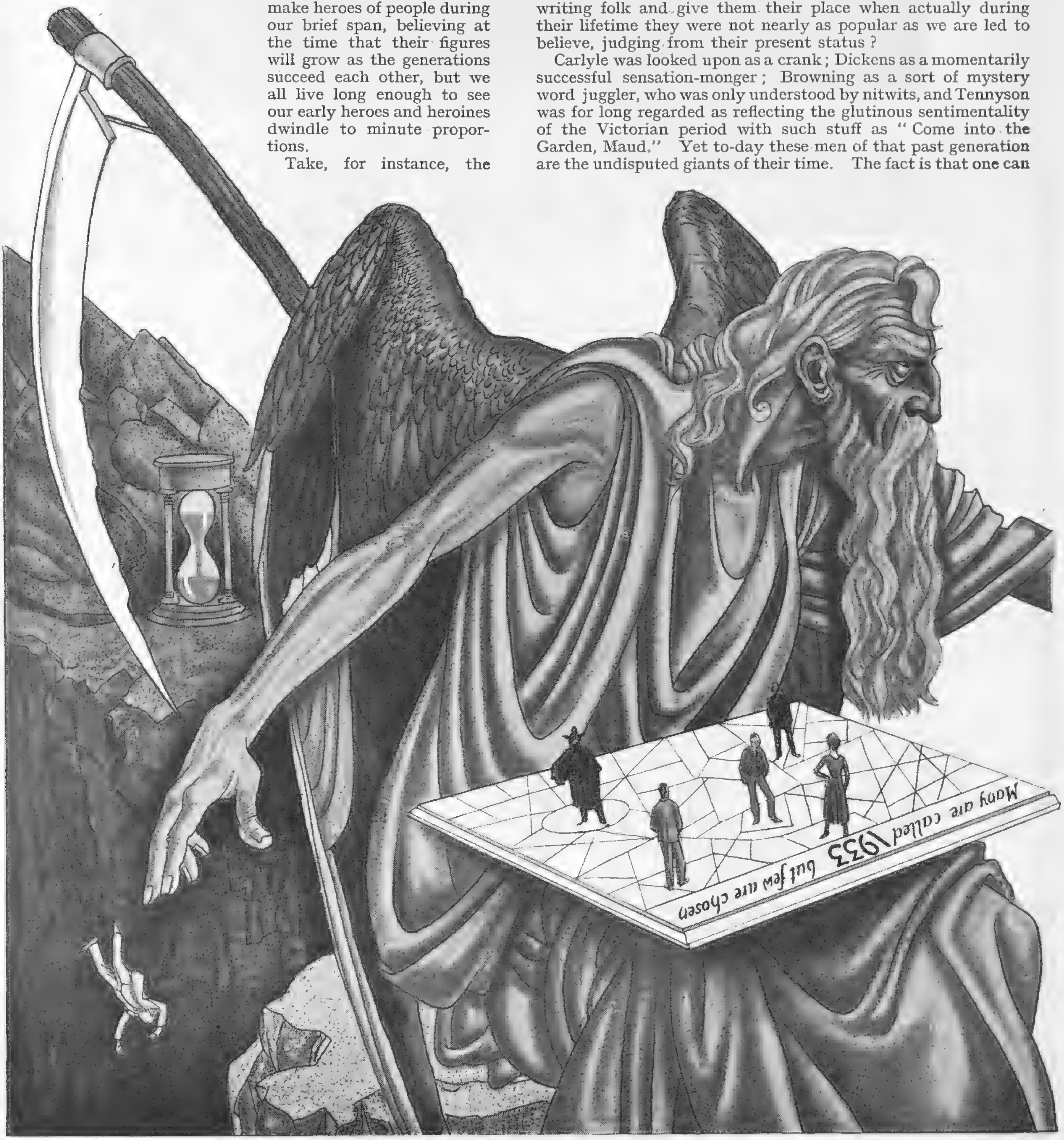
On the other hand, we make heroes of people during our brief span, believing at the time that their figures will grow as the generations succeed each other, but we all live long enough to see our early heroes and heroines dwindle to minute proportions.

Take, for instance, the case of Lord Roberts—"Bobs," the great British idol, the hero of Kandahar, whose personality even dwarfed that of the Great White Queen at Windsor. I have seen the London street crowds in wild enthusiasm whenever he passed on his famous little white charger; and I have also seen him ten years later walking unobserved and unknown through the streets of London. Who *was* Lord Roberts? The average young person of to-day has difficulty in answering.

Or, who was Miss Rhoda Garrett? How many women who now enjoy the vote, or think they do, know that at one time in the last century Rhoda Garrett was the most talked about and interesting English woman because of her incessant advocacy of Women's Suffrage.

It is difficult to judge, therefore, what will be your place, or mine, in history. We may think we are terribly important and then along comes Father Time, and with an infallible eraser in his hand rubs us out of Posterity. It is an interesting thing to try to fix present living great ones in the scheme of the future. Where will be the heroes of, say, the nineteen-thirties, and why? Why, for instance, did we take Dickens and Thackeray and Carlyle and Tennyson and Browning among the writing folk and give them their place when actually during their lifetime they were not nearly as popular as we are led to believe, judging from their present status?

Carlyle was looked upon as a crank; Dickens as a momentarily successful sensation-monger; Browning as a sort of mystery word juggler, who was only understood by nitwits, and Tennyson was for long regarded as reflecting the glutinous sentimentality of the Victorian period with such stuff as "Come into the Garden, Maud." Yet to-day these men of that past generation are the undisputed giants of their time. The fact is that one can


Many are called 1933 but few are chosen

fairly estimate a man's value to posterity by the way in which he reflects the times and manners of his generation. What we all want to know is intimate, minor details of the lives of our predecessors. These men accomplished that.

NOW let us try to fix our contemporaries in the puzzle board of the future. Let us look to 2033, a hundred years hence. Who will there be to represent the nineteen-thirties? Shall we take the writers first? I can enumerate a goodly list: Wells, Kipling, Galsworthy, Winston Churchill, Priestley, Aldous Huxley. Almost immediately I hear protests: "Wells is written out, Wells is a potboiler, Wells writes so much drivel: Kipling is a Victorian, a Has-Been, and his Tommy Atkins is as dead as dead; Winston Churchill is too erratic; Galsworthy too gloomy; young Huxley entirely unproven and Priestley only arrived," and so on.

My answer to all this is that it is only the really outstanding products and not the day-to-day work of any creative person that outlive his generation. Every great writer, or painter or sculptor produces a good deal of inferior stuff which dies with him. It is only the "Recessionals" and such-like that will survive Kipling. His Ortheris and Danny Deever will long be forgotten. Humbert Woolf gets it right in his lines:—

The tin-can politics of Rudyard
Rot in some Tooting brickyard,
While through the sacred brushwood rippling
Gleams the faun the Gods called Kipling.

There is Winston Churchill, a writing man if ever there was one. Does anyone mean to dispute with me the assertion that his "Malakand Field Force," his "River War," and his later War books are not as good as anything Macaulay ever did? So we may contentedly put him down for a minor post in the Valhalla of politicians, but a conspicuous front seat among the writers a hundred years hence. Galsworthy I put high because he has perpetuated an era in literature. He was a writer who mapped out the Life of the present time, and posterity will want to consult him as an authority. Shaw must of necessity be of the great ones, both as a fictionist and as a playwright. His "John Bull's Other Island" is a classic of one sort, his "Saint Joan" the greatest dramatic work of a century. Shaw's quips and fripperies, his vegetarianism, his incursions into all sorts of controversial questions in which he is just the bull in the china shop, will all be laid aside and forgotten. The next century will think of him as we do now of Racine and Rabelais, or Molière or Colley Cibber.

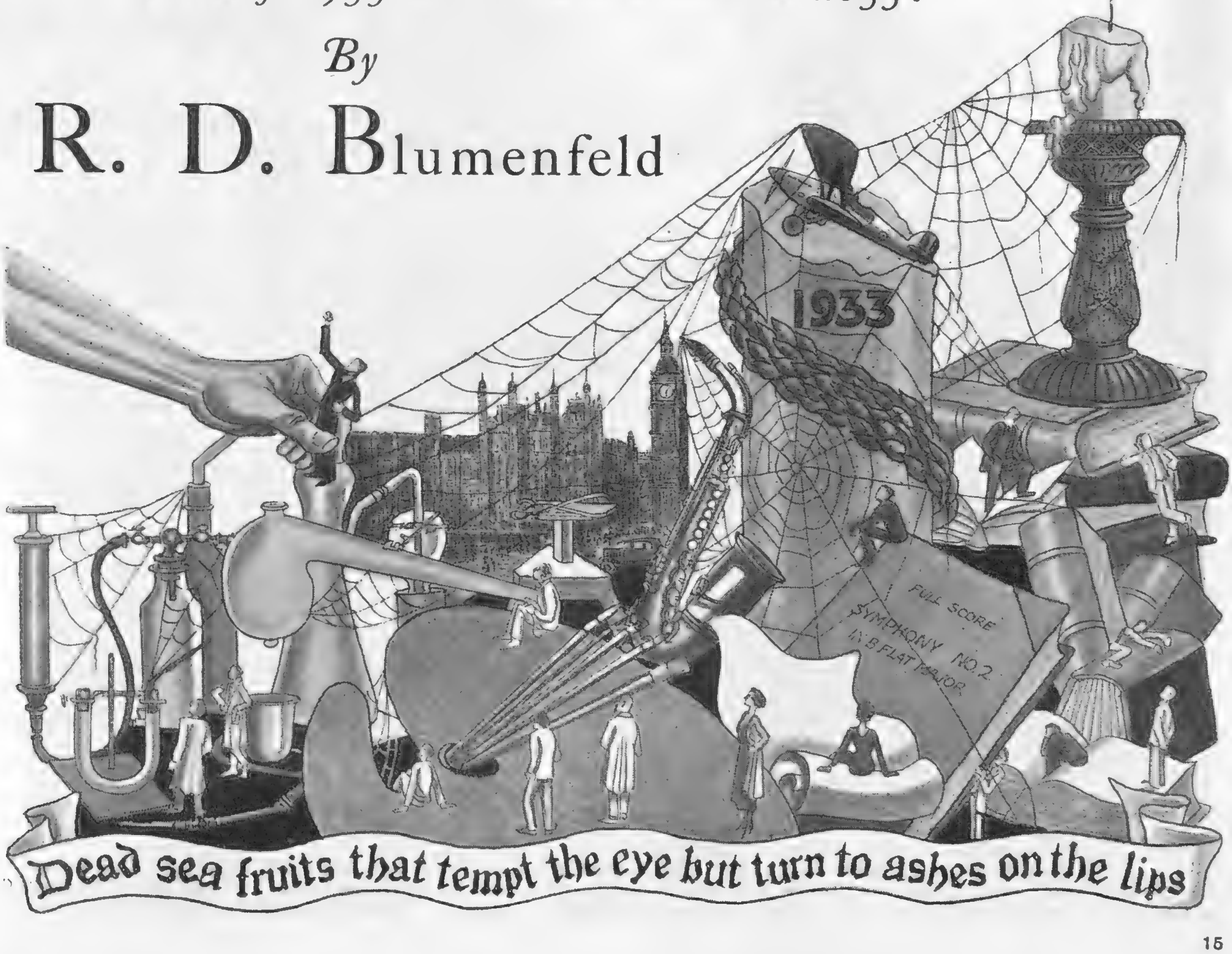
I am on thinner ice when I begin to make figures of eight about young Huxley. Here is a newcomer out-Wellsing Wells in the field of modern scientific speculation. He is blazing a (*Continued on page* 106)

A Hundred Years Hence

Who of 1933 will be remembered in 2033?

By

R. D. Blumenfeld

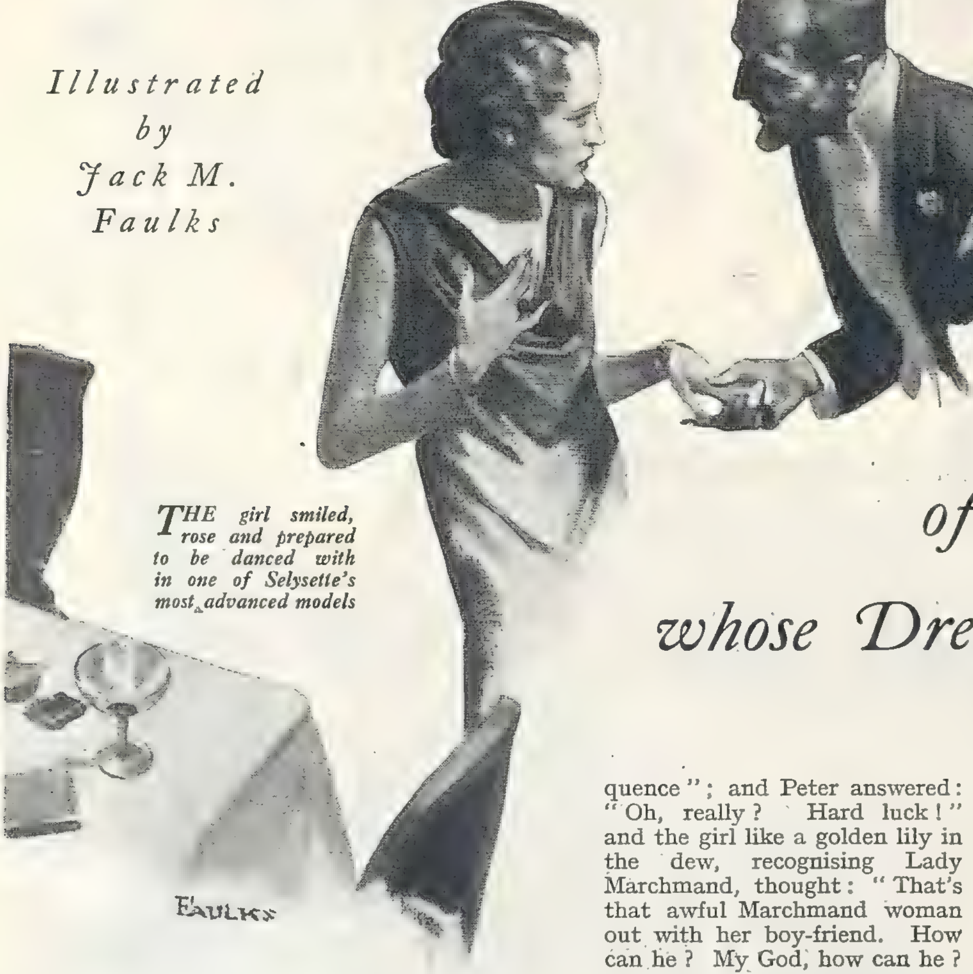


Dead sea fruits that tempt the eye but turn to ashes on the lips

"Of Good Appearance"

By F. E. Baily

Illustrated
by
Jack M.
Faulks



The girl smiled, rose and prepared to be danced with in one of Selysette's most advanced models

The Story of a "Gigolo" whose Dreams came true

PETER STOCKS, who was Lady Marchmand's secretary—public school, good at games, pleasant manner, can drive car—looked across the Cosmopolis Restaurant at the girl with the middle-aged Gallic escort, and certain words came into his mind:

And she was a golden lily in the dew,
And she was as sweet as an apple on the
tree,
And she was as fine as a melon in the
cornfield,
Gliding and lovely as a ship on the sea,
Gliding and lovely as a ship on the sea.

Lady Marchmand, following his glance jealously, said: "Peter, darling, that's a new mannequin from Selysette's, where I buy my frocks, out with the representative of a Paris house, and Selysette will get ten per cent. off his account in consequence"; and Peter answered: "Oh, really? Hard luck!" and the girl like a golden lily in the dew, recognising Lady Marchmand, thought: "That's that awful Marchmand woman out with her boy-friend. How can he? My God, how can he? It's hopeless for me because I'm a girl, but if I were a *man*——!"

Then she caught his eye and something in its expression caused her to add: "Well, pr'aps he can't help it either. Pr'aps he's like me, obliged to live on his looks. He's awf'ly good-looking. I s'pose that's worse for a man than for a girl."

The Gallic escort turned to her with that air of being dazzling which comes so easily to a Frenchman whatever his age. The girl smiled, rose and prepared to be danced with in one of Selysette's most advanced models. Lady Marchmand turned to Peter and said almost pettishly: "Peter, we aren't dancing." Peter answered: "Sorry, Vera," for he had been taught to call her Vera.

He stood up and waited for her to precede him to the rectangle of parquet. He was tall and square-shouldered, and his dress-clothes, which Vera had paid for, came from the best tailor in London. She gave herself into his clasp with the faint air of possession which made him seem to himself like a pedigree dog on a leash, and roused an instinct to take Vera by the throat and strangle her. He hated the feel of Vera in his arms. Vera was fifty-three and owed her outline largely to a cunningly cut foundation garment. He imagined exactly how the Selysette girl would feel in one's arms, and wondered why women in the fifties became so stiff in their movements, and if the Selysette girl hated dancing with her Frenchman as much as Peter hated dancing with Vera? Probably not, because that sort of thing was different for a girl.

He passed close to the Selysette girl in the dance. She had dark hair brought down on to the nape of her neck, and a proud curve of throat and shoulder. Her brow was wide and deep and her face expressed a serene beauty. Two blue-grey eyes regarded him gravely and looked away. She had no need of a cunningly cut foundation garment; the wonderful lines of the frock seemed to flow like water over her perfect figure.

DANCING with Vera, his smile correct, his conversation exactly right, he reminded himself bitterly that all his clothes and shoes were bought by Vera, and his microscopic service flat—bed-sitting room, that could be divided by a partition, and bath—were rented by Vera and that she paid him two hundred and fifty a year besides, and that he had fewer privileges than a well-trained housemaid. A housemaid could claim certain half-days and evenings off and indulge in a boy-friend, but all Peter's time belonged to the caprices of Vera, and for him to risk a girl-friend would never have done.

But then a housemaid followed a recognised occupation for which she had been trained, and Peter didn't. When he left Harchester no money remained over to finance a profession for him. He had endeavoured to make a success of business, but shorthand vanquished him, figures meant nothing to him, and he couldn't spell accurately. Several business firms gave Peter up as a bad job. The Dominions were hopeless—no work in Canada or Australia, and South Africa meant capital. The United States had practically shut its doors against immigrants and things were worse there than here.

PETER was just deciding to try and enlist or join the police when he met Vera at someone's dinner party. With the uncanny wisdom of a rich widow, where men were concerned, she summed him up. Vera had survived two years of widowhood without the slightest wish to re-marry, but she realised the narrowness of her escape from various men. A rich widow provided an attractive target for adventurers, gigolos, and ambitious undesirables of all sorts. One needed a man to deal with them, but one didn't have to marry nowadays in order to secure him. A private and personal gigolo struck her as far more convenient. One called him a secretary, of course, and he didn't live in one's house or flat because that might give rise to misunderstanding. He lived out and ran errands and acted as a courier when one travelled, and saw that the chauffeur didn't rob one, and entertained dull women at parties, danced perfectly, played golf and tennis perfectly, and couldn't argue or answer back like a husband because on his charm depended his bread and butter.

It was an extension night at the Cosmopolis, typical of so many Cosmopolis nights Peter had endured. The faultless dinner by this time was becoming a dim memory. Midnight brought the cabaret show which the after-theatre crowd gaped at between mouthfuls of supper: a politely impertinent male singer of topical songs that coqueted with impropriety, the usual dancing team, a skilfully undressed chorus, and a man who played tunes on a saw. Peter observed that by this time the middle-aged Frenchman was rising to great heights of gallantry, and the Selysette girl restrained him with growing difficulty but unwearying tact.

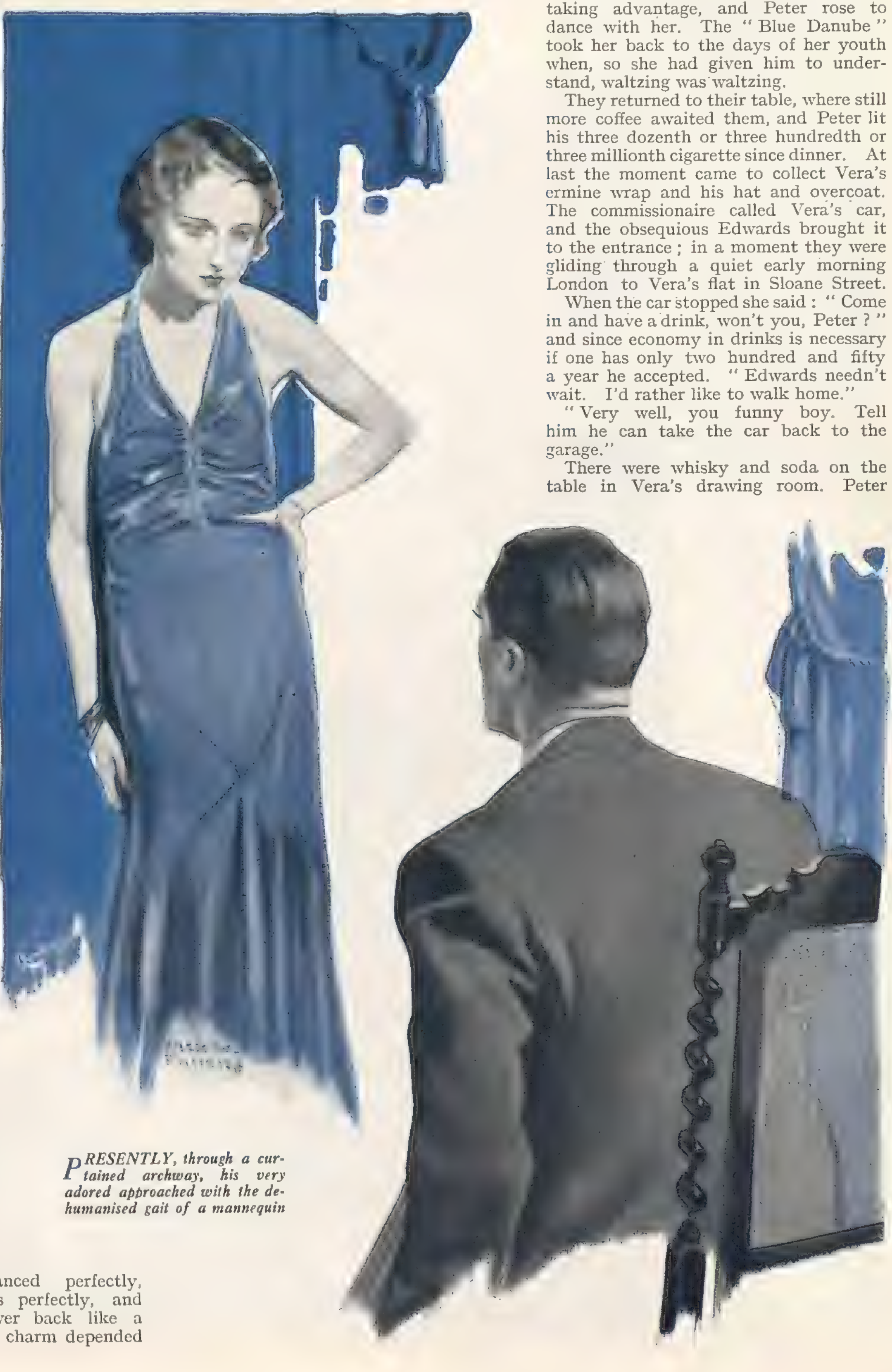
He heard Vera expressing a desire for eggs and bacon. The bacon and eggs arrived and were consumed. The band began to play "The Blue Danube," for when the company has drunk a good deal the moment for sentiment arrives. Vera looked into Peter's eyes, because she could do so safely without fear of his taking advantage, and Peter rose to dance with her. The "Blue Danube" took her back to the days of her youth when, so she had given him to understand, waltzing was waltzing.

They returned to their table, where still more coffee awaited them, and Peter lit his three dozenth or three hundredth or three millionth cigarette since dinner. At last the moment came to collect Vera's ermine wrap and his hat and overcoat. The commissionaire called Vera's car, and the obsequious Edwards brought it to the entrance; in a moment they were gliding through a quiet early morning London to Vera's flat in Sloane Street.

When the car stopped she said: "Come in and have a drink, won't you, Peter?" and since economy in drinks is necessary if one has only two hundred and fifty a year he accepted. "Edwards needn't wait. I'd rather like to walk home."

"Very well, you funny boy. Tell him he can take the car back to the garage."

There were whisky and soda on the table in Vera's drawing room. Peter



PRESENTLY, through a curtained archway, his very adored approached with the dehumanised gait of a mannequin mixed himself a drink, sat down, and watched Vera mingling grape-fruit juice and orange juice into a velvety nightcap which, as she believed, neutralised all the things she had eaten and drunk since leaving home and preserved her complexion.

She carried her glass over to the settee where he was sitting, sat beside him, and passed one hand lightly over his hair. Peter set his teeth and endeavoured to appear completely unconscious so that the ripple of hate that ran over him might escape notice.

Vera, who missed nothing, smiled.

"You're a quaint thing, Peter, but you've been very good. I almost begin to wonder how I ever got on without you."

Beneath her words he sensed the essential feminine cat; but what could one do? Twenty-four, no prospects and no chance of another job on the one hand, and two hundred and fifty a year and all found on the other.

He swallowed the rest of the drink and got up.

"Good-night, Vera. Time you were in bed. Shall you be riding at eleven as usual?"

"Why, of course. I'd begin to show my age if I didn't take exercise."

PETER clicked the flat door after him, descended to the street, began to walk in the direction of his tiny home just off the Brompton Road, and let his thoughts drift back to the Selysette girl at the Cosmopolis.

She was obviously a desire and a darling. Any red-blooded young man would go straight for her, ask her hand in marriage, and defy her to refuse him. But Peter, if red-blooded naturally, dared not be red-blooded socially. His entire income totalled two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Even if you could keep a blue-grey-eyed goddess on two hundred and fifty pounds a year, which you couldn't, Vera would never endure the existence of a blue-grey-eyed goddess, and so the two hundred and fifty a year would cease.

Striding along the Brompton Road, Peter thought: "I'm sunk anyway, but I'll do it somehow even if it involves murder, simply because I adore that girl, and I shall never love anyone else in the world."

The night porter at his block of service flats took him up in the lift with the modified cynicism of a liveried servant who knows that the nominal patron is also in service. Through that strange wisdom of servants the night porter was aware that Vera paid the rent of Peter's flat, and that Peter hadn't enough over from his salary to give really acceptable tips. But the night porter was a man and a brother, and so he said: "Good-night, Sir!" with very nearly the intonation he would have offered to a really rich tenant.

Peter slid a key into the lock of his door, opened the door, stepped into a small, rather stuffy lobby, and closed the door behind him. All around was somebody else's decorously neutral furniture. In the wardrobe of the bedroom hung the clothes, nominally his, that he hadn't paid for, so that really they were Vera's. In the partitioned-off sitting room stood a few photographs that belonged to him, a box of cheap cigarettes, and various other personal possessions. He threw off his overcoat and hat, heaved a deep sigh, opened a cupboard, and inspected a whisky bottle. If he had another drink to-night the whisky wouldn't last as long as it must last, so he closed the cupboard, lit a cigarette and sat down.

"She's a perfect darling," he repeated, "and I love her like hell. I'll never persuade her to marry me, and I couldn't keep her if I did, but I must somehow, and that's what makes it all so exciting."

Vera, in a half-sardonic, half-good-natured mood, took Peter to Selysette's with her when she was due for a fitting.

"After all," she thought, "it won't do him any harm to look at the girl and long. He'd better realise that's as far as he'll get and subdue any wild ambitions. I saw at a glance he was crazy about her at the Cosmopolis. Poor, frustrated Peter!"

WHEN the rich, quiet car, guided by Edwards, had borne them to Selysette's ex-baronial mansion in Grosvenor Street, where, in a spacious parquet-floored salon at the head of an historic flight of stairs, wonderful frocks were displayed, Vera said to the head *vendeuse*, at the door of the fitting room:

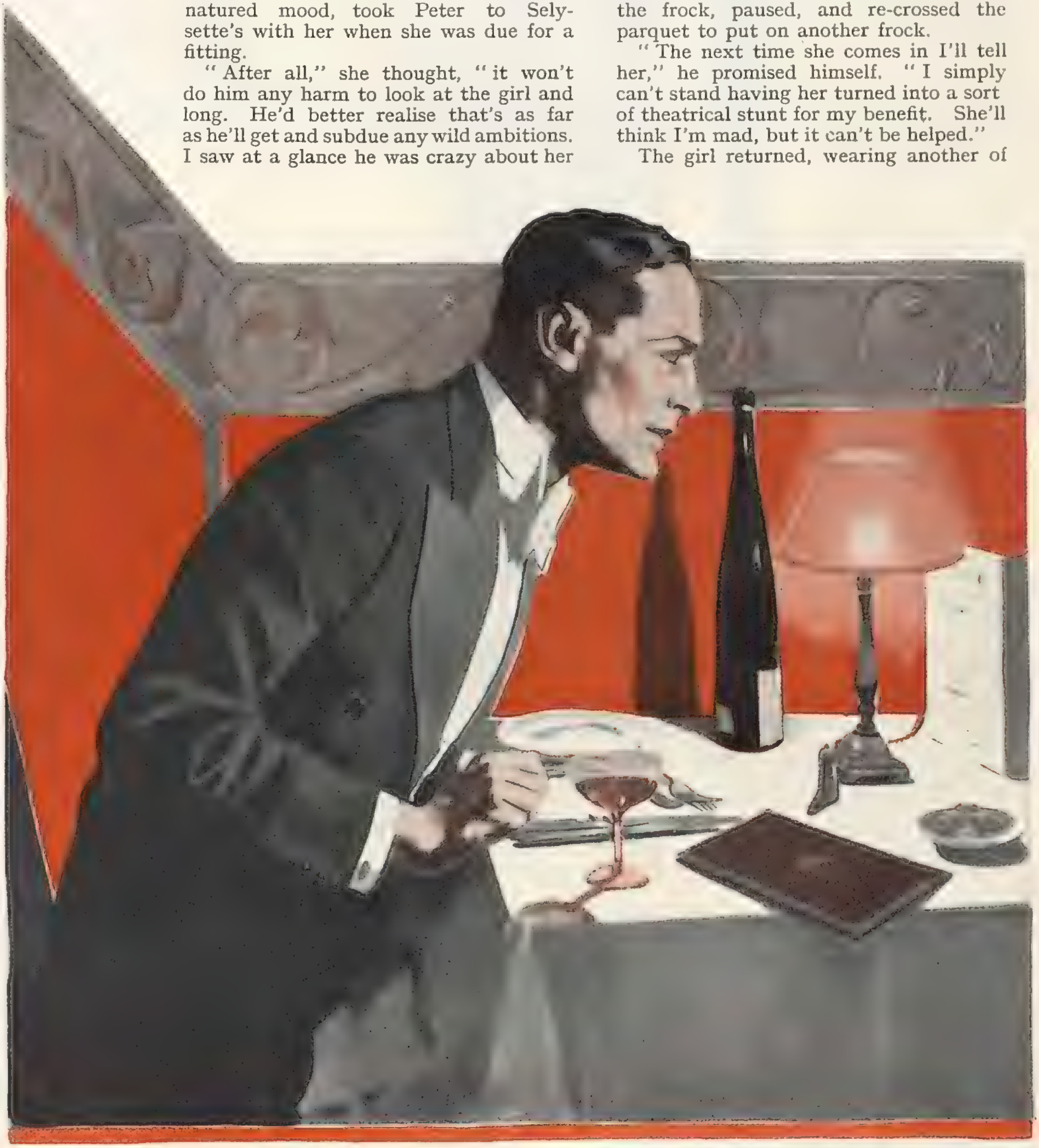
"Oh, Miss Hill, you might show Mr. Stocks a few frocks to amuse him while I'm being fitted. Men love frocks, you know, although they pretend they don't. And could that marvellous girl wear them—the dark one. What is it you call her?"

"You mean Poppæa, moddam. But certainly, moddam. Clarice, ask Poppæa to show the gentleman evening gowns."

Alone in the great salon, for at the hour of 5 p.m. custom dies, Peter sat in the reproduction of a Jacobean armchair and waited breathless. Presently through a curtained archway, his very adored approached with the dehumanised gait of a mannequin. She crossed the parquet with artificial grace, paused in front of him to be inspected, turned her back that he might see the other side of the frock, paused, and re-crossed the parquet to put on another frock.

"The next time she comes in I'll tell her," he promised himself. "I simply can't stand having her turned into a sort of theatrical stunt for my benefit. She'll think I'm mad, but it can't be helped."

The girl returned, wearing another of



Selysette's evening models, crossed the parquet, paused in front of Peter for inspection. Peter said:

"Excuse me, but I saw you at the Cosmopolis the other night. You were with a Frenchman and I was with Lady Marchmand. I just want to tell you I can't help being a rich woman's secretary any more than you can help being a mannequin. You were never meant to be a mannequin, but you've got to live, and I've got to live too, unnecessary as it seems."

The girl looked at him consideringly, and flushed a very little beneath her make-up, because she realised he had read her thoughts that night at the Cosmopolis.

"My name's Peter Stocks," Peter was saying, "and won't you please tell me yours?"

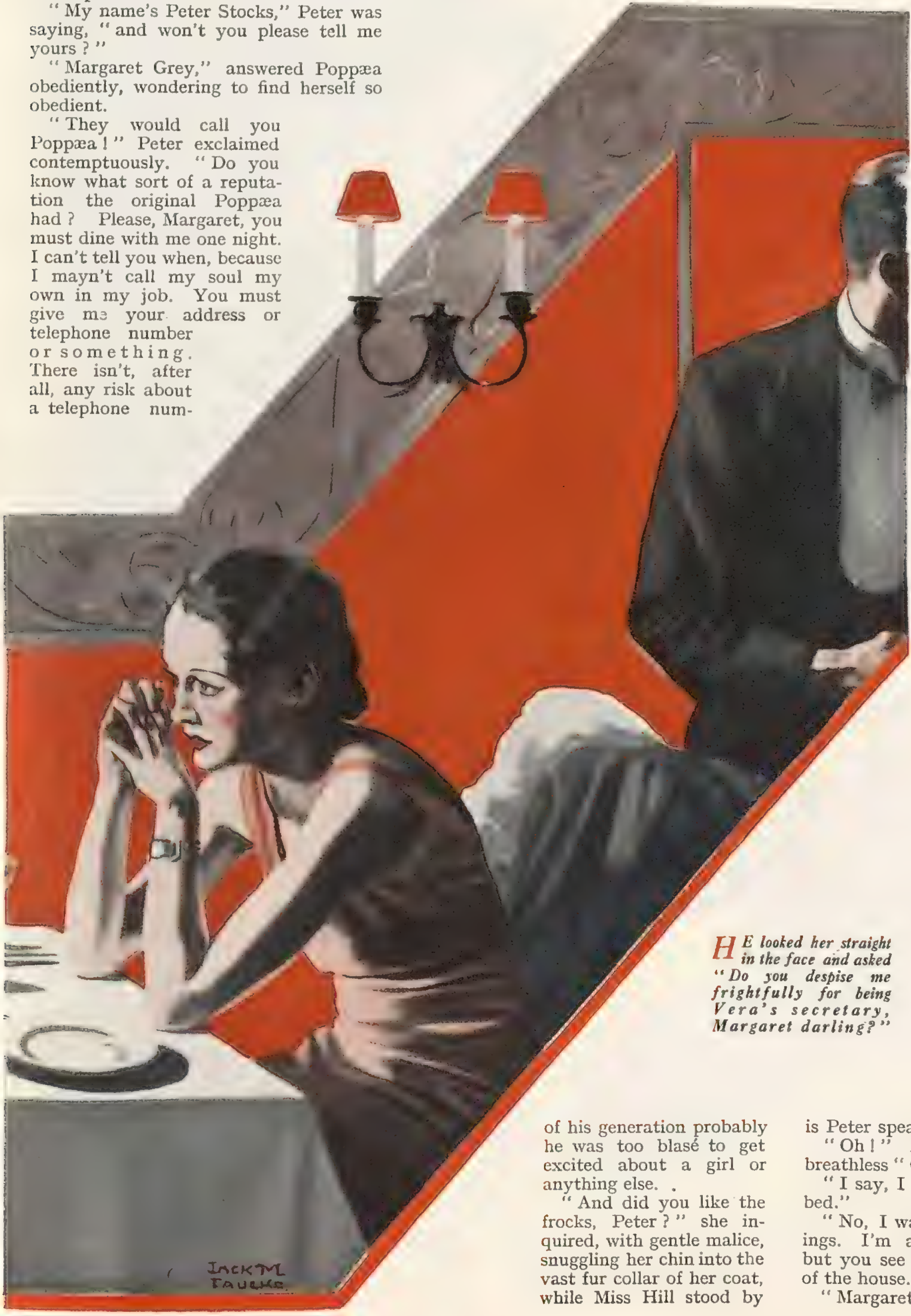
"Margaret Grey," answered Poppæa obediently, wondering to find herself so obedient.

"They would call you Poppæa!" Peter exclaimed contemptuously. "Do you know what sort of a reputation the original Poppæa had? Please, Margaret, you must dine with me one night. I can't tell you when, because I mayn't call my soul my own in my job. You must give me your address or telephone number or something. There isn't, after all, any risk about a telephone number. You can always get someone to say you're out."

"Kensington 97981," she told him, still obediently and still wondering. "It's a boarding house and you'll have to hold on for hours. And, please, I must go on showing you frocks or they'll wonder what I'm doing. It's quite all right. I know you aren't making an opportunity to stare at me."

Vera came out of her fitting room to find Peter, as far as she could judge, in exactly the mood in which she left him. Perhaps, after all, she had been wrong about the girl. Like all the young men of his generation probably he was too blasé to get excited about a girl or anything else.

"And did you like the frocks, Peter?" she inquired, with gentle malice, snuggling her chin into the vast fur collar of her coat, while Miss Hill stood by full of reverence for a rich client who actually paid her bills.



HE looked her straight in the face and asked "Do you despise me frightfully for being Vera's secretary, Margaret darling?"

"Quite well up to a point, but some of them are all wrong in detail. For instance——"

He began a critical survey, and Vera and Miss Hill listened almost respectfully, because women wear frocks for men, and head *vendeuses* sell them the frocks to wear for men, and a man's opinion counts. Then Edwards guided the quiet car back to Sloane Street and Peter drank a cocktail with Vera before hurrying home to change. She was giving a dinner party, and he would be told off to entertain the dullest woman present whom no man of his own free will would consent to amuse.

When the last guest had gone, Vera, sipping her fruit juice night-cap, said something which made Peter almost incapable of disguising his joy.

"This is Tuesday, Peter. I'm going down to Buckinghamshire on Friday night to stay with the Bronson-Smiths and I shan't return till Monday morning. There are one or two odd jobs I want you to do on Saturday, but apart from that you can have the week-end to yourself."

"Thanks," Peter answered with a magnificent show of negligence. He glanced at his wrist watch. Eleven-fifteen; what time did girls who worked as mannequins go to bed? "I think I'll toddle along home if you don't mind, Vera. The girl-friend you told me off to look after left me rather limp."

In Sloane Street he beckoned a taxi. He could not wait to walk the three-quarters of a mile to his flat. Once inside it he picked up the telephone receiver and dialled Kensington 97981. A slightly foreign voice answered.

"I want to speak to Miss Margaret Grey, please."

"Very good, Sair."

Peter sat with the receiver to his ear. A confused babel of sounds reached him; at last he heard feet descending stairs, at first far distant, then gradually louder, and a girl singing. Then the telephone clicked, and Margaret's voice said: "Hullo?"

"Hullo, Margaret, this is Peter speaking."

"Oh!" A pause, and then a rather breathless "Good evening."

"I say, I do hope you hadn't gone to bed."

"No, I was sitting up darning stockings. I'm afraid I kept you waiting, but you see my room's right at the top of the house."

"Margaret, listen. I've got the whole

week-end to myself. Lady M.'s going away. Margaret, say you're free too, and that you'll dine with me somewhere. You've simply got to be free; it's absolutely vital."

Queer how a girl likes to hear that she simply must be free because it's absolutely vital. If he had been an older man she might have hedged and said she was booked for the week-end, but youth understands youth and Peter's voice came back to her saying in Selysette's historic salon: "I just want to tell you I can't help being a rich woman's secretary any more than you can help being a mannequin. I've got to live."

Therefore she hedged but a very little.

"I did promise to go to a talkie on Saturday evening——"

"Oh, Margaret, darling, please——"

"—But it was only with another girl, and I can put her off if you really want me to."

She heard him sigh over the telephone wire.

"Then you will dine with me on Saturday evening?"

"Thank you, I'd love to. Shall I come as I am or all dressed up?"

"All dressed up, please. You see, it'll be our first party and frightfully important. May I fetch you, Margaret?"

He lingered over her name as though he loved it.

"That would be terribly nice of you, Peter."

"Then would you please mind telling me where you live? You see, I only know your telephone number."

All the tragedy in the world seemed to lurk in his voice. She almost laughed as she answered:

"Oh, I'm so sorry, I forgot. Three hundred and nineteen Cotswold Road, Earl's Court. It's called the Ritz Private Hotel and it's a boarding-house really, and it's got pale-green pillars outside the front door."

"Thank you ever so much. I'll be there at seven-thirty to the second. Good-night, Margaret."

"Good-night, Peter."

IT being Margaret's first party, Peter behaved as though £250 a year would stretch quite easily to eternity. He waited impatiently for her in the rather dank hall of the Ritz Private Hotel, looked up at her with adoring eyes as she descended the stairs, and bore her off in a taxi to the Altesse Royale, that fashionable restaurant. The head waiter marvelled to see him unaccompanied by Vera, and gave him a table by the wall out of sympathy and admiration. The bonds of servitude had fallen from Peter. Having arranged for food and wine for his beloved, he looked her straight in the face and asked:

"Do you despise me frightfully for being Vera's secretary, Margaret darling? I'm not really soft. I got my boxing colours at school and played in the school fifteen, but there simply aren't jobs to be had, and mine isn't the brilliant sort of brain that can create a job out of nothing."

She considered him thoughtfully. No, he didn't look soft; he looked rather a dear. She wished in a way that she liked him less, because obviously they were doomed. Neither of them had any money or any prospects.

"Of course, I don't despise you, Peter. After all, why should I? I live on my appearance just as you do on yours. My people are broke; I s'pose yours are too, aren't they?"

"Absolutely flat broke."

"Everyone is nowadays, but it does no good to make a fuss."

"But Margaret, you don't understand. I want to marry you. I've simply got to make money."

"My dear, marriage isn't for the likes of us unless we marry the sort of people neither of us would dream of marrying."

The ghosts of Vera and an elderly Frenchman seemed to hover for a moment over their forlorn heads.

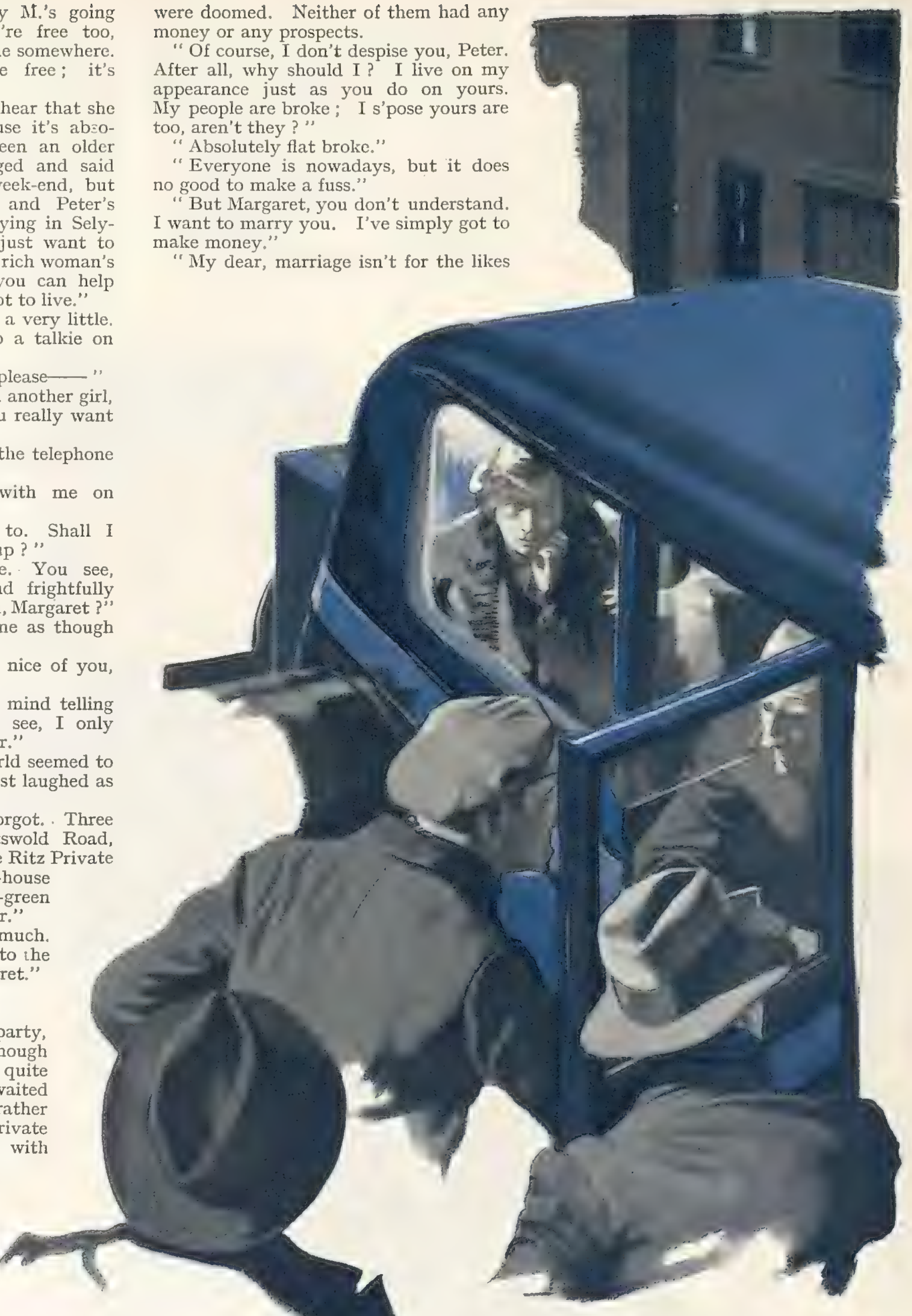
"Margaret, do you love me?"

Her eyes met his. They were steady grey eyes and the mouth and chin beneath them were steady also. The chin had a faint cleft in it and in spite of perpetual dancing with Vera into the small hours, Peter looked fighting fit.

"I s'pose I must," she answered slowly. "But love's a luxury, Peter. You and I can't afford it. One of the tragedies of our generation is the high cost of loving. Love means marriage and a home, and a good job or jobs, and as you said just now, there aren't any jobs."

"But if I got a good job you'd marry me, wouldn't you, Margaret?"

It was more a statement than a question. Her eyes ceased to meet his, and again, as in Selysette's salon, the faint flush appeared beneath her make-up.



THE other two flung open the doors of Vera's car. The roof-lights shone down on the blue barrel of an automatic in one of the men's hands

"Yes, Peter," she said slowly at last. "In fact I almost believe I'd marry you if you hadn't a job if I were mean enough, only fortunately for you, I'm not."

Far away in a cheap dance hall, the discreet Edwards, who handled Vera's quiet car so deftly, also made the most of his freedom. He had exchanged uniform, boots and gaiters for a blue suit and a soft hat. In the reach-me-down heaven of the dance-hall, a fairyland of coloured lights, which dimmed sentimentally during waltzes, Edwards, a tall young man, offered himself up as a sacrifice for a short and provocative blond, in a sweater that clung to her slight figure and a skirt that moulded her exiguous hips.

"God, Doris, you're a peach," he told her desperately, over pastries and coffee. "Why do you keep a chap dangling on a string? Why can't we get married?"

"Some marriage on your three-ten a week, Charlie! You've got to do better than that if you want me. You won't find a girl like me every day."

She gave him a glance that suggested untellable allurements. She had a little rounded face, perfect teeth, hazel eyes, and a mop of blond hair carefully shingled. She was exquisitely made up and the scarlet of lipstick enhanced the cruelty of her mouth.

"You're barmy," he answered sulkily. "A man in my line's lucky to have a steady job just now. Most people are laying off drivers, and laying up cars as well."

"It's you that's barmy, not me. I could tell you how to make money. You've only got to chip in with the boys."

"What do you mean, Doris?"

"Just that. I can put you wise. The woman you drive's rich. I'll bet she's got pearls worth having. All you need do is to drive down a quiet street one night, and another car'll edge you into the pavement and the boys'll lift my lady's pearls. You can't stop them and you don't know anything. They'll give you a clout in the jaw to make out you aren't in on the game. Then afterwards you get your share and pr'aps we can be married."

"I wouldn't do it. What d'you take me for? And you be careful of your friends, Doris. One of these days——"

Her lips curled and her bright eyes mocked him.

"Gee! Thought you said you loved me. All right, sissy. It takes a he-man to put it over me."

He paid for her pastries and coffee and swung her on to the dance floor. She leaned cunningly against him and laughed.

"'Cute, aren't you, Charlie? Now remember what I told you, and let me know any time you're game. It's a tough world, and you need to be tough, too, to make the grade."

Peter's taxi, it seemed to him, was racing down Piccadilly as though Piccadilly were Brooklands, because all parties must end and in a few minutes the front door of the Ritz Private Hotel would close behind Margaret. He loved her and she loved him, and he hadn't kissed her, and the bright lights of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge seemed to stare with inquisitive malice through the windows.

Then in the comparative peace of Brompton Road he slid his right arm round her shoulders and drew her towards him. Her dark head lay in the crook of his arm, eyes closed and lips just parted. For a second he paused, looking down at her, because the first kiss is the most wonderful of all, and there can be only one first kiss. Then his mouth met hers that responded completely and passionately. All of their hopeless longing fired that kiss; they were the doomed generation who couldn't afford to love, and so for a moment they loved in spite of it all.

ON Monday, Mike Jardine arrived in London on leave from India, and on Tuesday he dined with Vera, bringing with him Kay Watson, a girl he had met on Monday night and commandeered forthwith as a drinking and dancing companion. Hers were twilight eyes, a faintly husky voice, and the greed and enchanting manner of a kitten. Neither she nor anyone else could have mistaken Mike for anything but a *burra sahib*, now extremely senior, with twenty-five years in the East behind him.

All through dinner, Mike looked at Peter from time to time as though he were one of the untouchable class of Indians. It was three years since Mike's last leave. Then the great slump had not broken, and hefty young men like Peter could find jobs other than fetching and carrying for rich middle-aged women.

Peter bore the implied insult with resignation. One became hardened to this sort of thing. Therefore, when Vera and Kay left the two men, Peter pushed the port over to Mike with the most exemplary good manners, offered him one of Vera's cigars and asked politely:

"How were things in India when you left?"

"Oh, so-so. We've had a spot of trouble with the Congress wallahs, but that's a phase and we shall pull through. The new Viceroy understands 'em, and of course, he's supported from home."

It sounded just like a bone thrown to a dog. Peter, who knew his place and had no illusions, went on:

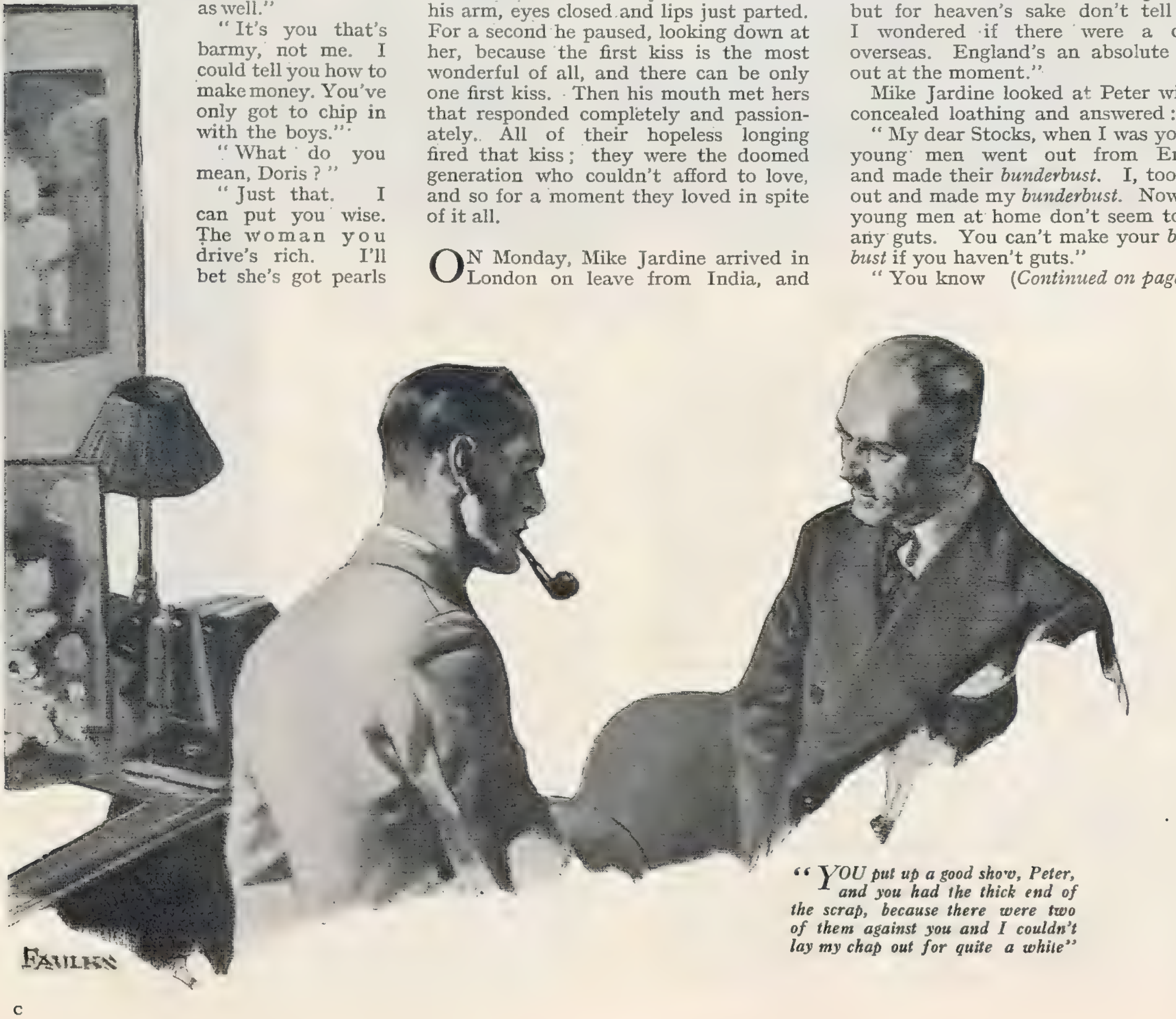
"You see, I've got to get a real job because—well, because it's important—but for heaven's sake don't tell Vera. I wondered if there were a chance overseas. England's an absolute wash-out at the moment."

Mike Jardine looked at Peter with ill-concealed loathing and answered:

"My dear Stocks, when I was your age young men went out from England and made their *bunderbust*. I, too, went out and made my *bunderbust*. Nowadays young men at home don't seem to have any guts. You can't make your *bunderbust* if you haven't guts."

"You know

(*Continued on page* 111.)



"YOU put up a good show, Peter, and you had the thick end of the scrap, because there were two of them against you and I couldn't lay my chap out for quite a while"

Russian Roy

IN

PRINCESS Paul Chavchavadze (Princess Nina of Russia) is a painter, and had an exhibition of pictures at the Arden Galleries, New York

THE Grand Duchess Marie of Russia examining in a New York store a black faille evening gown which she created

A Grand Duchess's workshop in Paris. The forewoman is the dowager Princess Pontiatine, and the man is her husband, Prince Pontiatine

PRINCE Vassili Romanoff Natcha Galitzine). They

IF, in 1917, Great Britain had been smudged out as a royalist and capitalist nation like Russia, very few of our aristocrats would have found it easy to earn a livelihood when exiled in a foreign country. To-day it would be a different matter. We have dukes actively interested in meat extract companies, belted earls busy with coach building, marquesses earning a livelihood from gossip-writing or life insurance, and countesses conducting successful laundries. When the crash came in 1917 and 1918 in Russia, it would have been impossible to find any class in any country more ill-prepared to earn a living for themselves. Even the wine business, banking, and stockbroking, which for a few years had been tolerated as respectable professions among the Upper Four Hundred in England, were still considered entirely impossible for men of noble birth in Russia. As for a woman earning a living—the thought was unthinkable.

Picture, then, the enormity of the disaster which overtook the heads of the many noble, princely, and even royal families of Russia when they had to escape for their lives. Few were as lucky as Prince Felix Youssopoff, who had time to get his biggest jewels sewed as buttons on his suits and overcoats. These refugees arrived in London by way of Paris in most instances without a penny. Here at the old Russian Imperial Embassy, M. Eugene Sabline, whose brother had been second in command of the Tsar's yacht, and who himself was the last Imperial Russian Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of St. James's, managed to look after them for a while. At least he could arrange for them to have temporary accommodation, and for their children to be educated, somehow, in English schools. But soon the little stock of money ran out, and these princes and princesses had to fend for themselves. I know many of them myself. I knew many of them when they had to decide whether to have a white waistcoat washed, and chance an invitation to dinner, or to guarantee themselves at least one square meal a day of sausage and mash.

Once I ragged Prince George of Russia about his always being seen at so many parties and spending so much time in the supper room at a dance. He explained it quite simply. He had not had anything for luncheon, and was naturally a little peckish by supper time. Seeing him in his faultless tail coat and white waistcoat, I could scarcely believe him. But it was true enough. Later on he got a job with a firm of interior decorators in Victoria, and did quite well. To-day he is a floor walker, I believe, in the largest department store in New York. So far, he has not yet sold his title to a rich heiress. His sister, the Princess Vera of Russia, lives with German relatives on the Continent. She is very keen about girl guides and other philanthropic but unremunerative interests.

The head of the Russian Royalists to-day is the Grand Duke Cyril. He lives at St. Briac, near Dinard. He has

alties
EXILE

PRINCE George Chavchavadze is a brilliant pianist, and often charges fifty pounds an evening for playing at a private house

By Charles Graves

PRINCESS Andrew of Russia has made a name for herself as a designer of dresses. She is seen at work on one of her designs

PRINCE Gagarine, once the Tsar s Chief of Staff and Master of the Household, is now book-keeper and accountant to a band of Russian exiles at Sainte Geneviève-des-Bois

with his wife (Pr:ncess are now selling perfume

little money. But the casino proprietors are glad to invite him to the best table on gala nights. The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia is at the moment in the South of France. Her husband, the Grand Duke Alexander, who recently made some money by writing his reminiscences, is dying. Maybe, before these words appear, he will be dead.

The Grand Duchess was given Frogmore Cottage on her escape from Russia. Frogmore Cottage is in Windsor Park, and is the property of the King. Here usually she lives, overlooking a pretty garden, with Mlle. Evreinoff, her lady-in-waiting. But her sons are scattered. Prince Andrew of Russia lives in Rome. Prince Theodore lives in Paris. Prince Rostislav works in a store in New York. Prince Nikita used to be the manager of a dressmaker's shop off the Champs Elysées. Prince Vassili sells perfume in the United States. Prince Dmitri is assistant manager at Chanel's, having married the very attractive daughter of the manager, Prince Koutousoff. One night we dined in a party at the Embassy Club and Prince Dmitri was still royal enough to sulk when anybody asked his wife to dance. He never took the floor himself. Most of the Russian Royalties, though, have acclimatised themselves to the strangely democratic world of to-day.

Princess Maria Bariatinski I first met when she and her mother were eking out a precarious existence as dress designers in a little side street off Kensington. Since then she has married the immaculate James Binnie Ford, a Guards officer. Her mother lives in the South of France, I believe. The Grand Duke Dmitri married Miss Audrey Emery and had her created Princess Illynska. He is the only Grand Duke who still lives in a grand ducal way. His wife is rich, and he enjoys himself, as before, on the number thirty-two at roulette in the casino at Monte Carlo. You see him everywhere—at Quinto's, at Ciro's, at the Savoy, at the Café de Paris, at the Casanova, at the Sporting Club.

The Grand Duchess Zia of Russia and the Grand Duchess Nadja of Russia also were lucky enough to find haven in a happy marriage. Sir Harold Wernher, the husband of the first-named, is immensely rich. Lord Milford Haven, though a cousin of the King, is not so well off, but he has any number of pleasant directorates, and the former Grand Duchess's course is steered on comparatively gilded wheels.

Prince Serge Obolensky married, for the second time of asking, Miss Alice Astor. He is a very good-looking fellow. But a few months ago the crash—and a divorce at Reno—occurred. To-day he is credited with having become engaged to an even richer American heiress, if that is possible. Her name is Taylor,

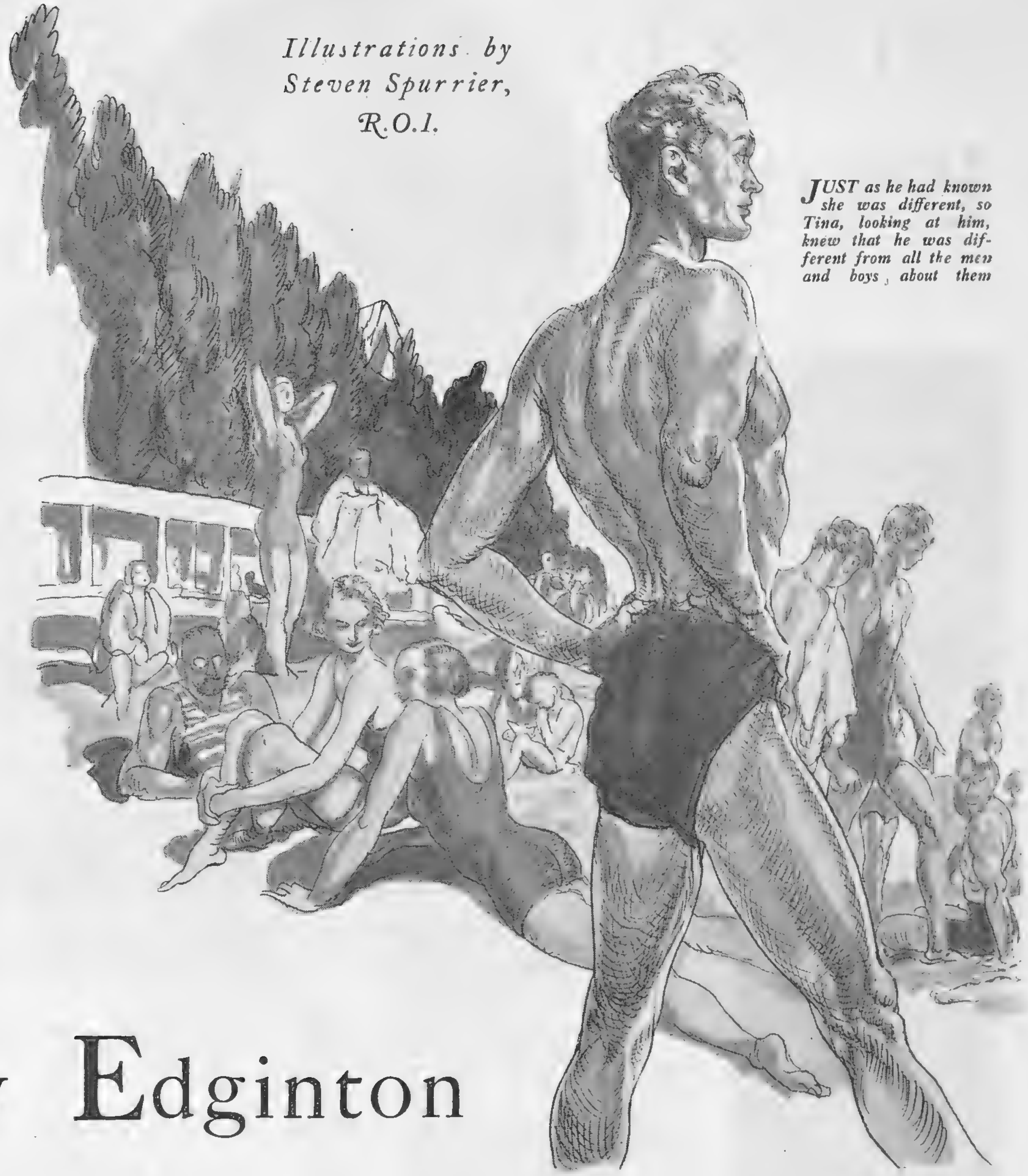
Prince Youssopoff, to whom I have already referred, started a dressmaker's establishment both in London and Paris, but he was badly advised, and now, having lost most of his money, he spends the greater part of the year in Corsica. Prince Serge Belosselsky-Belozersky managed to escape with enough money to buy a small house and a garden at Tonbridge, where he potters peacefully away. Of his two boys Serge is, or was, the social manager of the *Olympic*, and Andrew has been doing quite well by translating books out of the original Russian. These Princes and Princesses have done all kinds of jobs in the past fourteen years. Princess

(*Continued on page 122*)

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

A Boy and Girl Romance by the banks of the Elbe

By May Edginton



JUST as he had known she was different, so Tina, looking at him, knew that he was different from all the men and boys about them

PARENTS serve the young as a warning more often than as a pattern, which is why young Max Pöppelmann had seldom considered his, except, unthinkingly, to love them. Born in 1915 to Maria—who worked then in munitions and after the war changed to the linen industry and obtained quite a responsible position in her department of the factory—and to Kurt—who then served the Fatherland as a soldier, and now had a job in the porcelain manufactory—Max had been a nervous infant. So the Pöppelmanns left him alone a good deal to thrive like a plant in the sun and air. Besides, there was all this post-war idea of sun-bathing and physical culture, so that they hoped this moral negligence was not a bad thing.

They came, by and by, to have a nice little modern home, not in the old part of Dresden, but in the Neustadt, where the cornfields and the orchards marched to the skirts of the town. By and by, also, Max helped the farmers in the season, and earned his clothes; and his mother found—with some pride—that sometimes he acted as guide—official—to tourists, and so earned the money for his boyish luxuries. So, seeing that once he had been delicate, and busy as they were, they postponed the time when they really must say to each other: "Now our son must get into steady work."

They were pale people, rather stout, and seared by past anxieties; therefore, as Max grew brown and strong and splendid, he used to feel a little sorry for them. They were a warning to him.

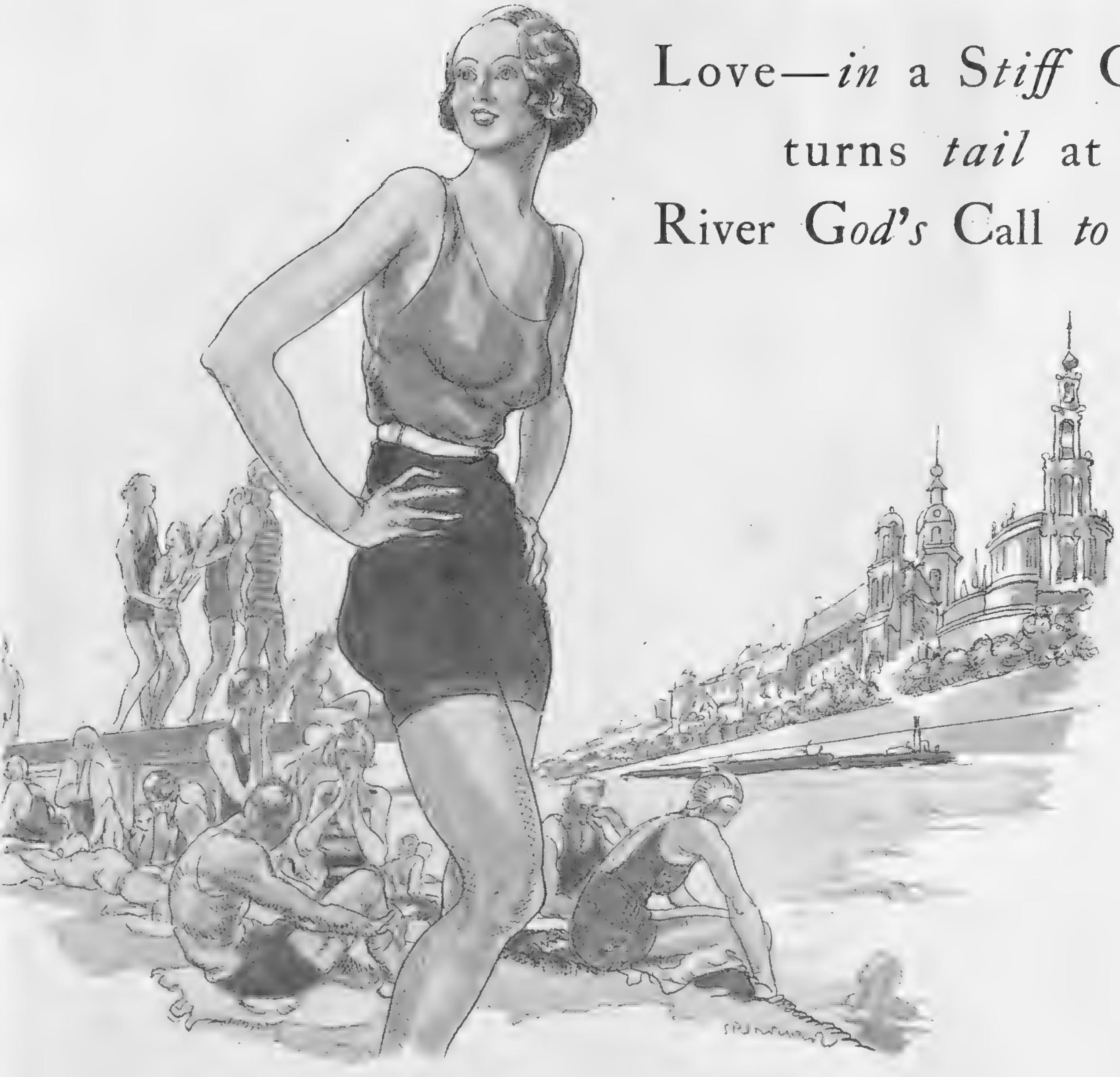
All their ambitions were dead and buried. They had wanted to have this thing, but could never buy it; and to do that thing, but never had spare time. They had once dreamed of sending their son to the famous Holy Cross School, but could not. The State School, the cornfields, the richly storied streets of his native city, the mountains that wreathed it, the river that flowed by it, brought him up; especially the river.

Every day till starkest winter found him in the river. On the river shore in pale dawns, in noonday sun, in silver moonlight, among all those other bronzed strong bodies of young Germany, his body drank in the air and the light like magic essences. Plunging in, spending hour after hour swimming, chasing the long lines of barges drifting by with the tide, calling to a stout *Bootsmann*: "Hullo, Otto!" or "Hullo, Fritz! I'm coming aboard," and clambering aboard, mounting a great load of timber to sit and dream; diving from the barge back into the river; swimming after the long line again wondering wistfully what it would be like to ride the whole way—all up the Elbe; away, away, to Hamburg perhaps; and then the ocean—this was life.

As he grew to be sixteen and seventeen, however, he began to think a little more about his parents and people like them. Their preoccupation with small possessions puzzled him eternally. "That coffee-pot there was in my grandmother's family; very nice, isn't it?" Or: "We must buy a new chair!" Or:

The *Sun* KING

Love—*in* a *Stiff* Collar!—turns *tail* at *the* River *God's* Call *to* Freedom



" See, Kurt, if you can't get me some china at the factory for cost prices." Or: " We're poor people; we must save carefully for your new Easter dress, Maria."

You could not have explained to his parents, for instance, that, in common with the other citizens of this adorable, splendid and inexhaustible city, they inherited Canaletto. It never occurred apparently to these people that they owned such immortal properties equally with every passer-by. They just saw themselves as the small possessors of chairs, tables, knives and forks, a new dress at Easter.

For himself he felt so rich, owning alike the sun, the sky, the mountains, the river, the wild fruit on the hedges, the famous Opera House, the State Picture Gallery, the ineffable loveliness of the Court Church, all the proud jewels in the Green Vaults, the cool magnificence of the old palaces, the bold and complicated baroque beauty of the marvellous Zwinger; and all of it.

Into this simple and kingly life of young Max Pöppelmann then came, like a comet, a little girl, Tina Kreis, daughter of the innkeeper in the village of Körnwitz among the vineyards on the hills.

AS, naked except for his exiguous slip, especially brown and royal and careless even among that nude welter of sunburnt and happy youth, Max stood on the river shore preparing to plunge in, he saw a girl, tanned completely golden, in an old bathing suit shrunk to a rag, run down to the edge.

There were other girls there equally tanned, equally lissom, equally strong, yet this one was different. He spoke to her with the camaraderie of the occasion. " *Fraulein*, swim to the barges with me."

Just as he had known she was different, so Tina, looking at him, knew that he was different from all the men and boys about them. So they swam together out to the lazy line of barges all roped bow to stern with great cables, as long as a railway train; with old Otto, stripped to the waist, and bulging with fat above his dungaree trousers, standing silent on the last load.

The barges drifted with the tide, the engine in the foremost one as silent as Max's fat old friend. The bargemaster, a swarthy gipsy, perhaps from the Black Forest, gold rings in his ears, leaned against the engine house, stripped to the waist too, smoking. A smell of cooking curled into the still air. It was a man's life. A life for a king!

The girl proved herself all that Max had instantly known her to be: hoyden, partner, houri, friend. How superb—in spite of her smallness—she looked sitting on top of the load of timber, knees drawn up and hugged by slender arms!

Tina Kreis. She had come to the town for a month to caretake the flat of an aunt, a milliner, who had gone on holiday; and who had left her niece really nothing to do. " I am to clean it, and paint it a little. That's nothing."

" You like swimming?"

" I can swim all day."

" Don't you think life was meant to be like this? Simple, natural, happy . . ." " Don't you think . . . ? " . . . " I think . . ." and " I think." " And what do you think . . . ? " question and answer, life story and life story, till old Otto, shifting his bulk, stared up at them and laughed, and roared: " You two brats making the trip with us, eh? "

" *Oh! Max!* We've been dreaming! "

" Ach! Follow me! "

Two swallows dipped steeply to the water. Old Otto blinked, grunted, and his heart—a very tired and troublesome organ nowadays—laboured woefully in reminiscence.

It was quite a swim back up-stream, laxly, talking, splashing each other, playing; past the big rich hotel high above the river, the visitors in whose gardens looked down wonderingly at all these young human amphibians; back to the shore; to dress; then: "What are you doing this evening, Tina?" For a most soft and exquisite summer evening now began to enfold this enchanted city, the river and the mountains.

"I have some money," he added. "But we don't need much."

She shook her head.

"One doesn't need money."

They had by now agreed perfectly together that all the most beautiful things in the world were gifts; and that the world was lavish in giving.

They sauntered hand-in-hand about the city. Turning their backs on the river they came to the fine *Wiener Platz*, with its air of really Viennese gaiety offered to them like the other noble things of life, free; they found an open air café in *Prager Strasse*, and ate and drank; and, wandering on again, came to the Court Church and heard an organ playing. They crept in and sat in the dim light, while music swept over them. Royal gold shone palely from white walls and pillars. You see how beautiful, gracious and generous life is! "You see, Tina?" "You see, Max?"

By the time he escorted her home to a high flat in *Postplatz*, the illumined dial of the *Rathaus* clock, set on high in the tower, showed nearly midnight.

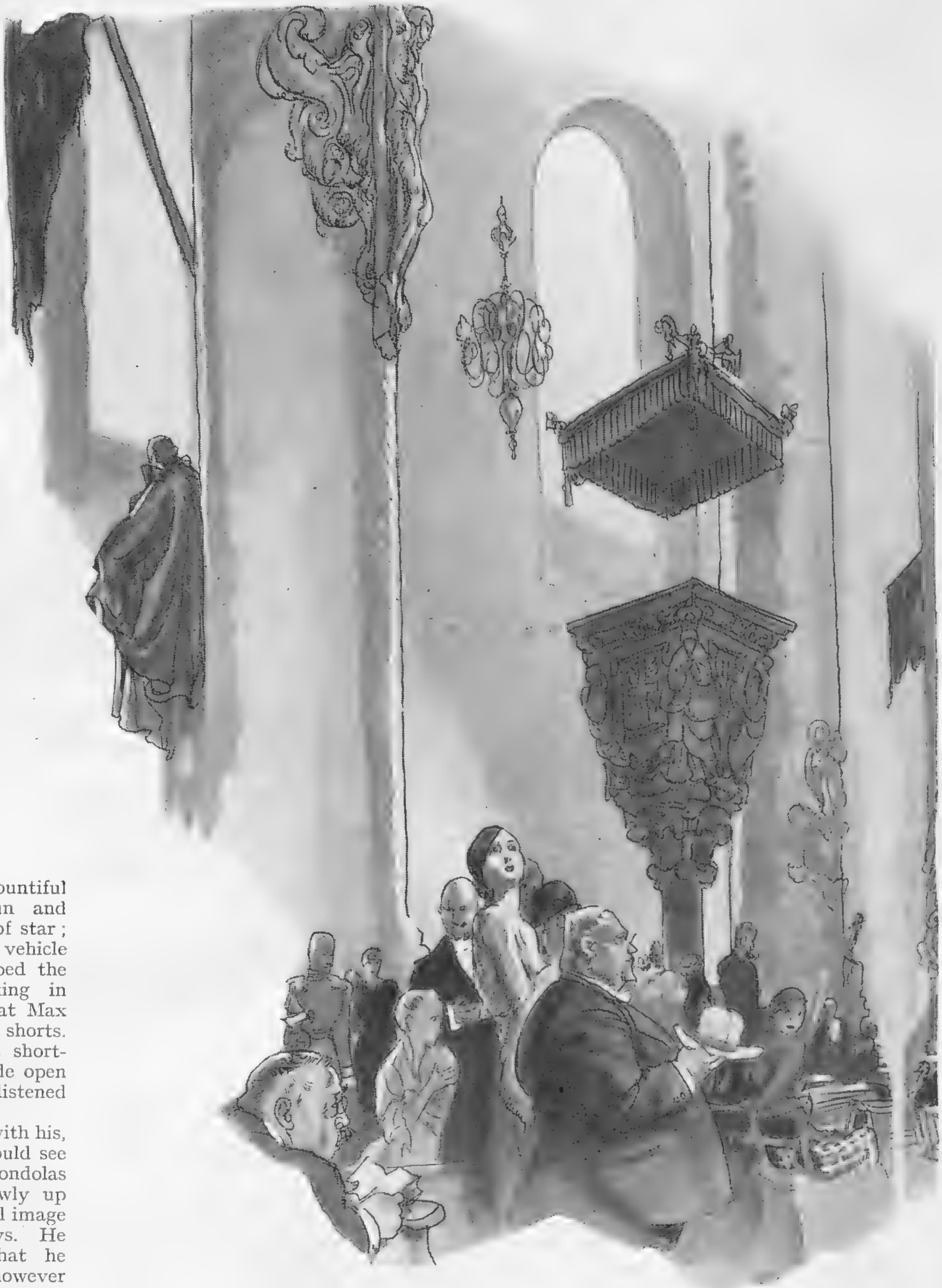
Life was now enriched for both Max and Tina by this bountiful friendship. They swam by sun and moon, in the dawn, and at rise of star; they walked or took some public vehicle out into the country side, climbed the sandstone mountains, lay talking in forest parks, picnicked from what Max carried in the hip pocket of his shorts. He appeared splendid, with his short-sleeved shirt of brilliant blue, wide open on the chest, and while Tina listened she looked at him.

Her imagination, orchestrated with his, kept tune and time; as if she could see with him the festive golden gondolas of two centuries ago swim slowly up the Elbe; and as if she, too, could image the lovely carnival of olden days. He asserted—for her ear alone—that he always felt sure he descended—however obscurely—from a family branch of the great Pöppelmann himself, that architect to whom Dresden owed so much. For in him was the same great urge of creation. It was the same, wasn't it? "Listen now, to what I could do."

Tina could tell her tales also, of how Körner, and, it was said, Schiller, had actually stayed in the little inn that was then her great-grandfather's. She could realise exquisitely, as Max did, how rich they were in owning the treasures and the memories, in sharing the delights and the grandeurs of this beautiful wide world. She could dream with him of the marvel of one day climbing to old Otto's barge and voyaging on and on, on and on . . .

Only as her Dresden month wore itself out, she began to see nothing and nobody but Max. The outside world was too wide and nebulous.

And she changed to herself; her hard young body became soft and warm. And in her perplexity she crept into the *Frauenkirche*, that unconquerable, indestructible old queen of churches, to pray about it.



IT so happened that she was on her way to meet Max, and that he, in some new eagerness, came farther than their usual rendezvous to find her; and he saw her going into the *Frauenkirche*, and tiptoeing in after her, he saw her kneel down to pray and to cry.

So he went outside again, his hard, cool young body cool no longer; and when she came out he took her hand, and knew the reason of his strange eagerness. The dazzle of their mutual love obliterated the wide world.

They went out to the Zoological Gardens, and lay, remote from people, under old trees, and kissed. They were both eighteen.

"Now that we know," said Max, "it doesn't matter so much that you go home to-morrow."

"No. It doesn't matter, now that we know."

"But we must be married as soon as possible," he surprised himself by saying, "as soon as possible, *meine liebe*."

"How can we?" she asked, dazzled.

And, dazzled, he answered, "That

is my job. Leave that to me."

Max was home early that evening to talk to his busy parents.

They sat at supper.

"Father," he said, "I want to get married."

"Married!" cried his mother, astounded, "at eighteen!"

"At nineteen perhaps, mother. Because, of course, I must work."

"Of course, my son."

He thought they looked relieved and approving, these two pale, stout people, leaning over the table to him on either side; though of course they had a lot of questions to ask about the girl.

He assured them: "It is marvellous. We think alike. We can talk. Our aims are just the same. She walks twenty miles; she swims like a fish; she worships nature, and health and beauty, like I do."

"Ach, but don't tell me she won't want a home," said Maria in a quiet, sound voice. "Don't tell me a little home won't come first with the *mädchen.*"

"Your mother knows," Kurt added.

Did Kurt sigh?

"A home of course, mother. Of course, father. But," he looked around, "not in your way. We think health and freedom and beauty come first."

"Ach, go on, go on. Say it. 'The river is more than tables and chairs. The sun is better than electric light fittings. I'd rather be in the forest than in a room.' Go on, go on," Maria cried good-naturedly, "we've heard it all before." Her eyes had a pleased sparkle in them as she added: "We must all go out on Sunday to visit her family; unless they come to us."

"Oh, let us go there, mother. It will be lovely now." He could see the full vineyards and the grapes ripe; all the countryside flushed and rich with its harvest.

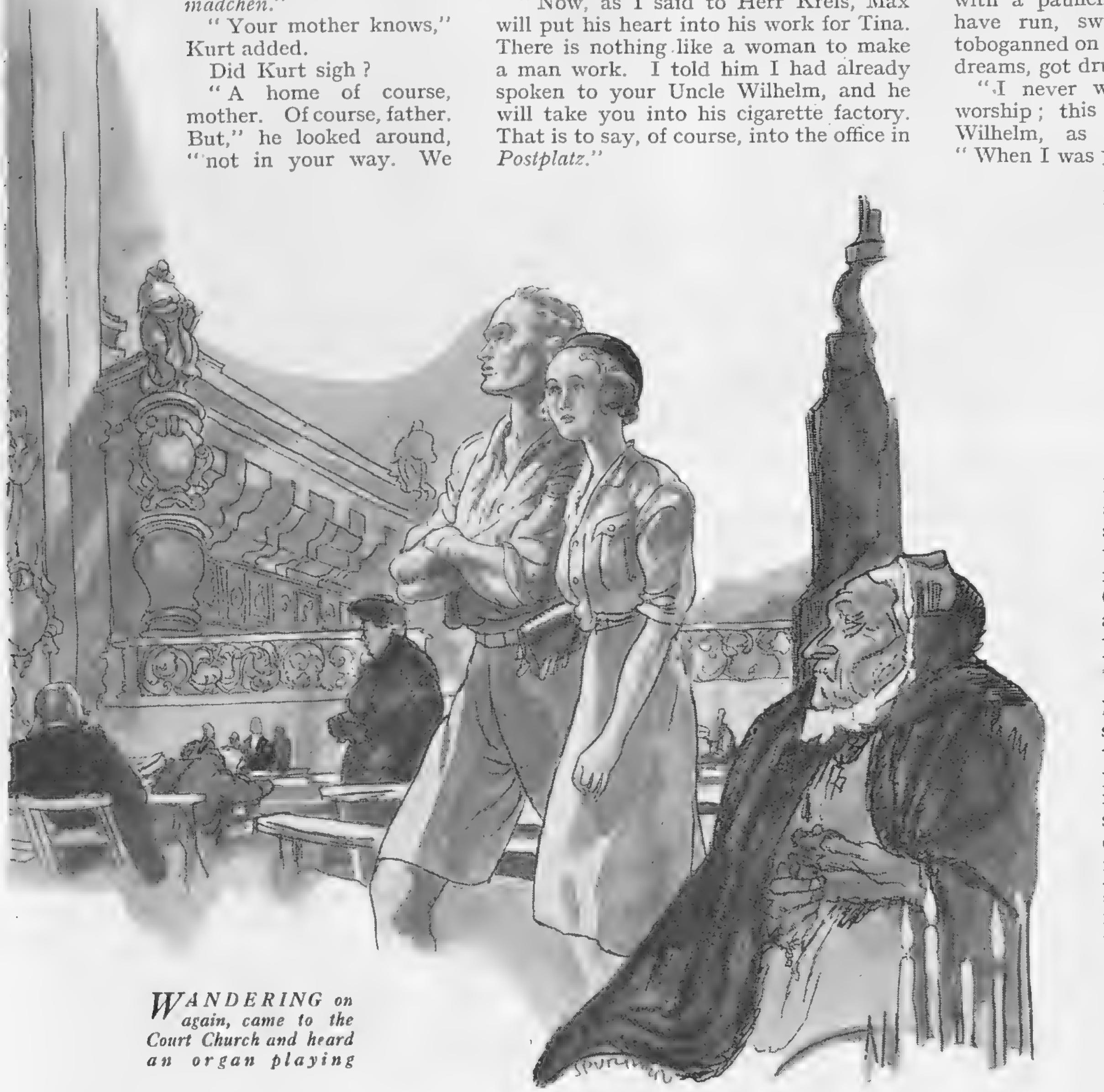
On Sunday, out at Körnwitz, he and Tina sat lovemaking under peach trees; while indoors four elderly people talked solidly.

"Well, there is nothing against it," said his mother joyfully on the homeward way, "they like you, Max; and we like her. The good little girl! She talked already with me about her linen. So young, and quite a *hausfrau!* That's love."

"And her father asked me, my son, what work you did. Naturally he doesn't think much of your field work in the summer and your being a guide part of the year, and loafing a great deal of the time. I explained you had been a delicate baby. But now . . ."

Kurt looked with new appreciation at his strong son.

"Now, as I said to Herr Kreis, Max will put his heart into his work for Tina. There is nothing like a woman to make a man work. I told him I had already spoken to your Uncle Wilhelm, and he will take you into his cigarette factory. That is to say, of course, into the office in *Postplatz.*"



WANDERING on again, came to the Court Church and heard an organ playing

"Thank you, father."

"Thank your Uncle Wilhelm."

"At last, my son," his mother cried, "you're going to steady down; become a man. We're pleased."

Besides, it was a superior beginning, Wilhelm Pöppelmann being a prosperous and respected citizen.

Max knew, within himself, that for Tina and him life would be different from the life of his father and mother. Tina and he were both gay of heart, adventurers, *wandervögel.* Their souls flew untrammelled in fresher air than that breathed by Maria and Kurt, by Herr Kreis or Frau Kreis either. He and his girlish love were forever in bond to beauty.

But it was really unnecessary to make the point with dull people.

So his parents bought him a good business suit; he girdled his neck with a clean stiff collar, and went to thank his Uncle Wilhelm.

"From eight o'clock till six; often till seven, eight, nine, if we are pressed," said Wilhelm Pöppelmann. "That is the way to get on, and a boy like you with that vigour should set no limit to his work. Ambition, Max! You must be ambitious!

"I was ambitious," said Wilhelm Pöppelmann, "and look at me, boy, look at me."

So Max Pöppelmann looked at his uncle, and he saw a stout, pale man with a paunch, a man who could not have run, swum, climbed mountains, tobogganed on the winter slopes, dreamed dreams, got drunk on music . . .

"I never went in for all this sun worship; this body culture," said Uncle Wilhelm, as if answering the look. "When I was young, boys worked."

"I will work too, Uncle," Max answered eagerly.

"Then begin."

"Is that my desk, uncle? Oh, thank you." And he went to it as a king to a throne.

It was a blazing hot day of late summer when Max began work in his uncle's office; the next day was blazing hot, and the next and the next.

He had fortunately very little time for such thoughts as: "Is this what men struggle for and imprison themselves for and live for and die for? *This!* Can't they see, like Tina and I see?" though such thoughts wormed into his heart and waited there.

"You wouldn't ever have got rich with your swimming and your diving tricks," said Wilhelm Pöppelmann, "you'd have made nothing out of your sunbathing and your wandering. No! You don't make money out of what you nowadays call health. No! Nor this 'beauty.' No! Nor out of enjoyment. No! Nature doesn't pay a dividend. Profits are not flowers picked on the mountains, my boy. No! Freedom doesn't run a bank account."

No, indeed. Max saw, being no fool, where profits were made and by whom. They are made by the pale men with paunches, enclosed in offices; and the bronzed bodies on the river shore were, to these, so many puppets; a sideshow of the times; that's all.

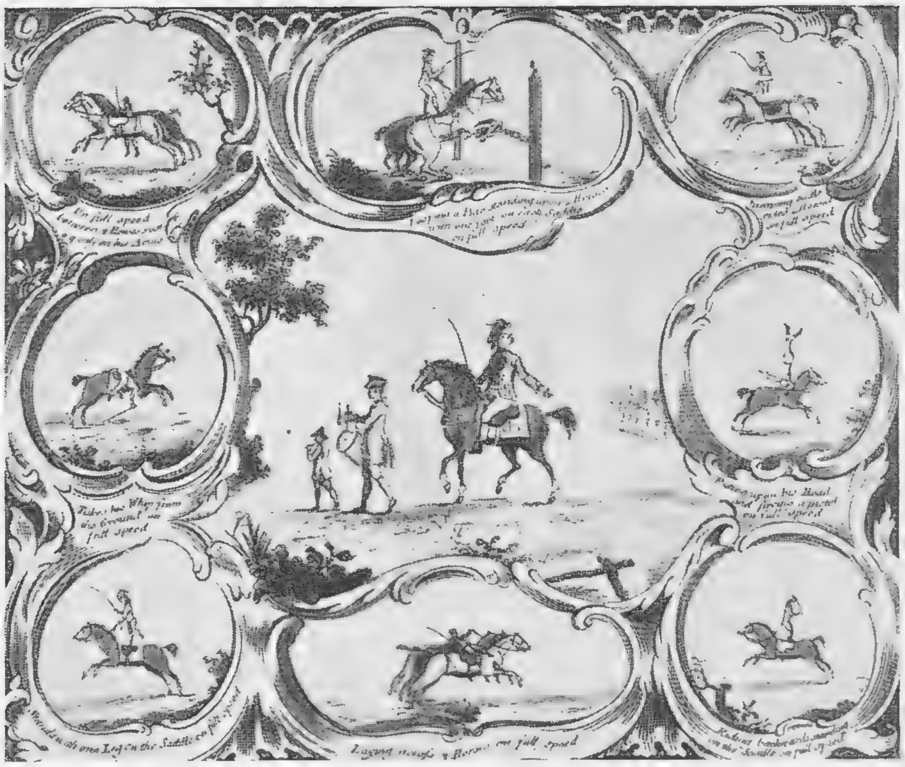
Well, laugh! Don't despair! Every week there is a blessed long holiday called Sunday. (*Continued on page* 108)

"Samson and Delilah"

The True Story of a Ruthless Lady of the Town who played havoc with a Trick-rider's fortune among the little green hills of Islington that were London's summer playground in the Eighteenth Century

By

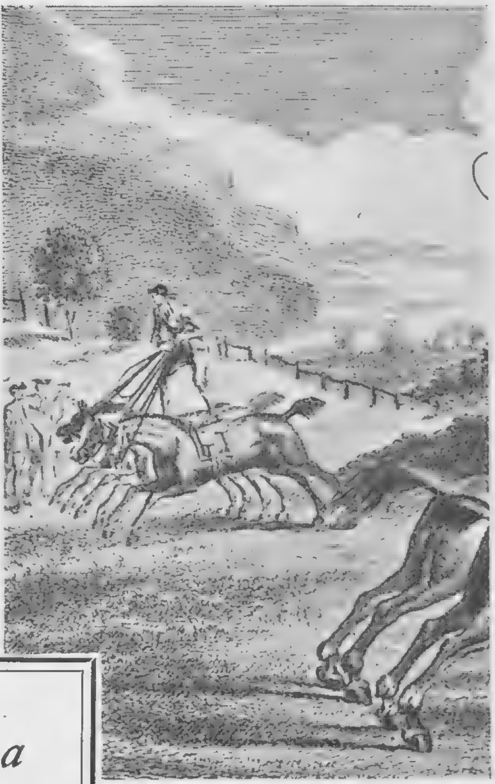
M. Willson Disher



WHAT Sampson performed on horseback that the other riders could not emulate. A contemporary print to advertise his skill

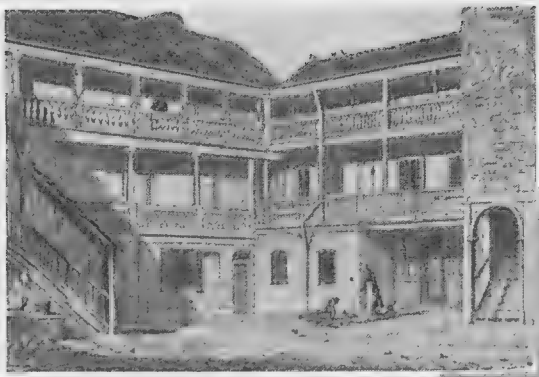
ROUND about the Angel nowadays the trams and buses come and go in a great stir of traffic. There is a clamour in Islington's busy High Street to deaden the noisiest clatter of tongues. But wish yourself back rather more than a hundred and fifty years ago and you will be quiet enough in this spot to be enthralled by the scandal of a goodly man's downfall through the lure of a handsome, treacherous woman. Such a tale has been told before and will be told constantly again and again. This particular one I choose not purely and simply because it is of interest in itself, but because of the way it transforms, to the inward eye, all the bleak wilderness of Islington and Clerkenwell into a green and pleasant land, the playground of Londoners, high and low, in the eighteenth century.

What are now steep streets were then little green hills. Rosebery Avenue was a narrow river fringed with tall, murmuring poplars, the Angel was a spacious hostelry welcoming with open yard the Liverpool stage coach that came rattling down the highway to the sound of the horn, and Sadler's Wells was set among gardens, opposite the Spa that is now Spa Green. Haunts of health and happiness abounded there. Ever since Sadler gave his name to the wells of iron-impregnated water at his musick-house, rival establishments had been advertising chalybeate springs to the world of politics and fashion. Princesses had stepped out of their coaches at Islington Spa to a salute of guns. Very fine ladies and gentlemen made a habit of taking the waters at Bagnigge Wells, a stone's throw away to the east, and not a gallant but knew what happiness might be planned over a dish of tea in the Great Room there. Cardsharpers also had a fancy for the pleasaunces of the district by day and footpads roved the lanes by night. Apprentices went there to make holiday, and any daring maid who ventured there rarely came back without cause to rue her evening's entertainment.



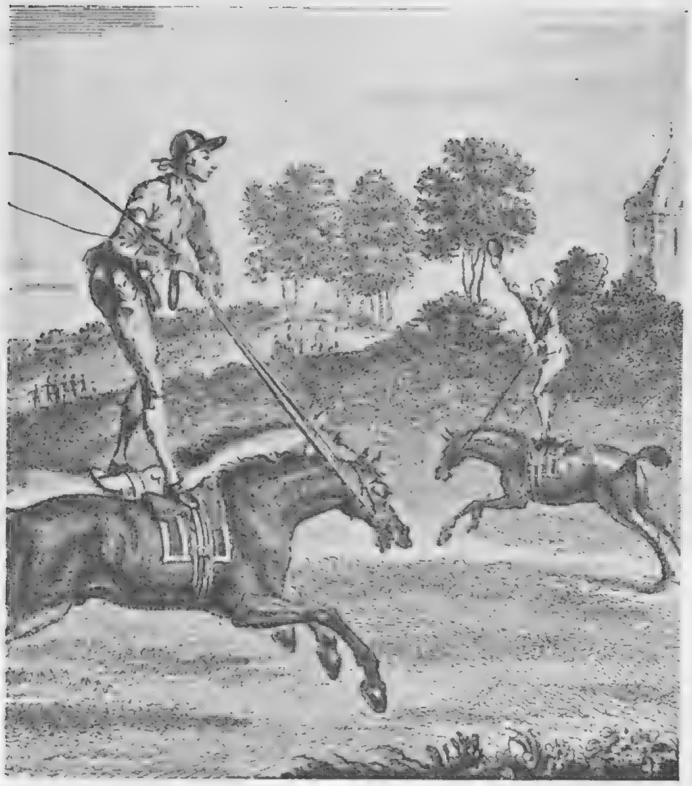
ONE of the first at Islington, the The Three Hats with

Midway through the eighteenth century the enterprise of Islington took a fresh form. There was a sudden craze for exhibitions of horsemanship which is highly significant of the social history of those times. Fully to understand it you must consider the decline of the tourneys of the middle ages after kingly combatants had received fatal injuries in the lists. Jousts, often fought in grim earnest, gave place to the costly "carousals" of the seventeenth century, when the participants contented themselves with tilting at the quintain. Vast sums were spent on pageantry at these celebrations, until a curb was put upon the spending powers of kings and no more could be held. In order to continue the exercise of horsemanship and arms, the nobles of all countries built them-

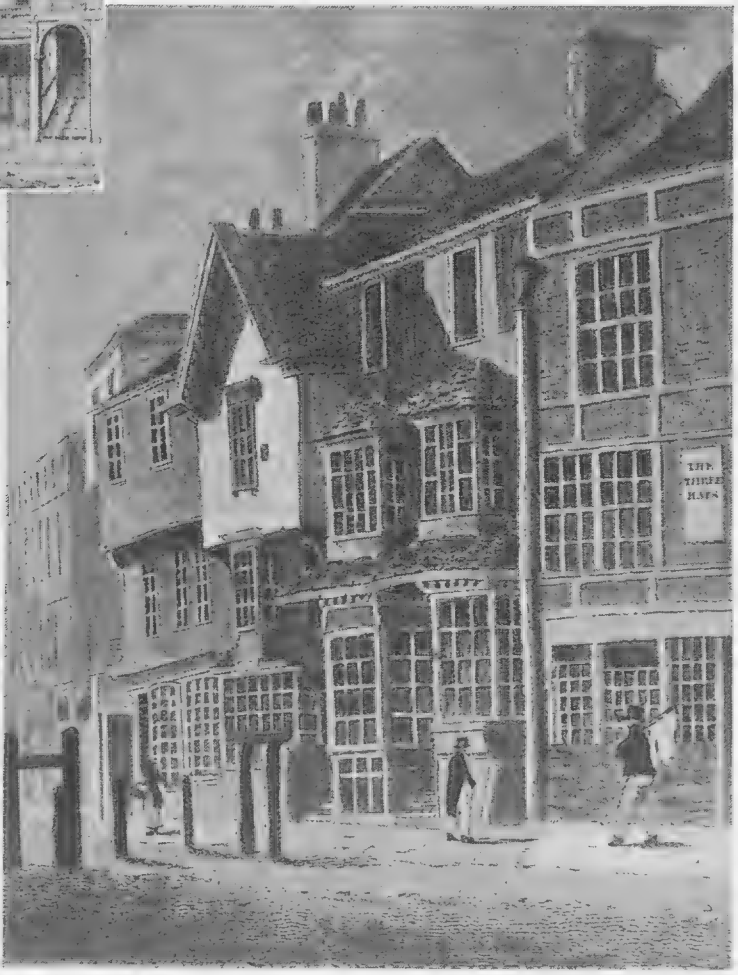


THE Angel Inn, Islington, as it was in 1780

# of Islington



trick-riders to bring horsemanship into fashion "Irish Tartar," who amazed customers of his acrobatics while standing in the saddle



EXTERIOR of The Three Hats, where the sale of liquor inspired the horseriding performances that preceded the birth of the circus

selves lordly riding-schools instead, and such institutions flourished in London and Paris. After a century or more, the aristocracy felt the pinch as royalty had done, and horsemanship again suffered from the stress of economy. There was a lack of employment for riding-masters, who, however, solved the problem by serving the public as showmen instead. Jacob Bates, the first of note, made the Continent ring with his praises. His example was followed by many, including Johnson, the Irish Tartar, who brought the new fashion in entertainments to Islington.

NOW we can get on with our story. I find the beginning of it in an advertisement, dated 1766, concerning The Three Hats, an inn surrounded by gardens near the spot where the Agricultural Hall now stands. The landlord announced that "Mr. Price will exhibit horsemanship, this and every afternoon if the weather permits," in a field where gentlemen and ladies would be accommodated with coffee and tea, hot loaves and sullybubs (sallybuns, I suppose), "The Loaves to be ready at Half an Hour after Four o'Clock every afternoon, by your humble servant, Joseph Dingley." At this time Garrick was causing a great stir at Stratford-on-Avon and Drury Lane with his celebrations of Shakespeare's jubilee, and, desiring to keep abreast of the times, Dingley had his arena surrounded with boxes for refreshments, each painted with a scene from Shakespeare's plays. That done, he concerned himself more with his callers and his kitchen, anticipating that the popularity of Price would ensure his "Jubilee Gardens'" success. At first his hopes seemed likely to be realised. All too soon, alas, failure stared him in the face.

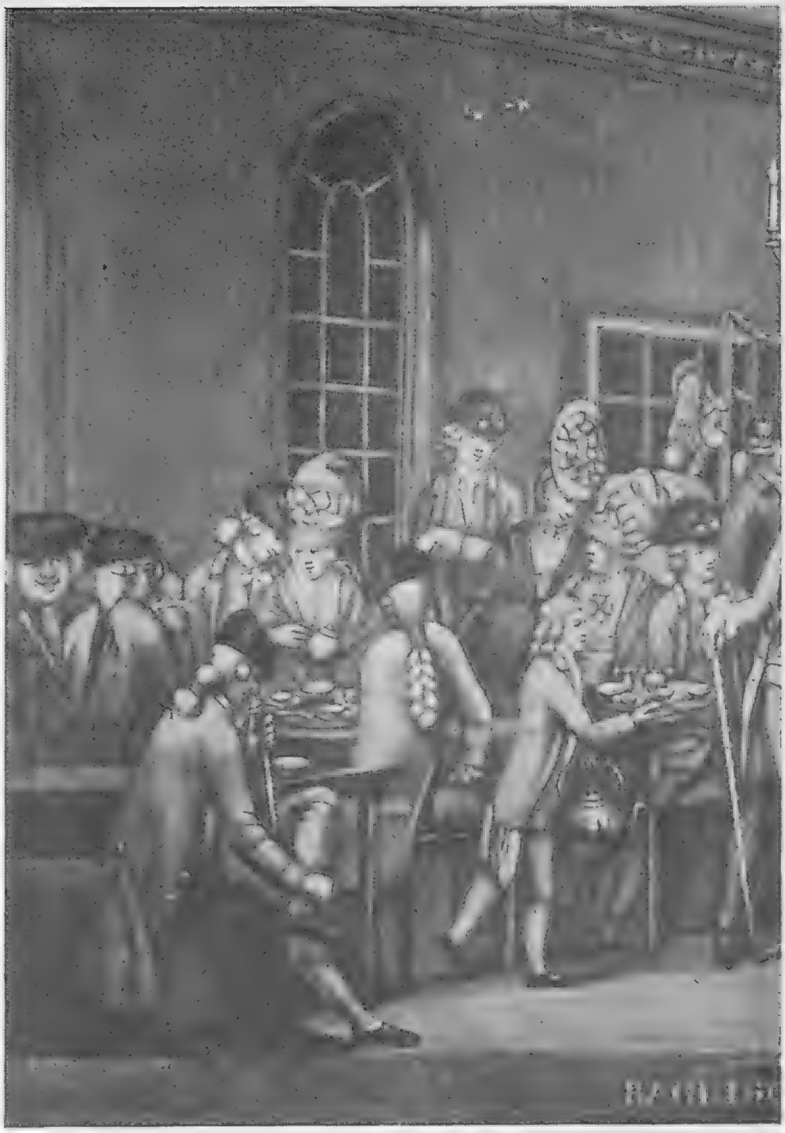
There was a lady sweet and kind among Price's throngs of admirers. A horsewoman herself, she could appreciate his feats at their full worth. She watched him intently for no other reason than this; but he sadly mistook the cause of her breathless interest. Amid that gaily painted circle, where a bright blue Romeo in knee breeches fixed round black eyes on the vermilion discs of Juliet's cheeks, Price felt confident of conquest, for she proved easy of approach. Would she like to see him far from the crowd? She would. She wanted—but he did not take her too literally—to receive lessons. A very few days later the announcements of The Three Hats read: "Mr. Price begs leave to return his sincere and hearty thanks to those Ladies and Gentlemen who have been so kind in honouring him with their Appearance at Islington, and hopes to deserve a continuance of their Favours; but Tomorrow he is engaged (by Desire) to ride at a particular Place for that Day only."

OUT in the solitude of verdant Barnsbury the two stood beside their horses. In her mind there was no other thought than those of the instruction she was receiving; in his, while he spoke of stirrup and reins in listless fashion, there was only an ardent anticipation of gaining her favours. Presently his self-control vanished. He clasped her violently and tried to press his lips upon her mouth. With a strength he had not expected, she forced him aside, moved towards her horse and watched him for a moment, unconsciously holding her whip as though about to strike. Before he could decide how best to remedy his mistake, she had sprung into the saddle with the ease of an acrobat and was riding over the fields away.

There was no answer to the messages he sent to her lodgings. Startled at realising how much store he had set on winning her, he became frantic and sullen by turns. He had fits of temper at the time due for his performance, and would not appear. Joseph Dingley saw ruin in all the boxes ornamented with scenes from Shakespeare's plays, for they were empty. At first he hesitated to quarrel with Price, out of a belief that he could not do without him, but he found he could one day while laboriously reading the *Daily Courier*. Among the announcements was one concerning the feats of horsemanship exhibited at Mile End by "Mr. Sampson, lately discharged from Lord Ancram's Light Dragoons." The words which particularly took his eye were "Admission one shilling." That was shown to Price as an example of what others could do. The idol of Islington flared up in a rage. There was a quarrel, and Dingley set out to lure Mr. Sampson from the Weaver's Arms, Mile End.

Sampson startled the tea-parties of The Three Hats. From his first appearance, standing in the saddle on one leg, while putting his horse to the gallop, he kept them in a constant state of surprise. He rode at full speed, hanging so low that his hand swept the ground; he dismounted at full speed, discharged a pistol, and remounted in an instant; he rode two horses at once, besides putting them to a jump; he rode at a gallop, head on the saddle and feet in the air. Not the least impressed of the spectators was Price, who had come partly out of feigned curiosity and partly to learn. For a while he was too busily resolving to profit by Sampson's lessons to notice the faces round the ring, but at length his gaze was held to one particular spot. There the girl whose spell was still upon him watched the newcomer as she had watched him.

After that Price could not bring himself to leave the district. He stayed in Islington as though hypnotised, and saw Sampson triumph where he had failed, both at work and in love. This time the horsewoman was not interested in trick-riding alone. The frank countenance of the light dragoon, his schoolboyish delight in the freedom of civilian life, his reckless joy in flinging away the guineas he found so easy to earn, won all hearts, and hers most of all. The light in her eyes quickly lit a fire in his. Knowing much of the women of the kind an old campaigner would meet and nothing of women more gently bred, he was susceptible to her kindly glances. In a fortnight they were wed.



HOW the ladies and gallants took tea and from the Long Room at Bagnigge Wells,

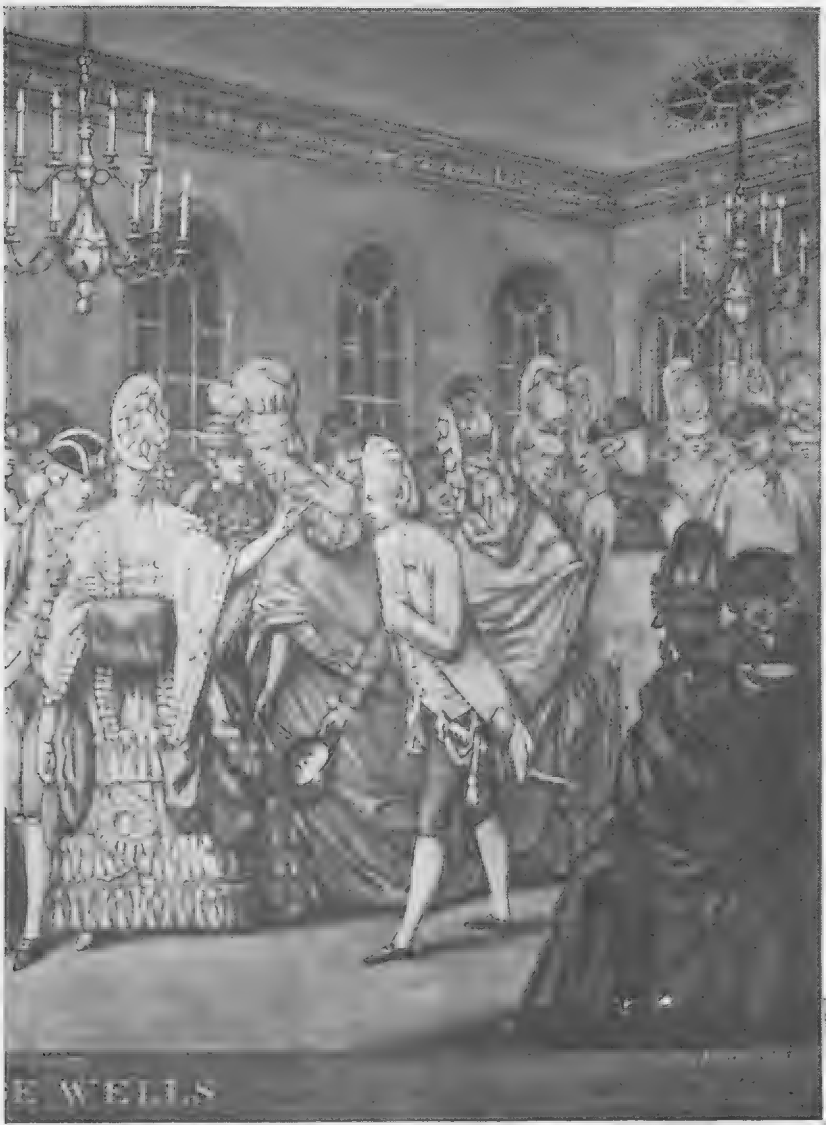
NOW a fresh stir of excitement made the cups and saucers clatter round the Jubilee Gardens. Pretty Mrs. Sampson was always there, as though she were her husband's head groom. In the mornings, before the public was admitted, so Dingley's serving maids said, she would be riding there in a style almost as daring as his. All this chatter served to make curiosity run high until Dingley inserted in the papers an announcement that the "First Equestrienne" would give performances in his field. From that day forward she proved, to quote his words, that "The fair Sex were by no means inferior to the male, either in Courage or Ability." All the spectators agreed. So great was the interest in her feats that the world of fashion frequently filled Dingley's boxes. One day the Duke of York, brother to the King, watched the show.

ISLINGTON as it is to-day. The famous Angel Inn no longer exists The site is now occupied by a Lyons Corner House

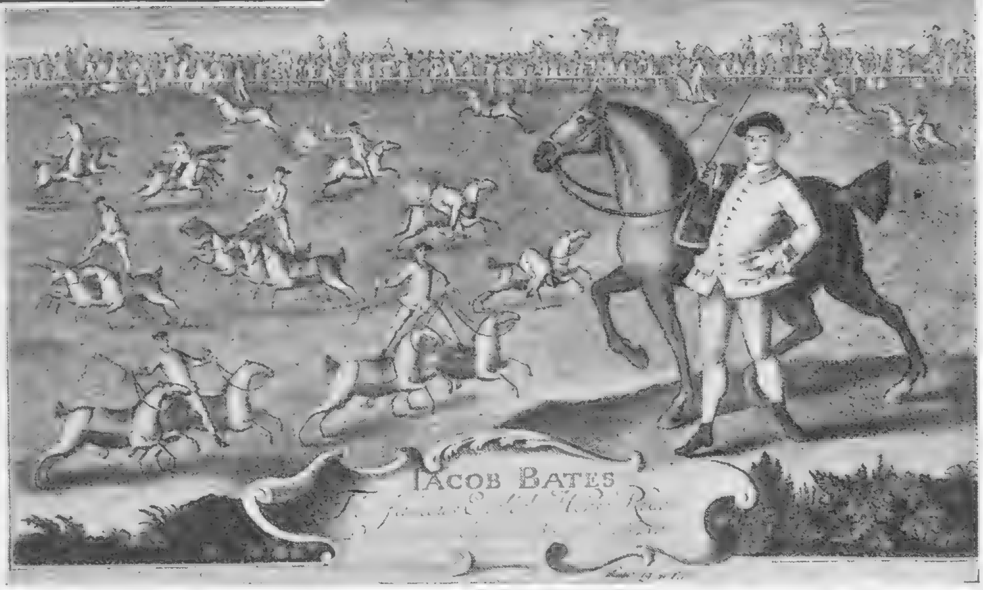
Chagrin drove Price to a deep-laid scheme of revenge, which he took to the owner of the neighbouring tea gardens still called Dobney's, although old Mrs. Dobney, the widow who once owned them, had been dead six years. The new proprietor was lethargic, but he saw in the end that profits would accrue from the transformation of his bowling green into a ride. What could be done against the rivalry of The Three Hats? "Leave that to me," said Price. He had seen how quickly Sampson had yielded to one pair of bright eyes. A heart so easily won might be won again. Price, a thrifty soul, had money enough to bribe a dashing female to see what she could do by hanging around the Jubilee Gardens when Mrs. Sampson was not there.

In a well-feigned mood of good fellowship, Price also acted a part in his plot. Over a tankard of ale he would congratulate Sampson on his triumphs and speak deprecatingly of his own exhibitions of skill at Dobney's. The confidence of the light dragoon was easily won. He liked good company, he had money to burn, and all he wanted to know was fresh ways of spending it. At his rival's suggestion he gladly consented to go with him to Bagnigge Wells. They arranged to meet there after each had given his afternoon performance, and to stay there until the excitement began after dark. Poor, unsuspecting Mrs. Sampson was to be left to the cares of her little house.

Some doubts about the honesty of this arrangement entered her lord and master's simple head, but the hint he had received from Price concerning the danger a man might run from letting married life overwhelm him was enough. He kissed her good-bye



"sullybubs" in the year 1772. A scene Clerkenwell, where Sampson met his fate



FEATS of the trick-rider who spread the fame of English horsemen throughout Europe, portrayed in a German print

tenderly, and forgot her as soon as he stood gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the luxurious grounds of Clerkenwell's most fashionable resort. Price was there to conduct him through shady walks, lined with shrubs and heavy with the scent of flowers, to the house. They passed a fishpond, where Cupid rode a swan which spouted water to a great height, and mingled in the crowd, which grew denser as they approached the doors. "The quality," said Price, "favour the Great Room. We will go there."

It sounded very grand to Sampson. When they sat down to drink he was for ordering ale, but the waiter loftily declared that there was a house by the waterside at the far end of the grounds for those who wished to drink the coarser beverages or to smoke. Wine was brought instead, and Price filled his glass regularly as proof of his friendly intentions. Sampson, accustomed neither to such liquor nor such surroundings, was dazzled and dazed: and it was while he was in this state that Delilah in hooped skirt and full powdered wig came sweeping by. Price showed great surprise to find her there: she was surprised to meet him and pleaded a rendezvous with somebody else before she at last consented to sit down with him. Then Sampson recalled that he had seen her face somewhere before and settled his doom. When they went outside to explore the walks, Price became parted from them and was lost. Sampson and Delilah paced slowly side by side while the harvest moon shed its golden gleam through the ceiling of branches. In such a night when the soft breeze did gently kiss the trees and they did make no noise, a stern heart, unresponsive at any other time, would feel stirred by the rustle of silken skirts. Sampson was never stern nor unresponsive. Delilah led the way to the darkness of the grotto and stumbled against him when he was aware of her by all his senses except sight. His arm was around her. "Take me to my home," she said. He did not return to his that night.

AT dawn, when Islington's first equestrienne was peering fearfully from her window down the country road, he was tossing feverishly in a drunken slumber half a mile away. Hours later, when she was making anxious inquiry at The Three Hats, he was waking in numb dismay at the sight of an unfamiliar ceiling. He was brought sharply to his senses by the demands of a half-naked drab, barely recognisable as the beauty in full sail he had set eyes on last night, whether "this" was all the money he had. She held his breeches in one hand and his purse in the other, and her face expressed utter and entire dissatisfaction. Sampson lifted up his head, moaned and sank back on the pillow again, miserably recalling the events of the night before. Delilah's sharp voice broke into his thoughts with steadily increasing vehemence. "When I'm paid in full," she said at last, "you shall have your breeches back. Not before." She stood in the doorway, ready to depart.

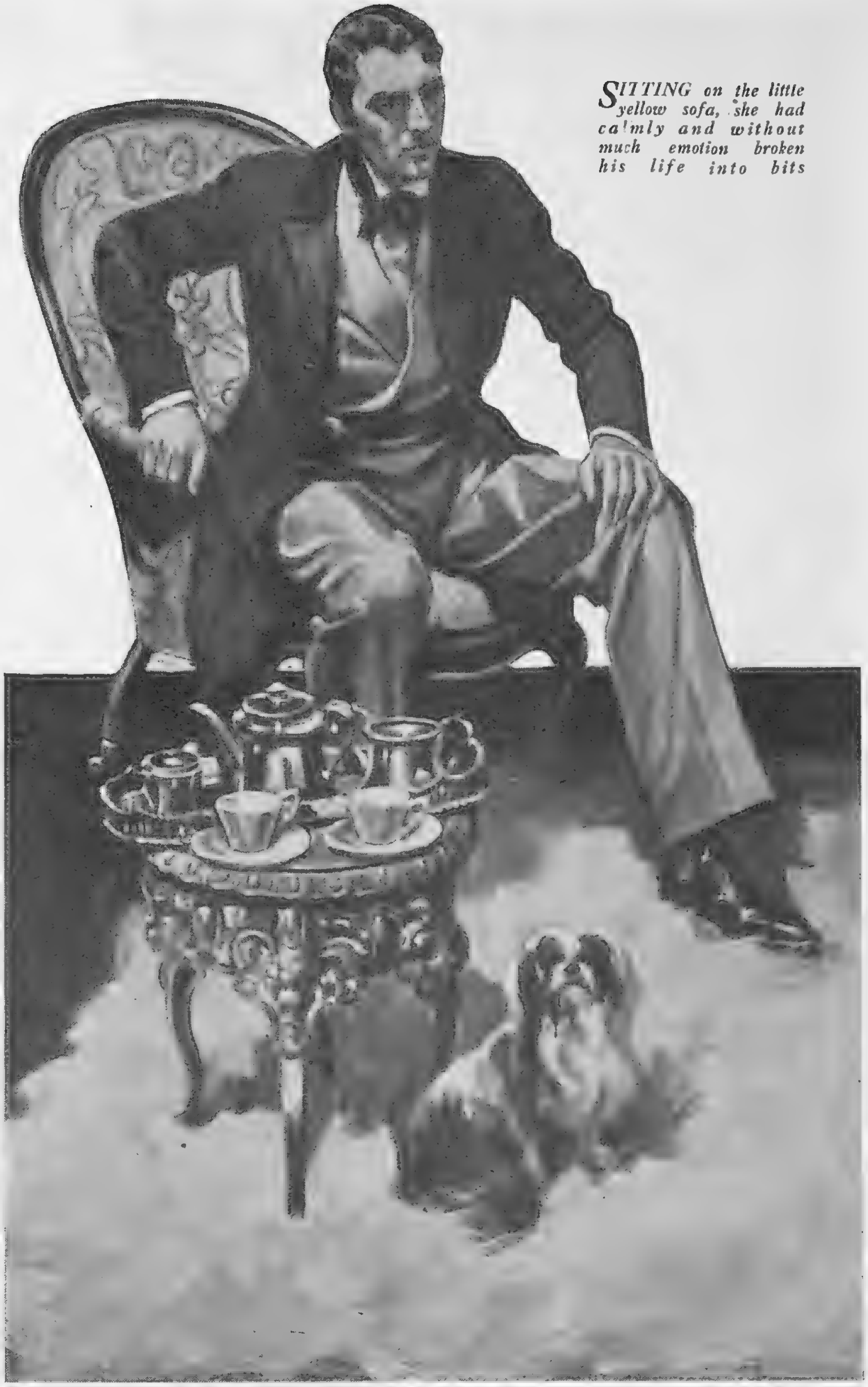
This brought him to his senses. "How can I raise money," he asked, "unless you let me clothe myself?"

"Write to Dingley for fifty guineas. Tell him you won't be performing this afternoon unless he sends the money at once. There's the letter written for you on that table by the window. Put your mark to it." She went out and turned the key in the lock.

FIFTY guineas was a large sum. Nevertheless, if he stayed in that drab's bedroom much longer, he would be breaking his contract with The Three Hats. After a little more argument through the keyhole, Sampson complied. And that was how Mrs. Sampson at last heard, through Dingley, that her husband had not been strangled by footpads, but would return to her shortly quite safe. Her first feelings of relief soon changed to curiosity, then to fretfulness, and finally to anger. By the time Sampson appeared she was ready to insist on the truth. So frank and open a countenance as his gave him no chance to be a good liar. She saw "another woman" in his looks, and then and there left him. Dingley, coming in with an inquiry concerning when the pair would be ready to perform, found the husband alone and in such misery that he could not be shaken into any sense of his obligations. The landlord heard the crowd of holiday makers grow impatient. He tried to explain that he could not help the delay. Then he

(*Continued on page* 104)

The Yellow *Satin* Sofa



SITTING on the little yellow sofa, she had calmly and without much emotion broken his life into bits

THE notice "To-day: Antique Furniture and Silver" brought General Sir Hugh Craddock to a standstill outside the pseudo-Greek portico of Machonochie's Rooms. Old Machonochie's Rooms! They were yet another link in the chain that bound Pall Mall fast up with his youth and with Pauline. He seldom thought of her now, but to-day, leaving his club and strolling along in the May sunshine, he had found himself doing so; something—the tune a barrel-organ was grinding out round the corner, or the sight of a flower-seller's tray of violets—had brought her into his head, and he was still thinking of her when he reached Machonochie's. Her house had stood just opposite, but it had vanished long ago; there were motor showrooms there now, full of sleek, shining thoroughbreds presided over by sleek, shining young men in double-breasted suits. How often he had rattled up to its doors in a hansom, hat at an angle and a cigar in his mouth! He had been a bit of a young blood in those days. Once or twice he had stood on the pavement opposite in the early hours of the morning, content to stare up at the blankly shuttered windows because Pauline was lying asleep behind one of them. He had leant against the railings staring until a passing policeman looked at him suspiciously. Funny to remember that now! And once, the last time of all, he had rushed down the steps into Pall Mall, wild with rage and jealousy. He remembered looking up at the windows and seeing a hand drop the curtain into place again over the glass; he knew she was standing just behind it watching him eagerly, but he gave no sign. He walked swiftly away round the corner, out of sight . . .

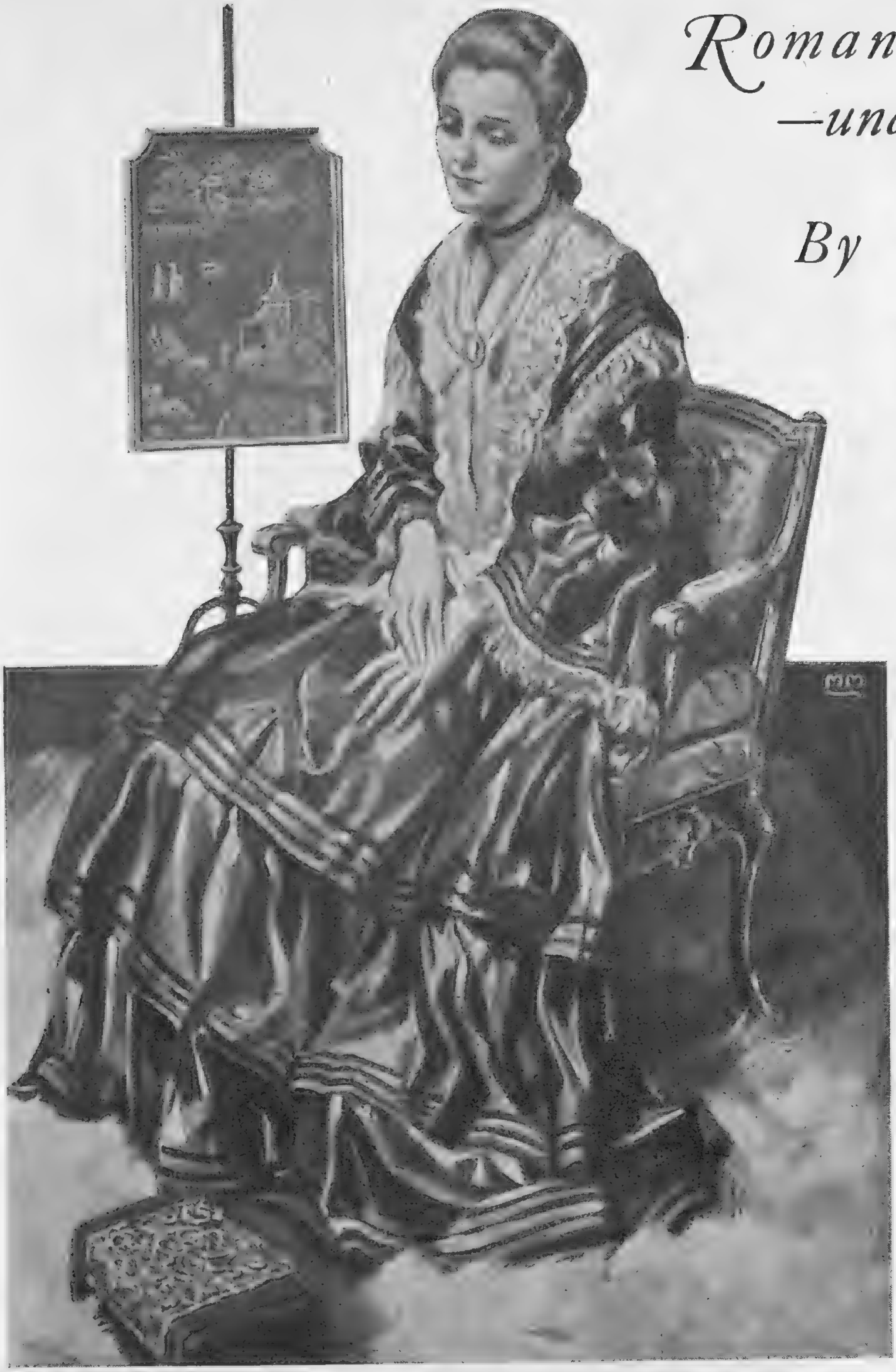
Old Machonochie's Rooms! They had been a favourite haunt of Pauline's. She loved hunting for good pieces of old furniture; there had been something gay and birdlike in the way she hopped twittering from bargain to bargain. Once she had taken him to Machonochie's Rooms and he had bought her (without being able to afford it) a little sofa. He remembered it so well, a brittle Empire affair, upholstered in yellow satin. With one of those queer tricks of memory that reject the important and retain the trivial, he could remember in detail what Pauline had been wearing on the day that they bought the little sofa together. Sables and a brown cloth dress, a big velvet hat with a green bird in it. They would look funny now, he supposed, but she had been beautiful in them. He remembered especially the hat, and all her lovely hair glinting under it. In those days hats were perched up to reveal the hair, not jammed down over eyebrows plucked in imitation of some trashy movie star or other. Women's clothes were made in the grand manner, with lots of stuff in them; a woman in evening dress, if she were tall enough, could sail into a room looking like the carved goddess on the prow of a ship. Pauline, a little too slightly made to resemble a Juno, had sometimes seemed overburdened by the weight of skirts and sleeves, like a child dressed up in her mother's clothes. But she had been lovely that day at Machonochie's, wrapped in her soft furs, her eyes sparkling as she twittered over the little yellow satin sofa.

"Vi'lets, sir?" asked the flower-seller at his elbow. *She* had been fond of violets. She had been wearing them that day, tucked into the sables. And the queer fancy seized Craddock, as he waved the man away, to go upstairs and walk round the old place again. He was at a

Romance comes back —under the Hammer

By Mollie Panter-Downes

Illustrated by M. Mackinlay



loose end—when was he not at a loose end, these days? He sighed a little and leant his shoulder against the swing door. A big mirror on the first landing confronted him with his own reflection as he started to plod upstairs—a tall, grey-haired, grey-faced man with tired blue eyes and a dragging left foot. It was as though Machonochie's were welcoming him with an ironic gesture: "You come here looking for change and you will find none. Look to yourself!"

MACHONOCHIE'S had not changed. The lofty, echoing rooms, the faded red walls, were the same. Even the clerks behind the counter, so it seemed to Craddock, must have been there since the day of his visit with Pauline; hunched over their ledgers, they had the patient, twisted air of fungus growths sprung from a composite soil of green baize and musty catalogues. Only the pink-faced office boy, eyeing Craddock curiously as he came in, looked impertinently young. Yet after a few minutes it struck Craddock, whose tired eyes missed very little, that Machonochie's had changed. It was no longer so prosperous; a mildewed breath of sadness and bad times had begun to seep through its comfortable Victorian red walls. Although the sale was in progress, the place was not crowded. In the first room a few seedy individuals wandered round looking at the stacked furniture; beyond, the auctioneer's voice droned monotonously on. Craddock picked up a catalogue and went in. Just inside the doorway a little Jewish dealer was bending over to rub with a grimy-nailed finger the yellow satin of Pauline's Empire sofa.

For a startled moment Craddock wondered if he was mistaken, but even before he limped over for a closer inspection he knew that it was Pauline's sofa. Like the green bird in her hat, it was one of the trivial things that had remained clear in his memory while so much that was worth while had faded; he knew by heart the embossed sprig of the satin, the delicate claw feet, the gilded lions' heads. So it had come back to Machonochie's in the end, and he was there to see its downfall! It seemed horrible—indecent, almost—to see it there, a lot ticket tied to one leg; he felt as though a bit of himself, his life, his youth, was being pawed over by those appraising hands with their black-edged nails. This was irony with a vengeance! He glanced down at the catalogue he still held mechanically open in one gloved hand, and saw with a shock, a rush of indescribable emotion, the familiar name at the head of the first page.

"Property of the late Lady Herndon, of Leith Square, South Kensington." So she was dead. Pauline was dead. At one time the news would have meant the end of everything for him; now he was conscious only of sardonic sadness because it meant so little. Life did strange things to the human heart. For years after their last meeting he had thought of her with anger and contempt; then with bitterness; finally not at all. From time to time he had heard of her from friends who knew them as acquaintances and nothing more. Once, home on leave from India, he had seen her and Herndon in a box at the theatre; he had put up his glasses and eyed them coolly, noting with pleasure that she had grown thinner and was much aged, that Herndon was glossier and more pleased with himself than ever. Years later he had read of

Herndon's death. She had sold the house in Pall Mall; the son had come into the title. In all those years he had never made an attempt to see her. She had chosen the bed on which to lie, and he wished her joy of it. Somehow he had an idea that they had not been happy years for her. Under that glossy good humour of Herndon's there had been something agate-hard and implacable; his pink rotundity had concealed a core of darkness. In that one glimpse of her at the theatre Craddock had seen a beaten woman. Life had beaten her. The hard, implacable something in Herndon had beaten her. Now she was dead. The only shame was that he cared so little; it showed him with cruel finality that he was an old man.

Men in shirt-sleeves and baize aprons were lifting her pieces of furniture one by one and carrying them into the saleroom. The knot of people sitting round the auctioneer's table turned apathetic faces towards them; now and then a sharp-faced little man in a Derby hat or an untidy-haired woman would get up and run careful fingers over the carving of a chair leg or the inlay of a mother-of-pearl box. To Craddock many of the things were familiar, in the queer way of things seen in a dream. The little satinwood piano, the work-table, the big chair covered in Victorian needlework—he had seen them all before. What an ironic triumph of fate that he should be sitting there watching the things that she had loved being sold to seedy little Jews with dirty finger-nails and old ladies with antique shops off the Brompton Road! It gave him, somehow, the last word; it repaid him for the years of bitterness and for the hatred of all women that she had bred in him.

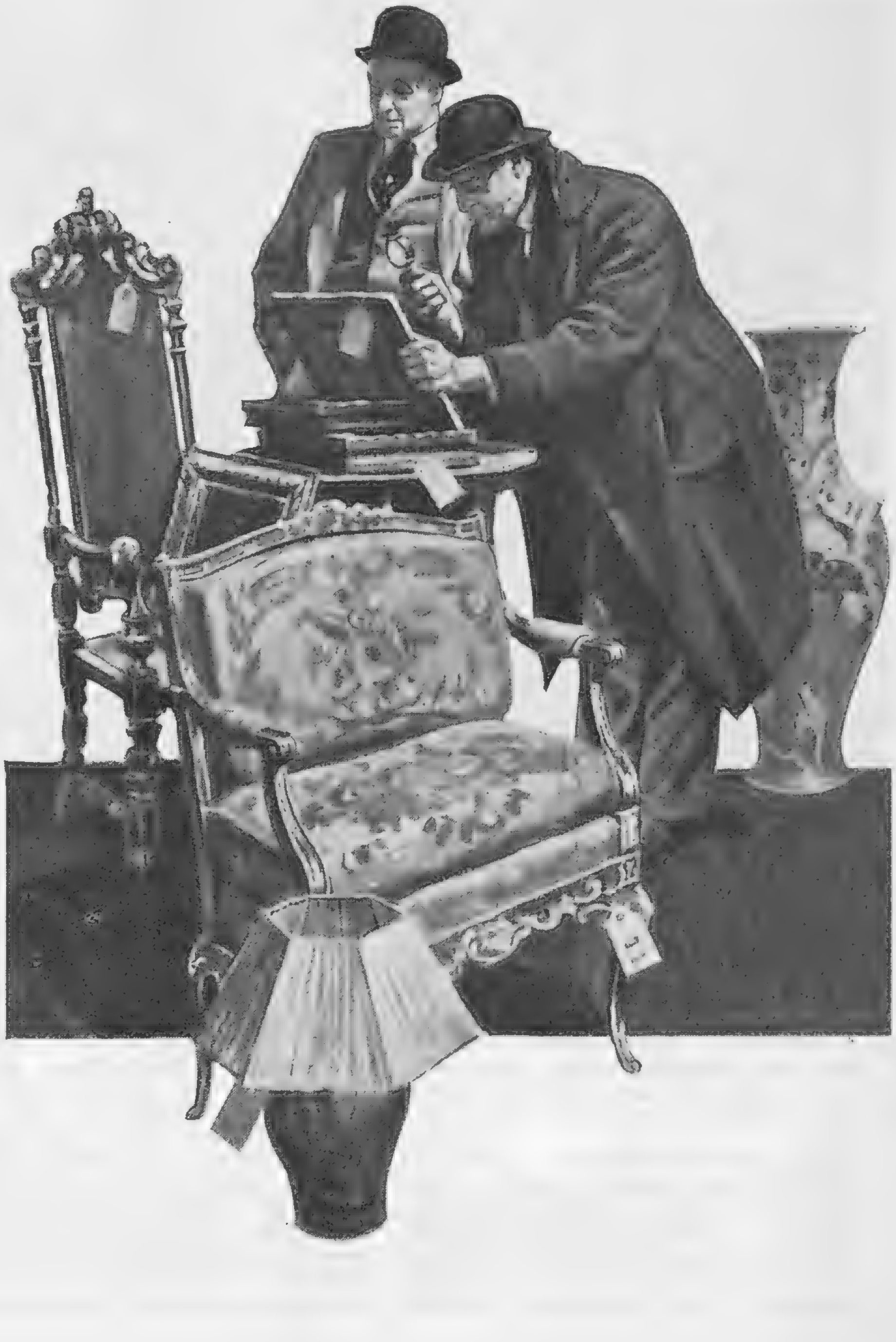
"Fifteen—twenty-five—thirty." The little yellow satin sofa was being carried in from the further room. Their sofa! She had been sitting on it when she told him that Herndon was coming back and that they could be lovers no longer. Sitting on the little yellow sofa, she had calmly and without much emotion broken his life into bits. He had begged and implored her to come away with him before Herndon's return, but she had reminded him quietly that it would mean the finish of his career in the Army. He had jeered that she preferred her safe position as Herndon's wife and mother of his two stout children to the insecurity of life with a penniless younger son; she had smiled and said nothing. He had taunted her with her fear of scandal, and she had admitted that she was afraid of it—for him. At last he had rushed out of the room and out of the house, wild with jealousy of Herndon, and, standing for a minute in Pall Mall, had watched her thin hand drop the curtain over the window and over their love for each other. Then he had walked away.

THEIR affair had never been public property. If anyone had ever known of Craddock's existence, he was quickly forgotten. He and his regiment were sent out to India; he went thankfully, and heard soon afterwards that she had presented Herndon with another son. That had hurt at the time. How all these things hurt—at the time! But gradually one forgot, one became indifferent; the anæsthetic of time took the sting out of the painful operation of living.

They were clustering round the little yellow sofa. The auctioneer started the bidding, and Craddock on an impulse caught his eye and gave a barely perceptible nod. He did not know why, but he felt that he could not stand by and see Pauline's sofa go to one of those foxy-faced fellows in their greasy Derby hats. He saw her bending over it, so lovely in her glossy furs, so warm and young and alive, poor Pauline. . . . The auctioneer, a stout man with drooping purple cheeks, was leaning forward, looking towards him appealingly. "Twelve—and ten—thirteen—and ten—fourteen——" Craddock, rigid and expressionless, nodded his head. He had imagined that he would get the thing for a fiver, but the bidding was mounting. Soon his keen eyes saw that all the opposition was coming from a group of three people who were sitting with their backs to him at the auctioneer's table. Suddenly the stouter of the two men turned round, obviously searching for the opposing bidder; Craddock saw a glossy pink face and met the annoyed gaze of a pair of surprisingly cold grey eyes. Young Herndon, Pauline's elder son! It could be no one else; the likeness to his father was almost comical. So they were there, too, watching her things being sold! Out of the tail of his eye, as he nodded towards the auctioneer, he saw Herndon lean over and say something to the woman dressed in mourning who sat beside him. She turned her head, searching for Craddock, and this time he felt his heart jump and a curious light feeling swim into his head, for it was Pauline looking at him across the dusty saleroom—Pauline a little older and harder, with light hair glinting under a tight little cap instead of a velvet hat on which a preposterous green bird poised.

"Thirty guineas—thirty guineas——" The auctioneer's hammer crashed on the desk. Craddock cleared his throat. Pauline's sofa was his. The auctioneer's clerk was beckoning to him. As he made his way across the room, very stiff and erect, he knew that Herndon and his sister were watching him; they spoke to their companion who had been making the bidding, and he in his turn looked round for Craddock. This time Craddock, glancing as though casually across the room, found himself staring into a blue-eyed, aquiline-nosed replica of his own face thirty years ago.

Somehow he made his way to the clerk's



desk and gave his name and address. Somehow he got out his cheque-book and without faltering made out the cheque. Buttoning his coat, collecting his hat and stick again, he glanced casually round and saw Herndon and his sister going out of the door towards the stairs. The younger brother was standing in the outer room, staring fiercely at the yellow satin sofa, which had been placed in a group of sold furniture.

Craddock came up behind him.

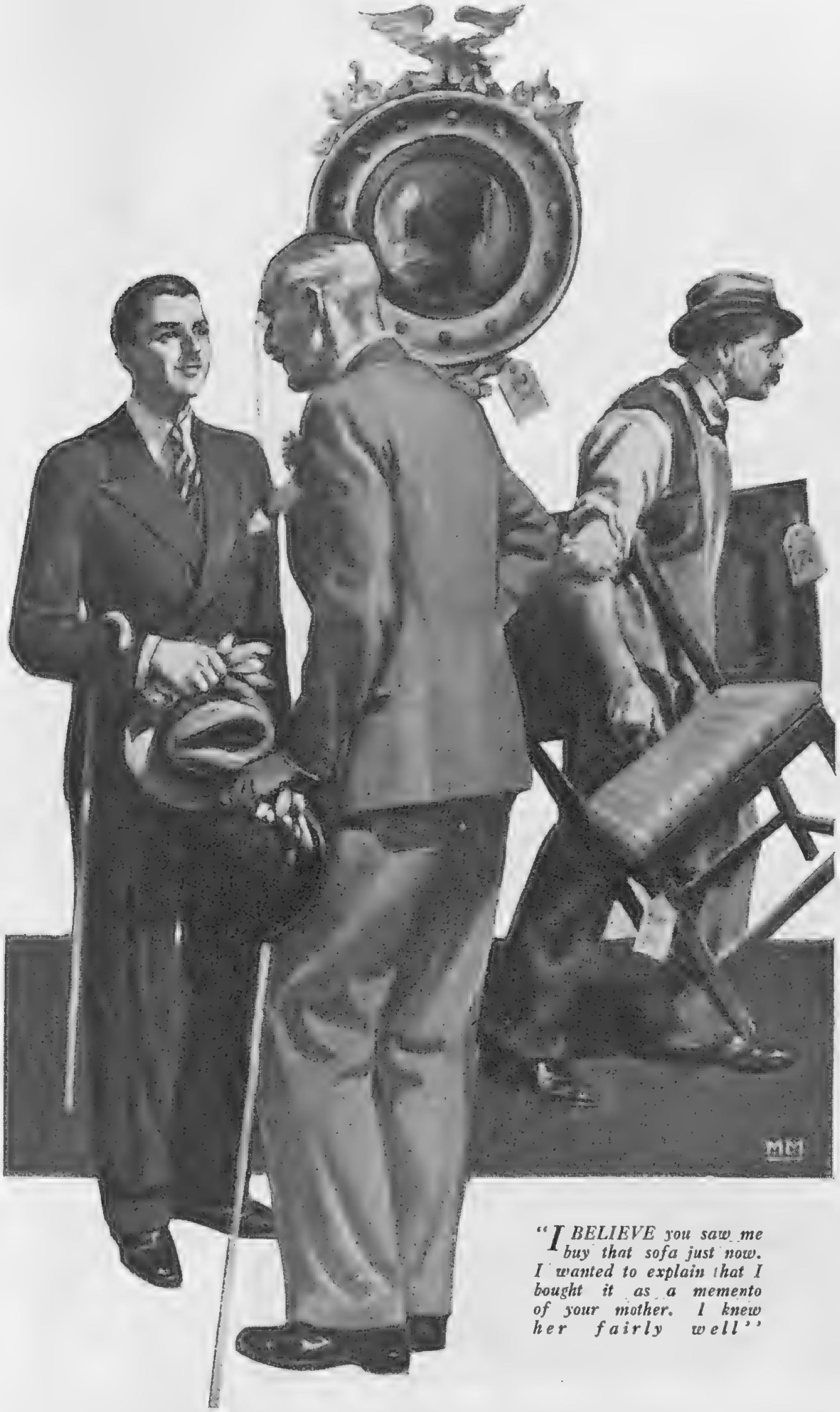
" Mr. Herndon, I believe ? "

He spun round, stared, and nodded grudgingly.

" That's right."

His stare said " What the devil's it got to do with you ? " It struck Craddock as funny, now that they were standing together, that the likeness was not glaringly evident to everyone in the room; then he remembered his own grizzled moustache disguising the mouth, the bullet scar that had drawn and twisted one cheek. But those eyes, that nose, even the carriage of the head—unmistakable! His heart was beating so fast that he was feeling a little ill. He said in a dry, even voice:

" I believe you saw me buy that sofa just now. I wanted to explain that I bought it as a memento of your mother. I knew her fairly well a long time ago. My name's Craddock."



" I BELIEVE you saw me buy that sofa just now. I wanted to explain that I bought it as a memento of your mother. I knew her fairly well"

" Glad to know you, sir."

The smile came then—unmistakable too. It was uncanny standing there looking at Pauline's son—looking at oneself! Pauline! When she sent him away that day she had known—she must have known——

" My name's Hugh Herndon."

Hugh! He managed a smile.

" Thought it must be." A flicker of ironic humour prompted him. " You're very like your father."

" Really ? You're the first person who's ever said that. My elder brother John is supposed to be."

" Sad for you to see all these things going."

" Yes, I hate it. It was in her will though—she wanted everything sold. I thought I'd like to buy the little sofa if I could—she was always so fond of it. However, you beat me to it, sir. Afraid I couldn't go any more."

" If I'd known you were bidding I wouldn't have gone on, of course."

" Oh, rot! Glad you got it and not one of those greasy dealers."

Craddock felt for his note-case and took out a card.

" Come and see me some time, will you ? I've got rooms in the Albany. I'm a lonely devil—it would be a real kindness if you'd dine with me one night. I'd like to hear about your mother."

" Why——" he hesitated, glanced up, and smiled. " Very kind of you, sir. I'd like to."

" Are you Army too ? "

" Yes. Grenadiers."

" Ah! Good! Shall we say next Thursday at eight ? Are you free ? "

" Thanks very much, sir—awfully good of you."

" Good-bye. I'll expect you on Thursday, then."

" Good-bye, sir."

CRADDOCK made his slow way down the stairs, out into the sunshine of Pall Mall again. At the entrance he passed the elder brother and sister, standing waiting for Hugh. Herndon was irritably tapping his umbrella against the kerb.

" For God's sake, what's he doing ? " Craddock heard him say. He started to walk towards St. James's Palace. Pall Mall! Strange how it always came into his life! Here he had come to buy Pauline a yellow satin sofa, and here the wheel had made a full circle again. " Vi'lets, sir ? " said the flower-seller at his elbow. He stopped to buy a little bunch of the scented purple things for his buttonhole.

" Nice day, sir."

" Yes, a nice day."

Walking on, he found himself thinking of Pauline again, and this time without bitterness or anger; without anything beyond a vast aching regret. Those years, those bitter years with Herndon! How often she must have regretted that she had silently let the curtain fall, that she had not opened the window and called him back! He could have groaned aloud at the thought. Did she know all about it now ? he wondered. These modern chaps would say that she didn't, but he hoped they were wrong. He said silently, " Forgive me, Pauline! " and was conscious, above all this conflicting surge of emotions, of a new sense of peace, of a debt cancelled, an emptiness filled.

Thursday at eight!

Strange Chapters *in* HISTORY:

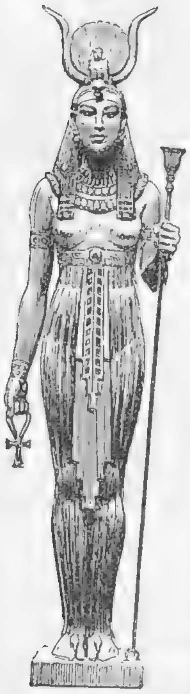
Romantic Cameos of Long Ago

Retold *and* Illustrated by

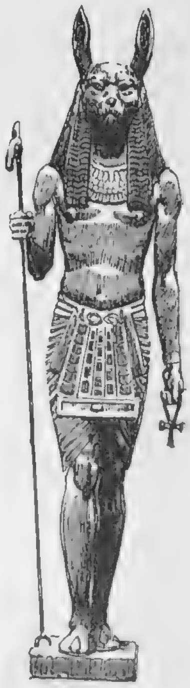
F. Matania, R.I.

No. 5:

The Veil drawn *over* the Temple of Isis *in* Rome



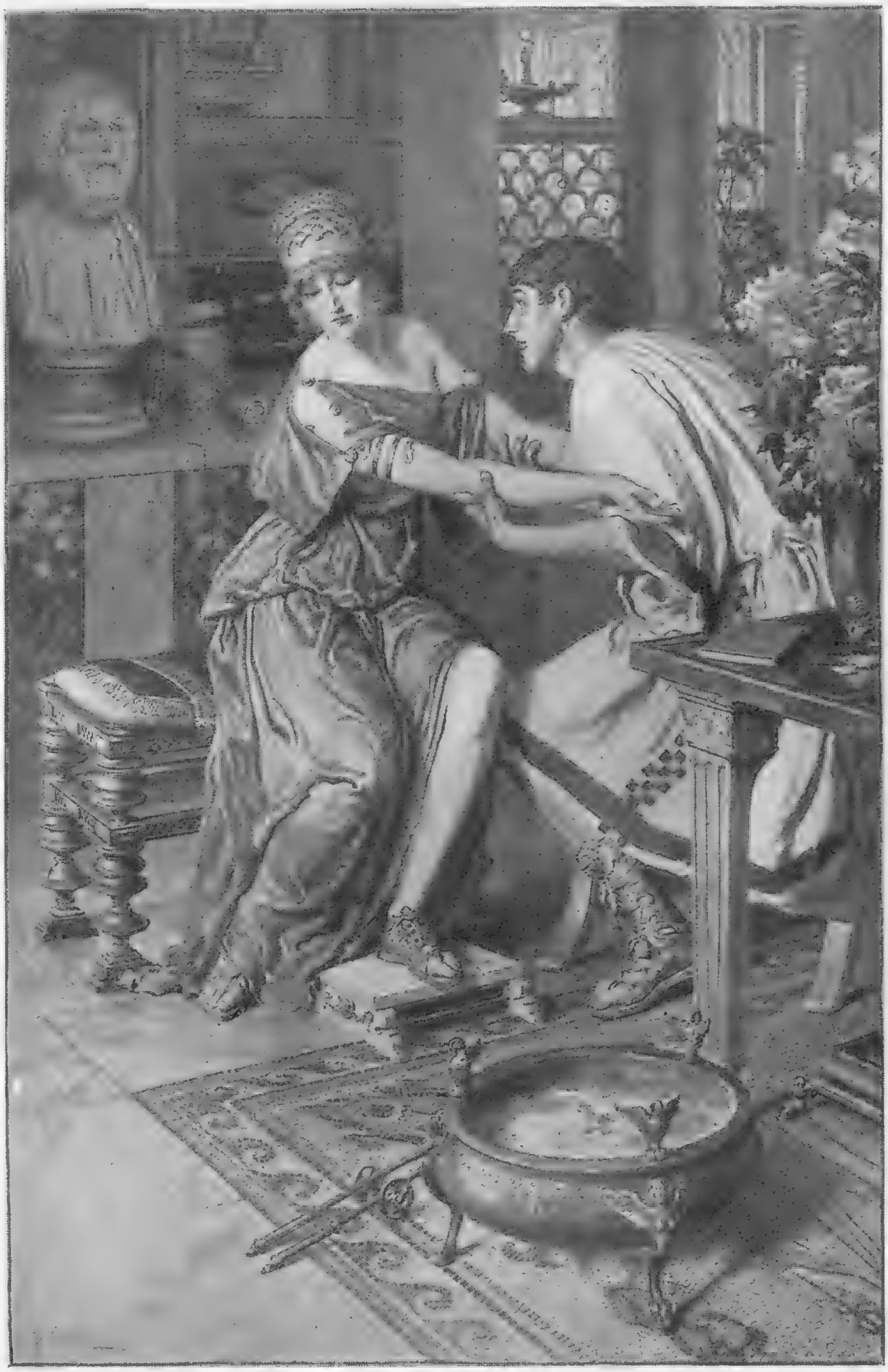
ISIS



ANUBIS

THE tolerance for exotic — and erotic—religions in pagan Rome depended not only upon the goodwill and personal kindness of the Emperor, but also on the proper behaviour of the people concerned; thus, whenever a crime or fraud was committed by taking advantage of the religious faith of someone, punishment used to be administered on the grand scale. Under the empire of Tiberius, misfortune befell the religion of the Jews and the religion of the Egyptians; and both originated from the dishonesty of the brethren concerned. The Jews enjoyed comparative freedom until certain unscrupulous children of Israel succeeded in obtaining a huge sum of money from Fulvia, a rich Roman woman who had embraced the religion of Moses; and, instead of sending purple and gold to Jerusalem as they had promised, diverted the money to their own use. The accusation was brought to Tiberius by Saturninus; a careful enquiry followed, with the consequence that four thousand Jews were banished to the island of Sardinia. But the episode which brought to its close the religion of Isis occurred in such astonishing and romantic circumstances that the story deserves to be related in detail.

The soft religion of the Egyptian valley found far more favour with the Roman people than the harsh, high faith of the Judæan hills, and the cult of Isis was adopted by many Roman women who were fascinated by the fecund goddess. The cult of Isis itself is a subject of such magnitude that it would absorb a tremendous amount of space and attention, so I have confined myself only to a few principal points in order to sketch a background for my

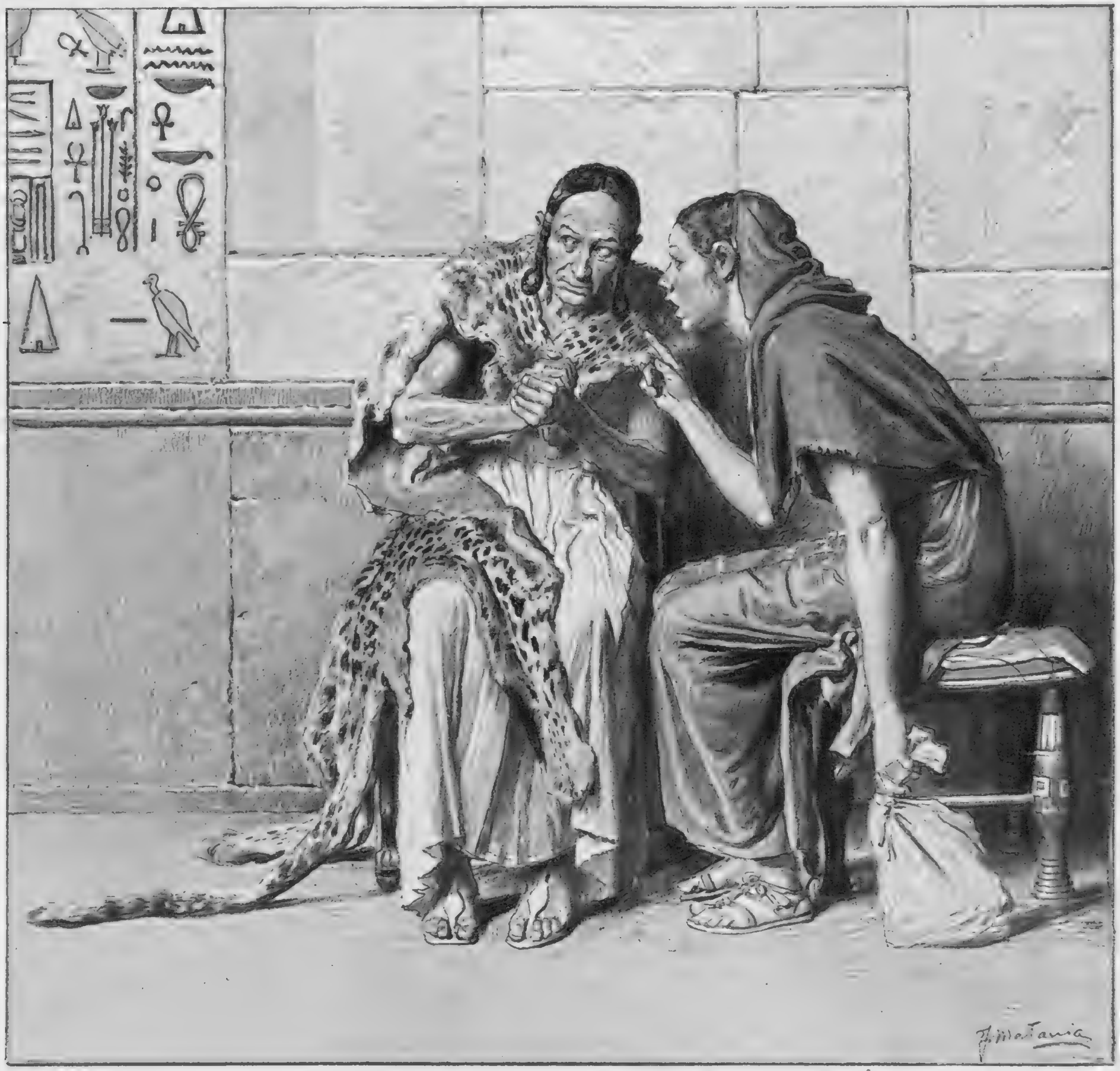


Paolina proves impervious to the impassioned advances of Decius Mundus, enthralled by her beauty story, In spite of detailed research and keen studies by valiant scholars, Isis remains still hidden behind her Veil of Mystery.

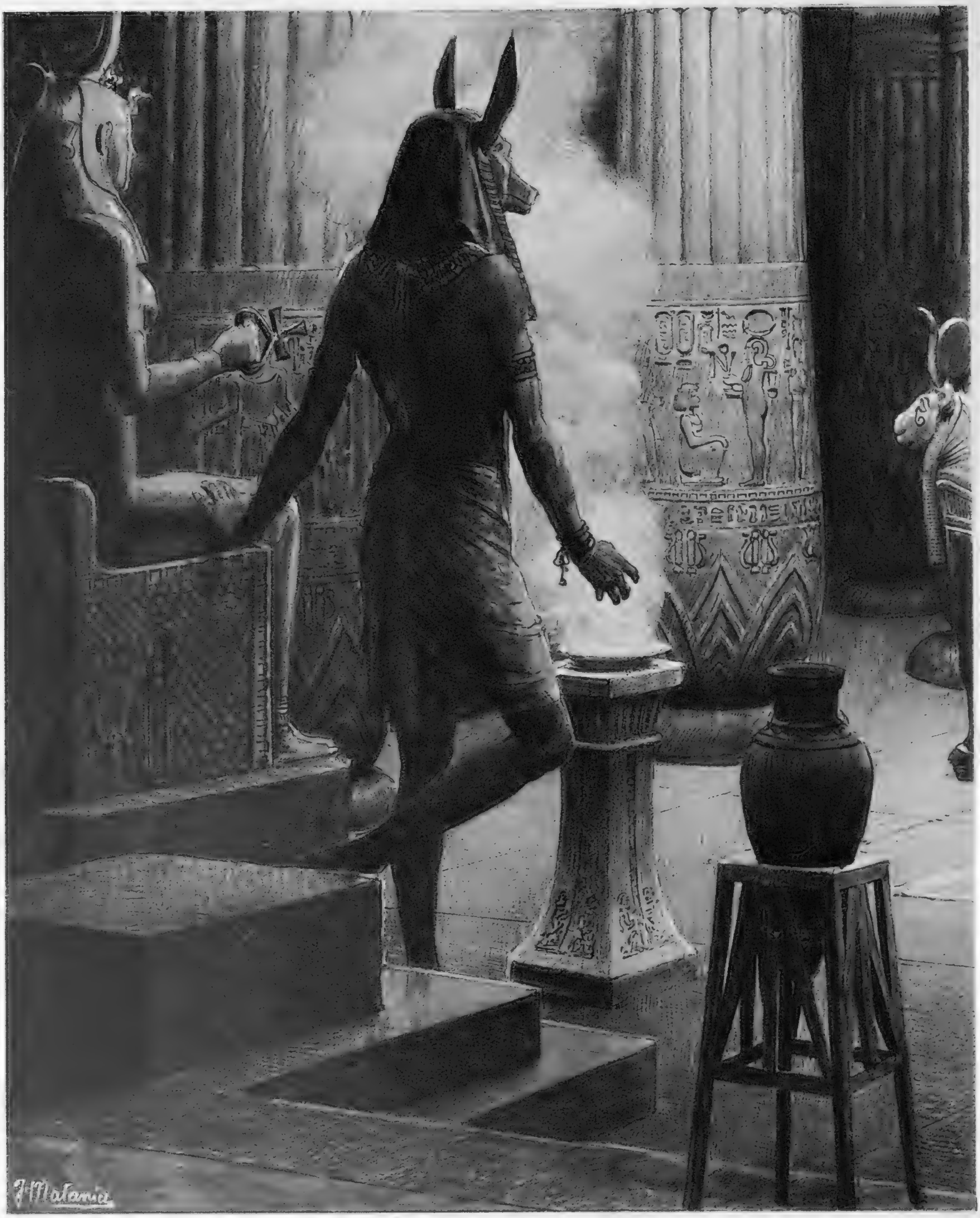
The knowledge of anything connected with this goddess seems to have been a monopoly of the priests, who succeeded in keeping the secret safely guarded throughout the centuries. Herodotus might have been a precious source of information, but it seems that he, too, was bound by intentional discretion, and he purposely avoids talking about it whenever he comes to the subject; and this, to use his own words, " for obvious reasons," though no one knows what these reasons were. Plutarch gives us some interesting details concerning this divinity. She was the daughter of Saturn and Rhea, and her birth is coupled with the most extraordinary tradition. Rhea conceived Osiris and Isis at the same time. These twins were married before birth, so that when Isis was brought into the world she was already the expectant mother of Horus.

Osiris and Isis were perfectly happy, and, desiring to enlarge their kingdom, they planned to conquer India. In order to do this in peace as in war, they conceived the idea of adding an army of women to their army of men! Many beautiful things are attributed to this goddess, one of which is the introduction of the art of agriculture. I shall pass rapidly over all the vicissitudes caused by the plot of Typhon, who, embittered by envy, offered a gorgeous chest to him who could lie in it, and, as soon as Osiris tried, Typhon had the chest nailed up and thrown into the Tanaite branch of the Nile. Isis succeeded in finding the chest, but it fell again into the hands of Typhon, who mangled the body and scattered the fragments. The outrage was fully avenged by Horus, who was put by his mother at the head of an army, and Typhon was defeated and killed. In the meantime Isis recovered all the fragments of Osiris's body, and on every spot where one of these had been found, an imposing tomb was built. In Apuleius we find Isis describing herself thus :

" I am Nature ; the Mother of all things ; Mistress of the Elements ; Origin of the Centuries ; Queen of the *Manes* of the Gods ; the First of Celestial Bodies ; the Unchangeable Face of the Gods and Goddesses. I am She who governs the luminous sublimity of the Sky, the healthy winds of the Sea, and the desolate silence of Hell. My divinity is One though Multiform ; honour and veneration is offered to Me in various forms and under different names, but the Egyptians are the only people whose celebrations in my honour are made in a proper form, and they alone call me by my true name, Queen Isis."



THE PRICE OF BLASPHEMY: *Ide, the freedwoman, and the High Priest of Isis conspire to make a bawdy-house of the Temple and a pandar of a Goddess. The bargain is sealed by a sack of 25,000 golden drachmæ*



THE INCARNATION OF PASSION: ***The status of Anubis, jackal-headed, human-bodied, comes to fraudulent***

THERE was in Rome a noblewoman called Paolina who was held in the highest estimation, not only for her beauty, which had become a proverb, and her wealth, which had turned to a fable, but for her virtue and the dignity of her ancestors, whose fame made her one of the most distinguished figures amongst the *haut-ton* of Rome. She was the beloved wife of Saturninus—in excellence of character her counterpart.

Virtue, coupled with youth and beauty, proved too great an attraction for a young man who occupied a high position in the equestrian order, one Decius Mundus. He conceived so violent a passion for Paolina that, in a short time, he was living only for one thing: to possess her by any means, conceivable or inconceivable. As is always the case, a man who falls madly in love with a

No. 5. The Veil drawn over the Temple of Isis in Rome

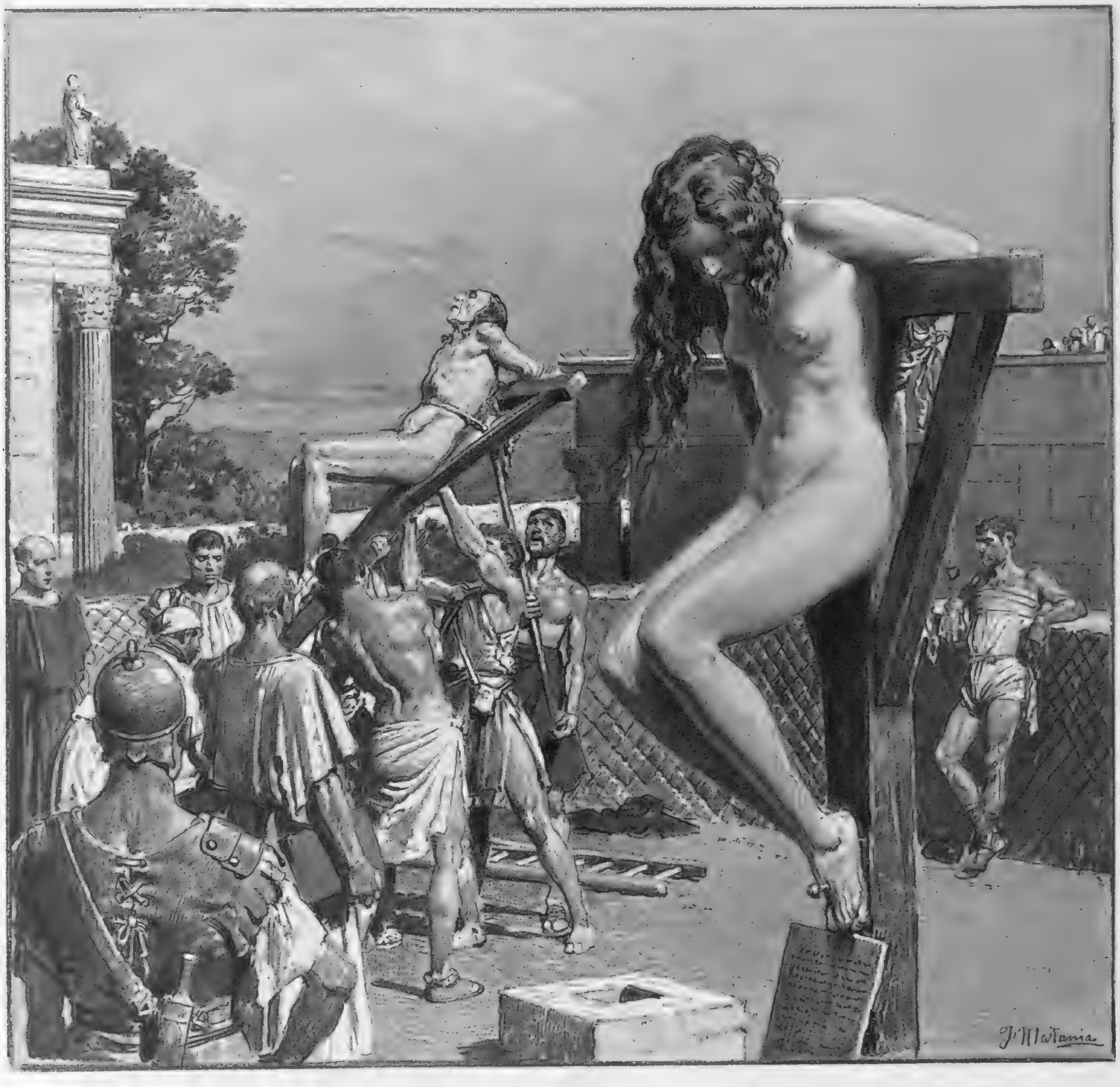
life in the Temple of Isis, while the devotee awaits the kiss of the God, to receive the embrace of a man

woman glides gradually to such a degree of blindness that he is ready to believe anything—except that she may love another! Rich presents, such as only a Roman could think of, were incessantly sent to Paolina—as incessantly to be returned. Many absurd and tactless suggestions were put forward by Decius, including the offer of two hundred thousand drachmæ: he was of too coarse a clay to understand that the offer of money is the worst of insults to a virtuous woman. She was as immovable as a rock, and, when Decius realised that he had to renounce his dream, he decided to kill himself by starvation. His despair was no secret to anyone, and many had tried in vain to bring the young man to his senses. His fast had already begun, and the rich house of Decius was threatened with a tragic fate, but amongst his servants was one Ide, a very cunning woman, who had been given her freedom by Decius's father. She could not bear the idea of seeing her young master perish in so cruel a way, and she concocted a subtle plan. She persuaded her young master to discontinue his fast. She then said she needed fifty thousand drachmæ, obtained the money, and disappeared on a mysterious errand.

Ide must have been a woman of remarkable intelligence, because her plan was based entirely on the one weakness of Paolina—a fanatical faith in Isis. Ide went to the Temple of Isis to obtain an interview with the High Priest. She told the whole story, and, with tears in her eyes, described the distressing scene that was taking place in Decius's house, adding that something should be done to induce the obstinate Paolina to put an end to the sufferings of the disappointed lover. But all the argument of a sentimental nature found a complete inflexibility in the heart of the High Priest. Ide was well prepared for that, because, as the conversation was proceeding, she dropped hints concerning a certain bag of money that she had with her. Gradually the austerity of the High Priest was transformed to a keen interest in the fate of the poor lover. The bag, with twenty-five thousand drachmæ, was deposited on the floor, and the two master minds united in the fabrication of the most classic fraud recorded in history. They separated with sacred pledges of secrecy and concealment; twenty-five thousand drachmæ were paid in advance, and the equal balance was to be paid on the satisfactory termination of the plot.

A day or two later, one of the slaves of Paolina ran breathlessly to her room, fell on her knees according to custom, and announced that the High Priest of the Temple of Isis requested a private audience for a reason of the utmost importance. The audience was granted without hesitation, and the venerable figure appeared between two ranks of obsequious slaves. The latter were soon dismissed, and the priest addressed Paolina thus: "*Salve*, Paolina! Thy faith and thy distinction have been so favourably noticed by all-seeing eyes of the immortal God Anubis that He has chosen thee for the highest privilege that could ever be bestowed on mortal. Anubis has fallen in love with thee, and wants thee in the temple for one night to consecrate his high wishes with the blessing of the Goddess of Goddesses, the Mistress of the World, Queen Isis."

History has proved in every case and in every time that religious faith has been the most impenetrable veil to blind the vision of even the most sensible people, and many of the most astonishing frauds have been successfully camouflaged under the mask of piety. The High Priest had struck the right note,



THE PRICE OF BLASPHEMY: *The grim crucifixion of the heroic freedwoman and the panic-stricken priest who had desecrated a Roman lady's virtue* for Paolina was left trembling with emotion and pride. Her honest soul could see nothing terrestrial in what she had heard. The irreproachable dignity of the high priest was above suspicion. With her eyes shining with glory, and with a faltering voice, she told everything to her husband. Saturninus knew very well the adamant honesty of his wife, and possibly he had heard many such tales before, all connected with this rite, all amounting to nothing. Besides, who could deny anything to such an angel of a woman? So he did not raise any objection.

The evening was fairly advanced when the smart porters of the house of Saturninus gently deposited a gorgeous *lettiga* within the holy precincts of the temple. Forth from it emerged a Paolina who was a dream of beauty, overcome by devotional anticipation. Fear did not soil her virgin mind, but she was fully conscious of going to meet the unknown, and, with unsteady step, her little jewelled foot advanced into the temple.

According to plan, the priest sat with her at a table. He was to sup with her. It was quite obvious that the supper was only a pretext to justify the drinking of the generous Falerno, in order to lull to indolent vagueness the perceptions of the Bride Divine. When the supper was over the high priest prepared the victim with a few last magic words, dimmed the lights and, with a profound bow, disappeared. The beautiful woman, half-disrobed and light-headed with excitement as with wine, was left alone in the shadowy spaces of the temple. She hardly heard the noise of the locks as the doors were closed.

Minutes seemed centuries, when from the *sanctum sanctorum*, where in semi-darkness stood the life-sized effigies of the Gods, a sound was heard and a slow step approached her. Paolina fixed her eyes on the moving object, and perceived the familar form of Anubis—the hybrid divinity with the head of a jackal on the body of a man. Her last atom of resistance gave way. She did not know who extinguished the last lights. She only knew that she was enfolded in two arms of immortal strength, and kissed, kissed with immortal fury. . . . In an ecstasy of abnegation, Paolina surrendered to the possession of the God.

WHEN she opened her eyes and the faint light of dawn brought her back to the life of the earth, the temple was silent and peaceful, the effigies of the Gods were ranked in impressive immobility. Hastily she came out of the temple, stepped in the *lettiga*, and, after drawing the curtains, gave the order to start. What had happened seemed to her yet more incredible. Her mind as pure as a lily, she fell into her husband's arms and told him that she had seen Divine Anubis alive. She could not keep in her heart so wonderful a thing, and the story was told to all her friends. However incredulous they were, no one could deny the perfect faith of the woman. Everything would have gone quite smoothly had the supreme God of Justice not created one of those little circumstances through which, in one way or in another, every knot catches the comb.

During one of the frequent meetings of society, Paolina failed to evade Decius, whose eyes brightened with secret memories. The icy reception accorded to him of old struck intolerable provocation to the vanity of the base conqueror who was well content to steal his victory.

Vanity—that accursed emotion, so seldom justified, so often pernicious and fatal—led him to his destruction. Decius could not maintain his attitude—that of the man refused—any longer, and, caring naught for the consequence, he spoke.

"No, Paolina! No use to treat me longer as the dust beneath your feet. You shall know the truth. Nothing has proved an insuperable obstacle to my love, not even your virtue. You have been mine, *mine*." He uttered his words as if he would engrave them imperishably on the living marble of her heart.

An incredulous smile of contempt was the only feeling he had stirred in her. Her scorn was a lash across his lips. He drew menacingly near, and nothing more could stop the flow of words released from his burning mind. "Yes, mine, absolutely mine. *I* was the Anubis to whom you yielded up your body with your soul. I bought the High Priest as easily and cheaply as if I had chosen him at the market with the *tabella* on his chest. I made of him a servant to lay my marriage bed. I hired the temples of your Goddess and made of it my *lupanar*—the only worthy roof for the most beautiful woman in the world.

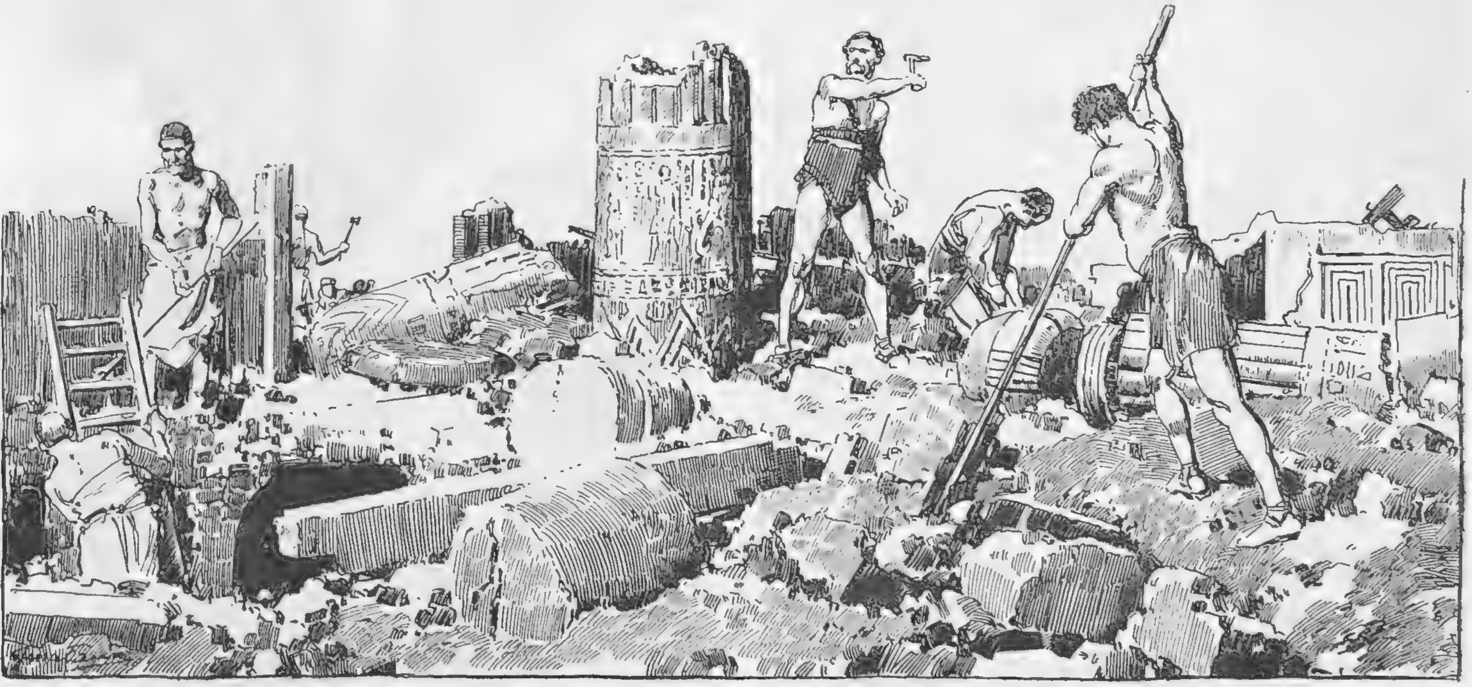
"I was swifter than Apollo, because I caught my Daphne in time. I caught her beneath the very eyes of your Goddess, who stretched forth no hand to save you, who did not dare to profane your white skin with the bark of a tree. I was wiser than Mars: I did not fall in the silver net of your Vulcan, for you came to me with his full consent. I was greater than Jupiter himself. I did not stoop to disguise myself as a humble fowl to bewitch my Leda, nor a shower of desecrating gold to enchant my Danaë. Where the gods turned men, I, a man, turned god. Your kiss made me divine."

Paolina was petrified. The breathless confession shattered every atom of human resistance in her. Half-dazed, she was muttering repeatedly: "You! You! How was it that I did not recognise you?"

"How should you recognise me? You did not see me? How can one see when the pupils of one's eyes are contracted beneath half-closed lids? So, were yours. I watched them all the time, and all the time only the faintly luminous, dimly shining whites of your eyes could be seen—all the time until the morning when the only sign of life in your body was the rise and fall of your breast, as your eyes finally closed like an angel passing away in sweet, sweet death. No, you did not see me, nor feel me when my last kisses touched you lightly as a breath. My farewell kiss from your smooth forehead, where your hair like silk caught on the roughness of my skin, to the tinted toes of your tiny foot. No, Paolina, it was not Anubis; it was *I*, Decius Mundus. Until then, I had lived striving to bring to reality what was only the dream of my soul; to-day I am striving to believe that reality itself is not a dream."

Paolina still found the energy to reply that it had been

(*Continued on page* 104)



FOR weeks a tireless crowd of slaves was employed in shattering, dismembering, and destroying the beautiful temple

The New Companions

Above:

A YOUTH well equipped for the day's tramp

Right:

YOUTH turns its back on the town and looks to the open road for work and adventure. In Germany both sexes tramp the country, often in pairs

IN the Middle Ages it was the custom for apprentices in the arts and crafts to take to the broad highway and tramp from town to town, often from country to country, carrying on their backs personal necessities and such implements as their calling required. History tells that a not unjoyous companionship of the road resulted. One wonders what that same history will have to say some day of Europe's successor nomads of the Nineteen-thirties. This much is certain: it will not be so straightforward a story. Nor, perhaps, quite so joyous a one.

With the coming of this spring it is anticipated that a round million will take to the roads of Western Europe, to remain upon them, packs up, tramp, tramp, tramp, town to town, village to village, frontier to frontier, until the first chills of autumn. For all of six months we shall see a phenomenon unknown for centuries, yet which has been steadily maturing beneath our unperceiving eyes these past two or three years. Steadily? Perhaps that is not quite right. This new live-as-you-go affair, whose human components are apt to be interesting, shot forward last summer: this present year the thing is merely expected to become epidemic. Already in some parts Governments are getting out tramp-books, which the New Companions will have to show, while in at least one State fixed tramp itineraries are being prepared from which gentlemen—and ladies—of the road must not deviate. In other words, we are confronted by a freak affair that is becoming officially recognised, the growth partly of downright unemployment and mobile search for work, and partly of youthful questing after free-as-the-air adventure—see-the-world-while-young—plus revolt at having been born into such ungiving times; away, away, anyhow—and anywhither—from boring and drab and horizonless city stagnation. For months on end non-stop musical chairs will be on. Each morning the music will start, and also the New Companions. Each morning the music will stop, and also the New Companions—just where they happen to be. (Incidentally, music *will* play quite a large part.)

The centre of this story is Central Europe, and the vast majority of the new nomads will hail from Germany, Austria, Hungary, Scandinavia, and maybe a slice of Czech and Pole and Balkan. The Latin lands are scarcely involved. They will be duly invaded, Spain, Italy, France; yet Spaniards, Italians, French, are not temperamentally inclined to cut loose, all their earthly belongings on their shoulders, and start off—where? Anywhere! This is largely a Nordic tale, spiced by the Bohemia of geography.

FOR the root of matters one should go back to the Wanderbirds who swarmed abroad in Germany in the early 'Twenties, guitars and harmonicas ever going. That was a psychological craving to be free of all the wretched mess and misery and standardised, ugly machine living, an urge to commune with elemental things. It was the origin, also, of all this (ugh!) hiking mode. A very rare few walked Europe up to but a few years ago—they probably deem themselves lucky to-day—I know I feel that way. Then the Wanderbirds' pursuit of NATURE was written up and pictured and filmed, and there started what led subsequently to one of the best *Punch* efforts I can remember, a head-hiker telling a vast group to keep a certain beauty spot quiet. In my walking days, 1925–29, one rarely met a soul doing likewise outside of such places as Andorra and Tyrol and Brittany, Languedoc and the Jura.

Well, anyway, that is a faded picture—those footless European tracks. Slump has intervened. I see to-day that there are already no less than 420,000 circulating on the roads of Germany alone, *in mid-winter*. These are Labour Ministry figures, so that that estimate of a round million later on may well be greatly exceeded. Who are these people? And whence do they come? And what do they do? And how do they live? And what is their attitude? And the attitude of others to them? And what is it all going to lead to? Is it for good? Is it for evil? And has it come to stay?

The Tramps are *abroad—the* Nomad *Army* of *Workless* Youth, *trailing* the *roads* of *Adventure*, a *symbol* of the *great* slump, *the* New *Unemployed*, *the* New *Companions* . . .

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE ever-open road. The urge is to keep moving, to see ever more of life, to seek fresh chances

AMERICA is not a trampers' paradise owing to the vast distances from town to town. The youthful unemployed wanderers "jump" the trains from coast to coast

Having met the matter thump, and many times been solicited for lifts, I should say there is more good than evil. It is a choice of having these machine-killed, science-assassinated ones crowding round the cities, doing nothing but losing their health, and of their keeping moving and fit and taking a chance. Their very motion spreads out the charity part more equitably through the nation. So far you have heard only of the American nomad. Let us get him out of our heads. Like everything else, this matter is harsh, raw as can be, across the ocean. It isn't so in Europe: there are definite tones that attract. In the land of hobos and of vast distances there are said to be 200,000 mere boys, children, riding the trains from coast to coast, aside from 3 or 4 million perambulating adults. Everything is much worse over there and it goes on all the year, whereas our phenomenon inclines to be seasonal. In America "Feed, Shelter, Move On," is the order of the day. The shelter is the local gaol, locked in till morning; the feed, as often as not mouthfuls for which one has to be religious; the move on, shivering or gasping, according to the time of year, in a freight truck. America is no trampers' country, save California. The bulk of it is as depressing and uninhabited as may be. The result is that America's nomads jump mainly from city to city, and in these cities walk freely with petty crime and perversion. I should not like to have *that* problem on my hands. Tackling that endless trail of searchers after work in a land where human collaboration has been so ruthlessly warned off. The depression vagabonds of the U.S.A., train-hopping, stealing, sleeping in waiting-rooms, begging from Helping Hand institutes, hopeless, centless, demanding a square deal from Society, planning trouble, such are deeply to be commiserated with. But they are not the same kettle of fish as our gentry. Western Europe is compact, hospitable, bright and pretty, and cops don't run it, and there's nascent acceptance of our nomads in the air: you—with work—it's up to you to fill a tummie, to open a loft. Variation of what the Prince calls social service. Europe's trekkers are being philosophically accepted as part of the whole sorry business; no fault of theirs—merely shouldn't have been born coincidently with mass production. Our trekkers are having a better break than their American opposite numbers.

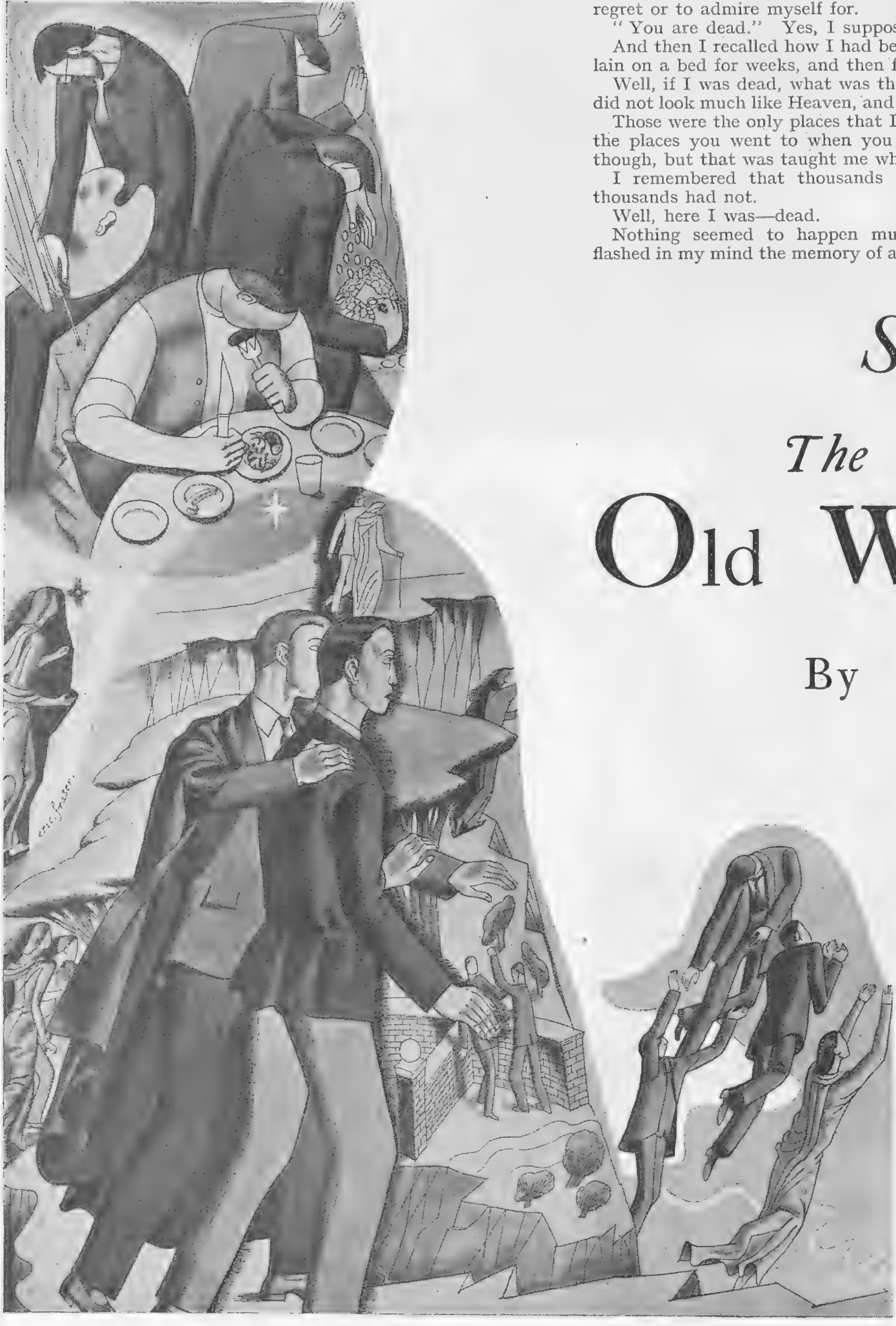
IN many places hostels are provided for the wanderers. An early riser packing up his kit after a night's rest

PARTICULARLY is this so in Bavaria, the New Companions' heaven. Bavaria is the place to go to if you want to study this latest phenomenon of our days. There's an all-the-year-round musical chairs in Bavaria, never less than 80,000. In summer—well, a year ago I had to thread my way through them; nor was it at all possible to tell who were (ugh!) hikers of a day and who permanents of the highway. All looked alike, packs up, tanned, happy, old, middle-aged, young. Every Bavarian commune now lodges for nothing (a bed, tuppence), while throughout Germany the young of both sexes may have one hot meal a day at a subsidised charge of threepence. It is in neighbouring Baden and Würtemberg that the tramp-books and itineraries are being printed. In all this part of Germany companions of the road turn their hand to anything that offers as they pass by. If the harvest is on, then they lay to with a vengeance, and they may, perhaps, be given a few marks in addition to being housed and fed for a period. Not long ago there was news that certain workers were wanted in Switzerland. Forthwith the frontier posts were crowded with applicants. New Companions tramp or scrounge lifts for hundreds of miles after casual work. Last autumn I met half a dozen young Austrians, college youths, who had been taken on for the *vendanges* (*Continued on page* 116)

Studies in *The* Old Woman

By Hannen

Illustrations by



I HAD no notion of going to sleep. Nor do I remember waking. I was in a sort of haze.

And around me was neither distance nor space, for things that seemed far away were also very close at hand.

Was it opium?

I had never taken any, nor, if I remembered, even held any in my hand.

Was it a dream? For everything seemed real although, at the same time, nothing seemed to have definite shape or substance.

Time did not pass. There was none. It seemed like a mixture of all that had been and all that was to come.

I stayed like this for a space I cannot measure. And I merely wondered.

Then I heard a voice.

"You are dead," said Something from Somewhere. A being, or a force, it seemed like, and was present. And yet there was no one there.

"You are dead." How could I be dead if there was behind me no memory of any dying?

Yet, though there was no distance, there seemed an infinity of space, and, though there seemed no time, it was both like a second and an eternity, both at once.

"You are dead." How could I be dead, for I seemed alive enough?

Then, somehow, I seemed to remember having known, at some time, that one day soon I was to die. Then, gradually, bit by bit, and incident by incident, it all came back.

I had lived, I remembered. I did not seem to have married, nor to have many friends.

It gradually came to me that I had lived a number of years having neither been happy nor unhappy—that I had nothing to regret or to admire myself for.

"You are dead." Yes, I suppose I was.

And then I recalled how I had been taken ill, and that I had lain on a bed for weeks, and then forgotten everything.

Well, if I was dead, what was this place that I was in? It did not look much like Heaven, and it did not seem to be Hell.

Those were the only places that I had ever heard of as being the places you went to when you died. I do not believe it, though, but that was taught me when I had been young.

I remembered that thousands had believed it, and that thousands had not.

Well, here I was—dead.

Nothing seemed to happen much, until, suddenly, there flashed in my mind the memory of a man I had seemed to know years, or eternities, before. Then I remembered that, years before me, he had died.

I wished I could see him. And, as suddenly as I wished, he was there before me! I did not seem to travel to him. Nor did he seem to come to me.

I wished—and there he was.

He did not say anything. He did not move. No sound came from his mouth, but, without speaking, he seemed to tell me all there was to tell.

Then I realised that he was thinking to me, and, without using my ears, or hearing a sound, I could understand it all quite well, as he thought it. Yes, he told me that I was dead, that I must not be disturbed about it, that there was not very much to worry about, and that I was very lucky in the sense I had found somebody who could tell me where I was.

According to him, there were thousands of people who remained dead for years, some for centuries, in fact, without knowing they were dead, because, when they were told that they were, they would not believe it.

"They came over here," he said, "expecting a final heaven and a final hell, and with fixed minds as to what things are like after death. When they die they absolutely refuse to believe that they are doing anything else but dream. And so they are quite helpless. They wander through space all alone, the victims of their own prejudice."

"Let me take you round," he went on. "I wish I had known that you were going to die, for then I should have met you, just as though, in some foreign land, I would have done the same had I gone through first and then you had followed. The great advantage of having friends who passed on first is that they wait to meet you when it is your turn to come. They hover round your death-bed, waiting for your earth life to cease, and then, there they are, on the Other Side, one fleeting second away from you, waiting to stretch out a helping hand, waiting to explain."

Then followed the most amazing experience of the two lives that now I have led. I was taken through vast spaces, to what seemed to be places, although we did not travel. They seemed to come to us rather than that we seemed to go to them.

I saw all at once all the places I had ever seen—thousands of them, tier on tier of them, miles and miles of them, although they all seemed to be in the same place.

Psychology

No. 3

Who Knew

Swaffer

Eric Fraser

I went to what seemed to be all countries without travel and to survey all races without moving a yard.

The infinite became final. Eternity became a second. The whole universe seemed to be in one spot.

And then I was judged.

I had always heard, as a boy, that there was a judgment waiting me. But I was judged in the sense that I had to judge myself, for there passed before me, in a ceaseless panorama, all that I had ever done and said before.

And I saw it all in a new way. I had committed several crimes.

"We all do that," I had argued, in my former life.

I had spoken flippantly of the Ten Commandments.

"I have broken them all except one," I used to say. That one was the Commandment, "Thou shalt not murder," and even of that I used to remark that I had broken it in the sense that, although I had not killed anybody myself, I had paid other people to fight in wars for me.

And, as they had killed in order to save my life, or my pocket, I was just as guilty as though I had bought a gun and shot a man in the street.

But somehow, now, lots of the crimes seemed very unimportant.

And yet, on the other hand, all sorts of things I had recorded as negligible, silly little lies, petty little selfishnesses, failures to do something which I could have done, assumed a new aspect of importance.

And I realised that, by being unkind one day, I had set into operation a series of incidents to which apparently there was no end.

And I felt utterly sad and wretched, not because of a commandment which I had broken but because of a commandment which I had not helped to make.

I was now the centre of a world which I had not improved. I remembered unpopular truths which I was not sought to champion and I saw them now neglected things of importance to the future of the world.

Then another voice spoke. It was beside me, and yet miles and miles away. It seemed to echo from the very beginning of time, and yet to speak as finality.

"All that is the beginning, my son," it said. "It cannot be wiped out. But the injury can be repaired. That will be your life here."

Then I was taken, although I did not seem to go, above, and through, a series of universes, the last of which was so bright that it blinded my eyes, far from it than I seemed to be.

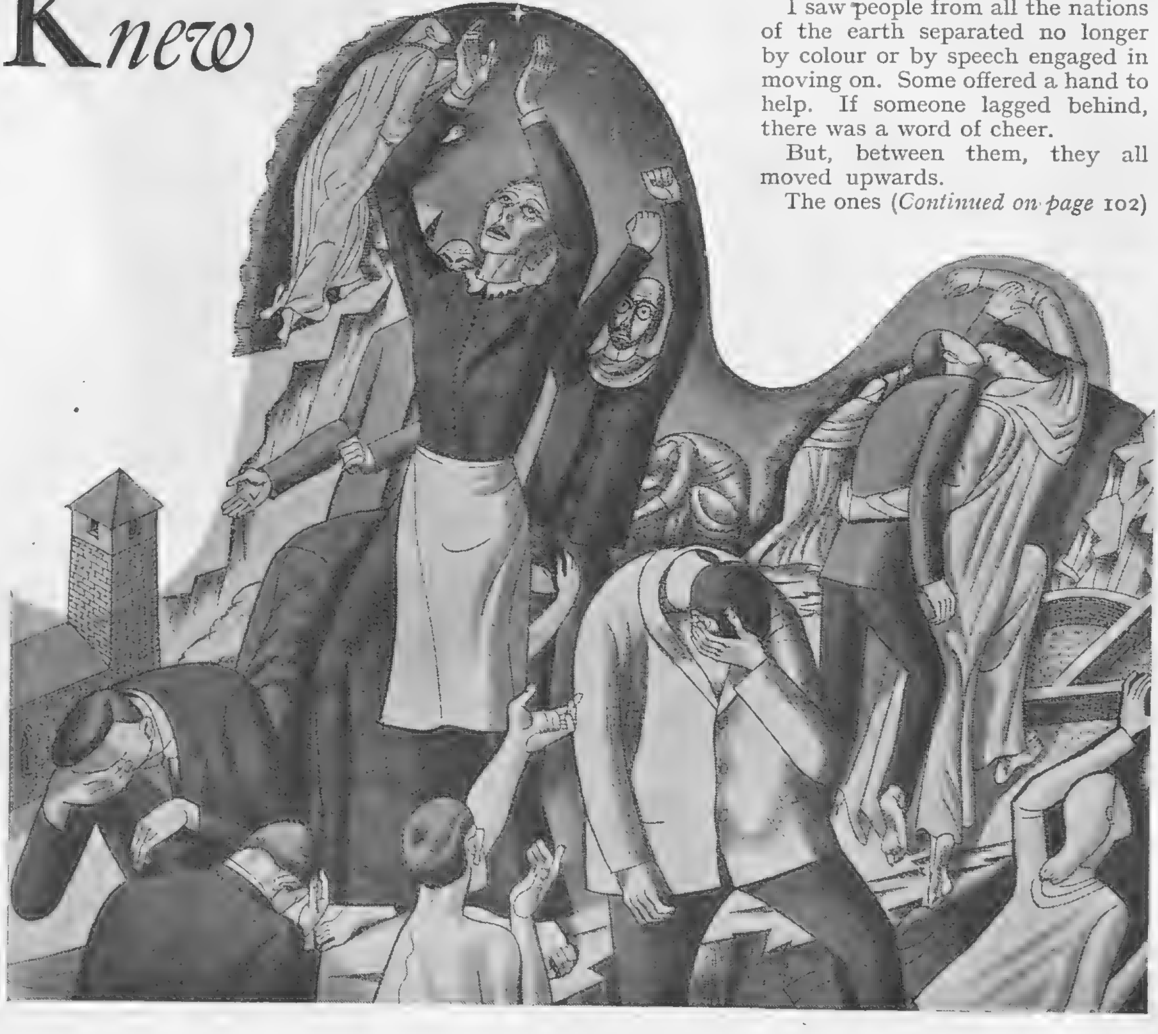
I saw worlds where people were ever moving upwards. They were working. They were all active; they had all something very definite to do.

Then I knew that it is coming upon me as a sure and certain knowledge that I should earn my way, step by step, station, by station, upwards, into a condition which I suppose was what we called paradise.

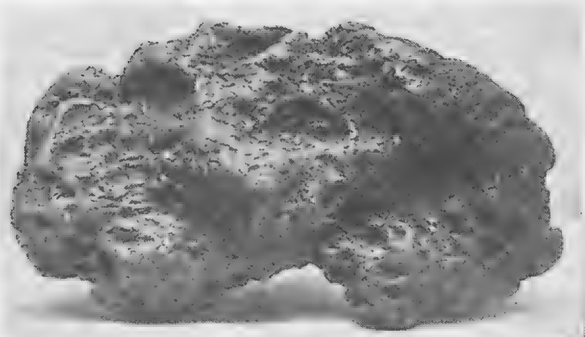
I saw people from all the nations of the earth separated no longer by colour or by speech engaged in moving on. Some offered a hand to help. If someone lagged behind, there was a word of cheer.

But, between them, they all moved upwards.

The ones (*Continued on page* 102)



John Bull *bites* on GOLD...



A LARGE nugget of gold found in the Belgian Congo. It came from the Kito State mines, was 7" wide by 4½" deep and weighed 14 lb. troy

A PAIR of "Old Timers," Watson Russ and Bill Taylor, panning for gold at Krama, Southern California

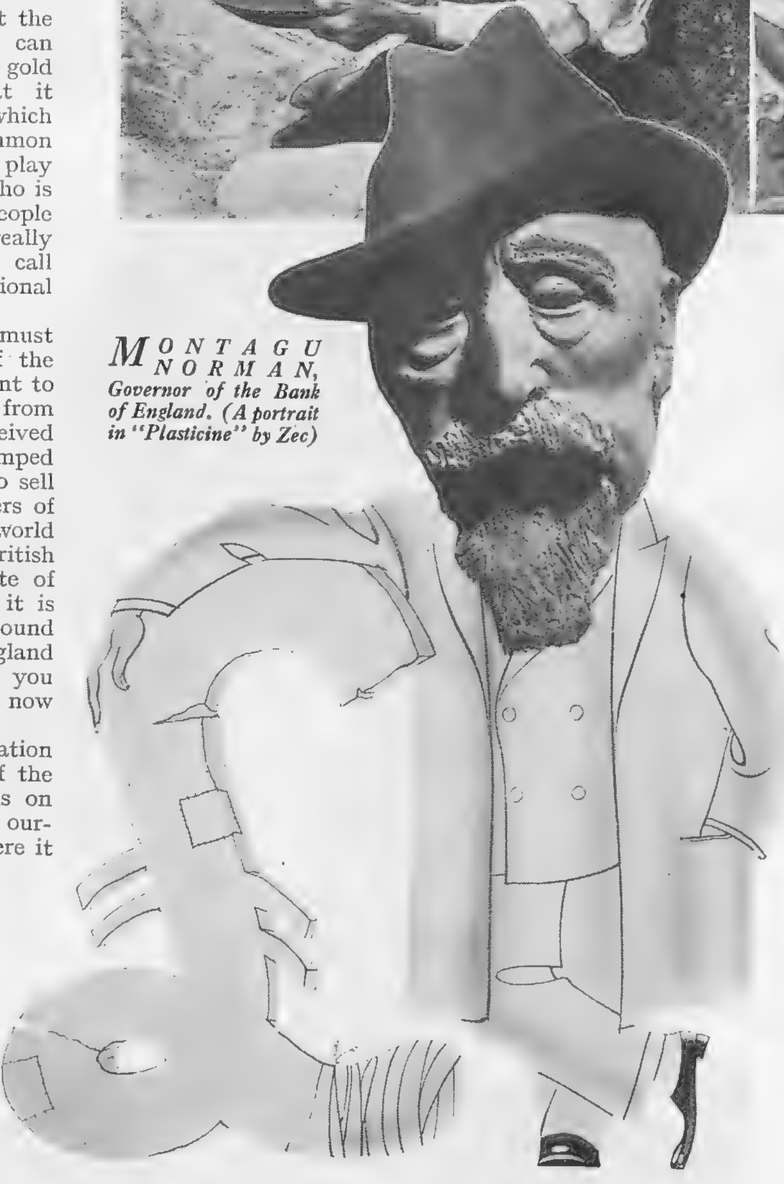
THE current year will see a new high record established for gold. The record will cover production (now rapidly climbing to overtake the 1915 peak of £98,000,000), release of gold from hoard (£50,000,000 during 1932 from an Indian hoard alone estimated to total £600,000,000), and the volume of argument about it and about.

As to argument, I have arrived at the conclusion that no rational person can think long and steadily about gold without becoming convinced that it really is no subject for any brain which believes itself to be based upon common sense. Pirandello should write a play about it: a man, you will recall, who is more than half persuaded that the people who think themselves sane are really crazy, and the people whom we call madmen are, in fact, the only rational beings.

My own feeling that John Bull must sometimes have queer glimpses of the truth, and, in these lucid flashes, want to cure himself of fantasies inherited from the moron youth of the world, received a strong fillip when he abruptly jumped off the gold standard, and began to sell his empire production (three-quarters of the world's supply) to the outside world at the rate of one ounce for six British pounds, instead of the on-gold rate of £4 1s. 2d. an ounce. I am sure it is conducive to sanity to take a pound note down to the Bank of England and ask them what they will give you for it, and be told that the answer is now a lemon. . . .

Abandoning a fundamental speculation about gold which has something of the dizzy characteristics of speculations on the nature of eternity, let us hitch ourselves to the gold bug, and see where it takes us in John Bull's company.

We find that gold was probably the first metal to be used by prehistoric man. The colour would attract him; he would just pick the stuff up. And, since in its pure state it is the most malleable and ductile of all metals, he would have no difficulty in doing something with it. Whether he liked its weight and fastened a lump to a club to enhance its killing power, or whether his lady liked its opulent gleam and snatched it from him to hang in her ear, are questions upon which no final decision seems to have been reached. But always, gold and empire have gone together.



MONTAGU NORMAN, Governor of the Bank of England. (A portrait in "Plasticine" by Zec)

THE Romans based their empire on gold. It was not difficult. They grabbed the accumulation of every conquered people. Gold explains Cæsar. He climbed up a ladder of gold whose rungs were made of the metal he looted in Gaul and distributed in Rome to buy politicians with votes for sale. Unluckily for the Romans, the power machine was unknown to them, and they were lamentably backward in metallurgy and chemistry. Hence they were dependent upon alluvial deposits. So Rome

From Rome to the Rand, Klondyke to Kenya, the trail of gold leads—whither?

By C. Patrick Thompson

NATIVE panners, employed by prospectors, seen at work on a claim in the newly discovered goldfields of Kakamega

MOST of the world's gold is now in the United States of America. A shipment of the precious metal from England being unloaded at New York

fell. Modern historians agree that that mysterious collapse was due, not to the barbarians (they only pulled down a condemned structure), but to the breakdown of a financial system based upon a gold supply which had failed to keep pace with needs, owing (*a*) to diminishing alluvial production, and (*b*) to the fact that there were no more alien treasuries left to loot.

Gold, as a monetary factor, then disappears from the world for several centuries. The Spaniards were the next people to use it for a voyage to empire. They found it in Brazil and Colombia and Panama. They also relieved the Incas of their accumulations. Unfortunately for them, their main traffic route passed close to John Bull's island. Out went John's new warships and "hijacked" the gold galleons.

The Roman technique again. Spain declined; England grew. There were two anxious moments during the next two centuries. Russia struck gold in a big way in 1761, and headed world production for eighty years. It looked as if it might be necessary to do something about it. But luckily she tailed off, Russian-like. Then the Californians jumped in with a mighty strike. The vague idea of a reconquest of those old American colonies, just to bring the new goldfield into the family, may have drifted dimly through John Bull's head; but, if it did, it went out again as his bull pups in Western Australia made a strike which put John on a level with Uncle Sam. And then, in the 'nineties—the Rand, and unchallenged leadership in production.

WHAT bulldogs they were, those men who brought back to John the Rand goldfields which now provide half of the world supply! Cecil Rhodes, the young cotton planter, who had gone up to the Kimberley diamond diggings, and made a great fortune there mainly by hanging on after other men had given up and passed on, knew there were gold deposits somewhere in the Matabele country. On his behalf, Charlie Rudd, Rochfort Maguire and "Matabele" Thompson made the dangerous journey to Lobengula's kraal. Followed protracted negotiations, at the end of which the smoky-eyed savage chief made his mark on the document conveying a monopoly of the mineral rights throughout his territory to the Rhodes group.

After incredible adventures Rudd brought the concession safely back to Rhodes in Kimberley; and the Witwatersrand and the whole mining industry of the Rhodesian field passed under the British flag. It took a couple of Matabele wars, and the Boer War, to hold the gold; but that is by the way. Let one of his bull pups find a gold bone, and John can be trusted to see that no outsider takes it from him.

Just at present John's own liberal conscience is prising at the jaws of those bull pups of his in Kenya Colony. It is a ding-dong struggle. The story is amusing—to the detached mind. Glance at it, in three scenes and four acts.

Time: 1930. Scene: The Colonial Office, London, responsible for the affairs of the non-self-governing part of the British Empire. The curtain rises to disclose in the Minister's great chair of State a beaming little bearded figure. It is none other than our old friend, the Socialist sociologist, known to fame as Sydney Webb and to Debrett as Lord Passfield. How comes he, this Fabian and anti-Imperialist, to sit in the political post of power over a colonial empire covering two million square miles, containing a population of 50 millions, and doing a trade of £500,000,000 a year? Oh, just the swings and roundabouts of party politics. He has ideals, and now is bent upon getting some action upon them in his robust old age. He works at a White Paper. It is that renowned Paper containing the memorable phrase about "paramouncy of native interests." Among other things destined to cause a great outcry throughout a British African Empire, where a small handful of John's pups control and administer territories containing 43,000,000 blacks, he is about to insist on his view of the ideal in Kenya. The land of the native reserves shall for ever belong to the natives, for their exclusive use and benefit. Never shall it be alienated. Enter an expert. What about the Crown-owned minerals? Suppose some mineral—— But the Minister waves him away. Forget minerals. The peasant, the dusky, childlike peasant of the Kenya plains and jungles, he shall have a gift—an Ordinance which for evermore will set his mind at rest about the land he squats on (thanks to his superior prowess in past wars with rival tribes).

Time: Summer, 1932. Scene: The Kakamega district of that stretch of eastern equatorial Africa known as Kenya, one of the three colonies collectively

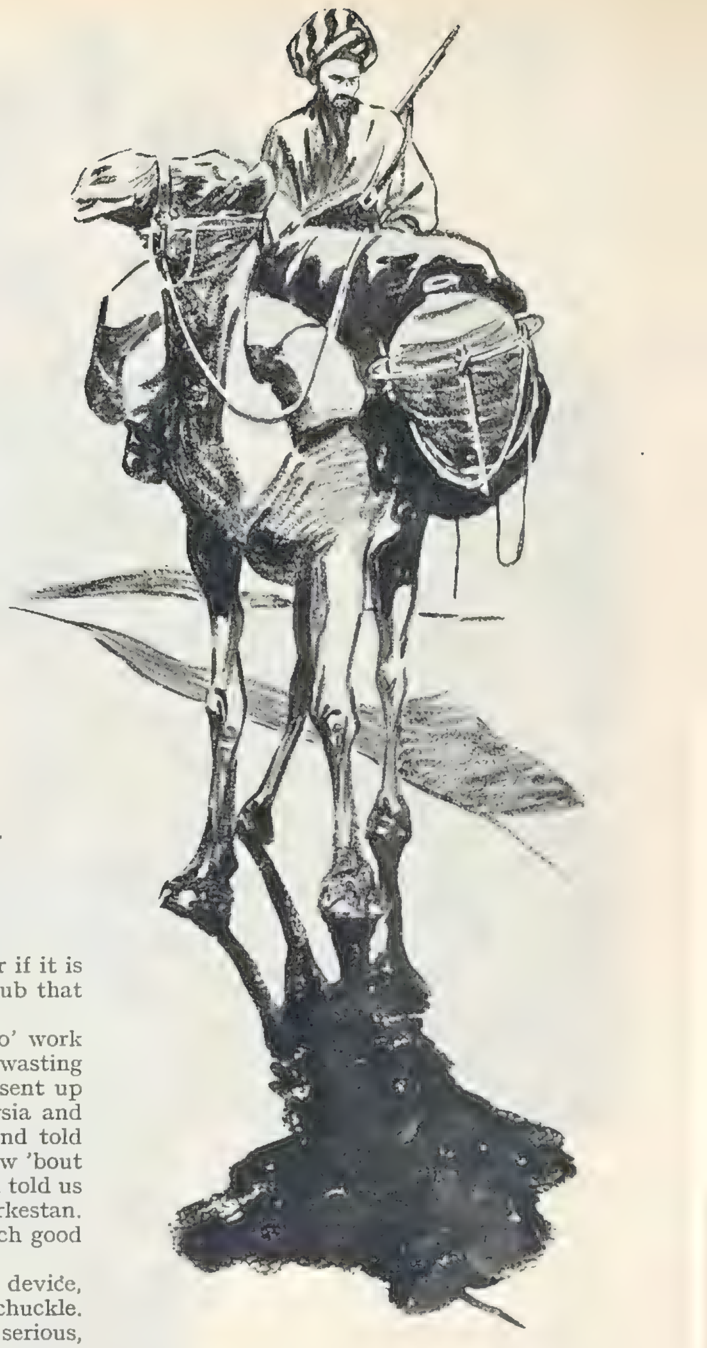
(*Continued on page* 118)

The Carpet Seller of KANDAHAR

A Spot of Bother on the North-West Frontier

By Richard Oliver

Illustrations by George D. Alexander



CAPTAIN INKERLEIGH of the Beluchistan Intelligence Bureau took his feet off the table and rose from his chair.

" It is well, Yussuf—you may go." A bearded hillman salaamed and glided silently from the room. Inkerleigh heard him shuffling into his shoes on the verandah out in the blazing afternoon sunlight of Quetta on the North-West Frontier of India.

Inkerleigh began to whistle in an inharmonious manner.

" Dammit, Inkerleigh—an' your ' old soldiers never die '—for God's sake don't try and whistle. It's like a cursed radio out o' hand. Was that Yussuf ? " Major Ramscombe stood in a doorway, his small birdlike face peering round the grass *chick*.

" Yes, sir. Nothing from the Carpet Seller—Yussuf says no marked letters in to-day's mail from the north."

" Hell ! poor old Fortanerie—I hope to God he's all right. Forty years as a carpet seller in a land where no white man can live, forty years sitting cross-legged on a pile of musty carpets ! Subaltern, captain, major and now colonel—Colonel Fortanerie of the Indian Army—and the army knows him not. Just a name in the List with the words ' Special duty ' against it ! " Ramscombe sat on the table corner.

" Special duty ! " exclaimed Inkerleigh, stretching his raw-boned frame to its utmost. " I should damn well think so ! What a life—sticky sweets and boiling fat ! Ugh ! Circassian wives—and children. Lord ! never a mouthful of his mother tongue, never a respectable drink."

" An' the divvil of it is, Ink, that he doesn't see the result of his work. The information he writes across his ordinary business letters, the stuff we develop here, he doesn't even know we've got it. He can't realise how important it is for us to get every bit of news now. I wonder if it is anything to do with the Spy's Club that has stopped the messages ? "

" Well, that was the best bit o' work he's ever done, sir. We were just wasting our time here. Every agent we sent up into Central Asia went in to Persia and sat on his haunches in Meshed and told the Communist spies all they know 'bout India. Then they came back and told us what the others had said 'bout Turkestan. Demned good show—but not much good for the King's peace in India."

" Dammit, it's a labour-savin' device, anyway ! " said the Major, with a chuckle. " But things are getting pretty serious, and we've got to break it down. The Communists, under Red Roy, have organised the Mohammedan hillmen into the Red Shirt army—an' damned good fighters they are ! The down country Hindoos are as red as hell already. If the two crowds join, India will go up in flames. Red Roy has failed to get the Hindoo, Fatik, across the border to fix up an alliance—but remember Red Roy now gets early information about our troop movements. If he is certain of his ground he'll cross the frontier and meet Fatik—and, Ink, he won't go back. No white man—or woman or child—will be alive in the land twenty-four hours after he has fixed it up with Fatik. Red Roy on the Peacock Throne in a new Delhi—the conquerors always come from the north——" Ramscombe's voice trailed off ; he looked at a vision of an India once more enslaved.

" If Roy expects a message from Fatik, why not send one—through the Spy's Club ? Yussuf could take it up—he's our most trusted man. Get Red Roy over the border to meet a few of—our crowd."

" It's a good idea, but—somehow, since I've learned how we've been fooled, I don't like trusting anyone—anyone of the country." Ramscombe spoke slowly ; he paused, his eyes half closed as one who looked inward.

" Yussuf's O.K. ; sound as a bell. Twenty years in the Cavalry, then five or six as a teacher at the High School—as well as his work in the Bureau. He's one of the very best," expostulated Inkerleigh.

" Yes, perhaps so, but he knows a divvil of a lot, remember. He knows every agent who reports here. No, it's too dangerous. Someone's got to go whom money cannot buy, someone who will send a false message to Red Roy luring him over the border. If we got him, the Red Shirt organisation itself would collapse and we should stop once and for all the chance of them connecting with the disaffected elements down in India."

" You mean we must send an Englishman. Right—can I go ? "

Ramscombe ran his eyes over his companion. " Yes, you'd do. You *might* get away with it. Let's see, it would take you a week to get along to the Tak-i-Tuftan by camel, then about a fortnight to Meshed. No—it's not long enough—you wouldn't have a decent enough beard."

" I'll take longer—let me try for a markor on Khalifat first for a month—

then set out. In two months I would be a reasonable imitation of a hillman," said Inkerleigh eagerly.

"You think you would—it's damned difficult to slip one over the men from the hills; your thigh bones aren't long enough, you can't sit on your haunches properly, your arms are too short, you'll beckon with your palm upwards; you'll do a hundred things that'll give you away!"

"I won't, Major. I've practised for hours—I always go native when I'm shooting. Yussuf and I often spend nights in the Thieves' Bazaar and no one suspects at all. Let me go!"

"All right, you can go with Yussuf; but take care. You've got to live *and think* as an Asiatic; you must never be an Englishman for a second, either by glance of eye or—personal habit. You are Abdul, a Durani from the Zoab Valley. You're rather like Yussuf in build—take him as a model."

"I will. I am bucked—what a lark!—it's a three months job and great fun all the time."

"Lord! You've got a weird idea of fun, Inkerleigh—but let's get on with it. Now in two months' time you'll be in Meshed. I don't know where Red Roy is, but it might take a month to get him, although I expect they'll use wireless. Where's a calendar?—another month for him to get down. Say four months. It's a hell of a time. Look here, you give him an open date. Say Fatik will be at Duzdap in three moons from now and he will wait for the Red Conqueror. That'll please him. The Hindoo waits meekly for the Mohammedan leader. I'll get Fatik out of the way for a time, and once Roy's over the border . . ."

"Very good, sir."

"An' don't you wait at Duzdap on the way back. You slip out of Meshed as soon as you can without arousing suspicion."

"I will, Major. Thank you awfully for the job!" Inkerleigh swung out of the bungalow as pleased as if he was going home to England, and not up into a country where no white man could live for an hour unless protected by hundreds of his fellow countrymen.

The cracked whistle floated in through the *chick*.

"Old soldiers never die, they only fade away."

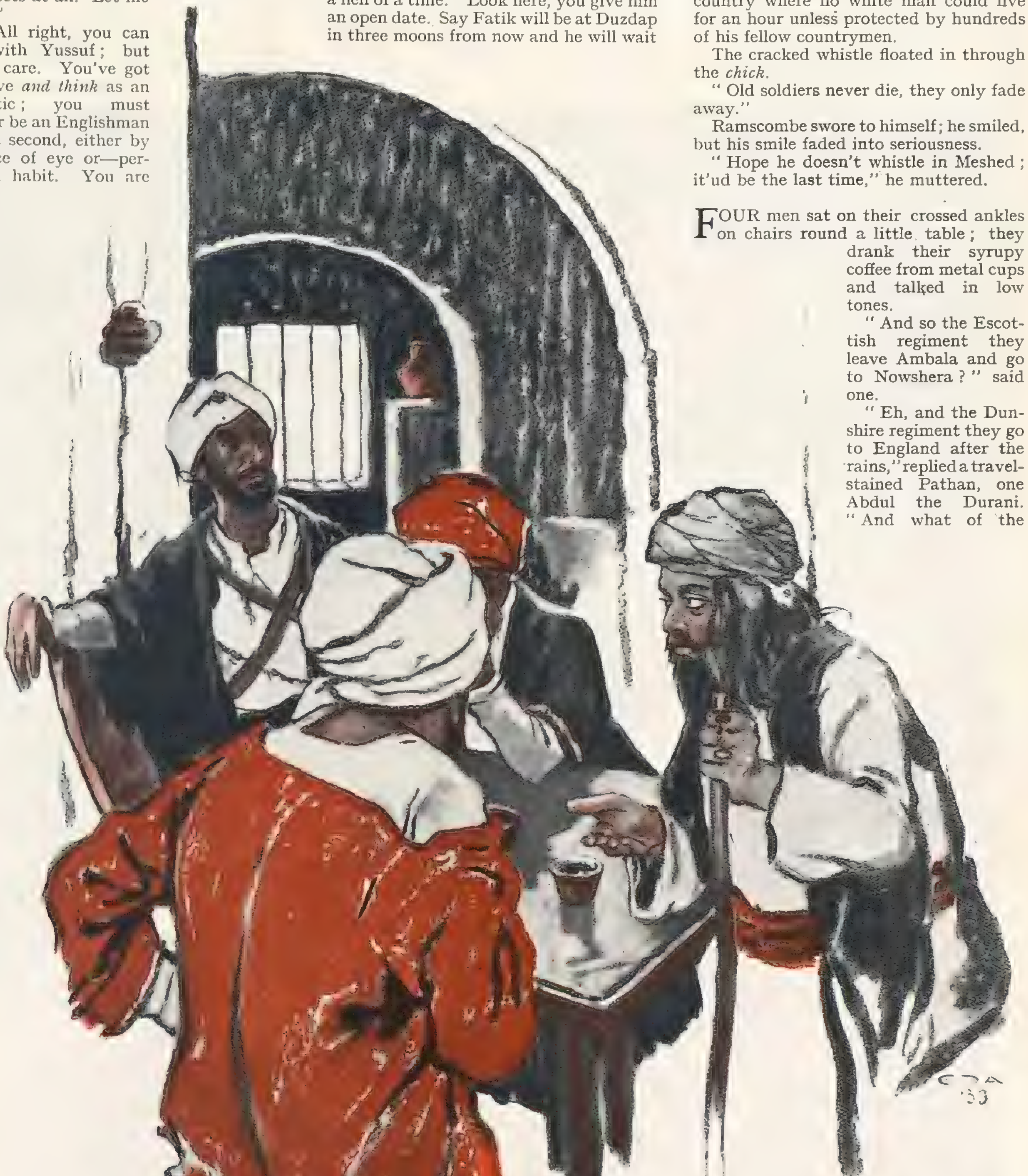
Ramscombe swore to himself; he smiled, but his smile faded into seriousness.

"Hope he doesn't whistle in Meshed; it'ud be the last time," he muttered.

FOUR men sat on their crossed ankles on chairs round a little table; they drank their syrupy coffee from metal cups and talked in low tones.

"And so the Escottish regiment they leave Ambala and go to Nowshera?" said one.

"Eh, and the Dunshire regiment they go to England after the rains," replied a travel-stained Pathan, one Abdul the Durani. "And what of the



FOUR men sat on their crossed ankles on chairs round a little table; they drank their syrupy coffee from metal cups and talked in low tones

Marines on the Oxus, what moves do they make ? "

" They come and go. The garrison of Termez is now two thousand, and at Robat there are eight hundred, and also five sky ships." The brown eyes of the Gilzai from the north searched the face across the table.

" It is well. I have a message for one who is too mighty to name. Will you tell your masters that I bring tidings from Fatik the Holy ? "

The Gilzai from the north spat on the ground. The name of the Indian evoked no feeling of respect in him ; as a true Mussulman he despised all infidels.

" I serve the Red Conqueror," he said, with dignity ; " is your message for him ? "

" It is——" Inkerleigh was about to continue, but Yussuf interrupted.

" ' He who hastes, hastes to hell,' the Prophet has said—to-morrow perhaps you give the message."

" It is well to speak now," said Inkerleigh, " for who knows what to-morrow's sun brings ? O stranger, Fatik the Holy sends salaams to the Red Conqueror and he would speak with him, but he cannot, as a Hindoo "—Inkerleigh allowed a smile to flicker over his face—" come into the hills. He would meet the Red Conqueror at Duzdap beneath the smoking mountain at the new moon. Fatik will await for the time of a moon."

" It is well spoken. It is good news ; my master will be much pleased with the *khubbar* I bring." The man from the north did not hide his excitement ; he felt that the great names they bandied about added to his prestige. That he was to be an intermediary between Red Roy and Fatik the Holy, the two men to whose every word millions listened, was honour indeed. He drew his sheepskin coat about him and swung away with a muttered blessing.

Inkerleigh rose ; Yussuf and he walked down the alleys between the vendors' booths. They looked strangely alike in colouring, stature and bearing.

" Allah be praised ! our work is ended, O Yussuf."

" O Abdul, I fear your hurry ; the Prophet saith ' he who hastes, hastes to Jehennan.' " Yussuf did not share the elation of his companion. He was silent and seemed to be perturbed.

They came to the Serai and sought their camels.

" We will sleep, O Yussuf, and in the evening we will go to the southward. Is it not well ? "

" It is well, Abdul. I go to visit a son of my brother. I will return before sunset ! "

Captain Inkerleigh grunted acquiescence and stretched himself on a bundle of carpets ; he was well pleased and found himself thinking of life as the English lead it, of the Quetta Club, the races and polo. His impersonation of a hillman was nearing its end. He had been successful. The Spy's Club was ruined ; his false information would destroy its usefulness to those who sent spies down from the north ; the matter of the capture of Red Roy was well begun. His two months' work was over. He fingered his soft beard with a brown, sinewy hand and smiled complacently.

He rested during the heat of the day ; as evening drew on he rose and prepared their trotting camels for the journey.

" But Yussuf comes not," he muttered impatiently. " Why dallies he with his relatives ? " The red ball of the sun dropped suddenly behind the black rim of the horizon. Inkerleigh cursed in the vernacular, and in English under his breath. Where was the man ? Now the work was done, why should they delay ? There was no need now for overmuch care. Let them away. But Yussuf did not return, and finally the Englishman fell into a fitful slumber.

In the velvet blackness of the shadows of the mud walls and minarets, many figures moved. The grunting of the camels and the sound of their shaking accoutrements covered any unusual noises. The figures closed in round the sleeping Englishman and suddenly fell on him.

The slight scuffle and the gurgle of a choked man raised no alarm. Two riding camels grunted as they were kicked to their feet ; they carried loads, and one limp roll of carpet held the unconscious body of Abdul the Durani, sometime Captain Inkerleigh of the Intelligence Bureau at Quetta in Beluchistan.

The small caravan trailed slowly through the bazaar ; the tall men who walked beside it unslung their rifles, and they passed along the dusty trail that led to the northward, to Askabad and to Bokara.

ABDUL groaned as he lay where he had been thrown on the soft dust. He brushed the flies from his eyes and mouth. Where was he, and what had happened ? The familiar noises of a serai surrounded him. He essayed to move his legs and found that his knees were bound together under the dirty cloth that half covered him. So he was a prisoner ! Had his mission failed ? Had he been kidnapped because of his message, or was it that he was simply held by local banditry ? His muddled brain gradually cleared. Why should he be taken but for his mission ? If thieves had coveted his fine riding camels, he could have been left stunned or dead. Abdul the Durani had no value, but if he was Inkerleigh——

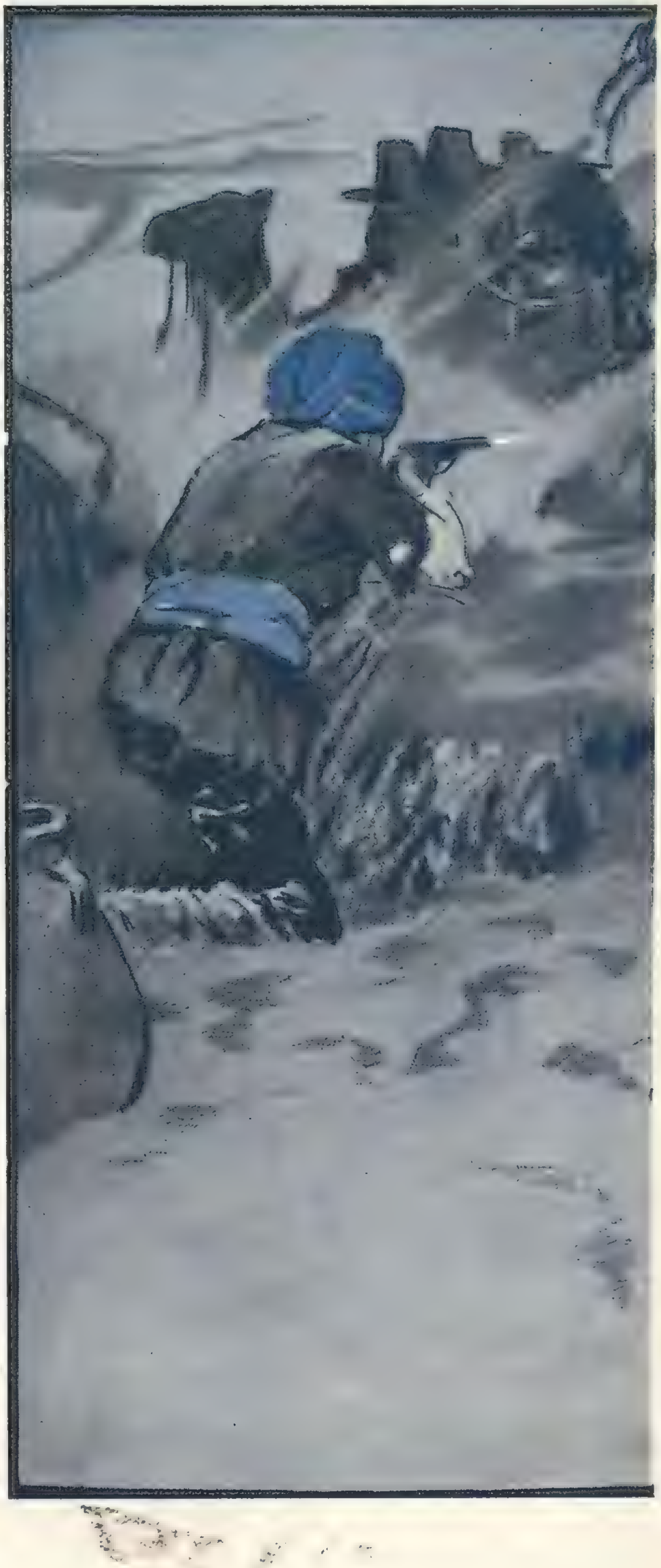
He saw the brown legs of men approaching as he lay on his side and amongst them flickered incongruously two with blue trousers and European boots. He closed his eyes.

Men stood over him and talked in Pushtoo.

" Let him not die yet, for he must speak first. I go to tell the Commissar." The words were spoken in the clipped manner of one who used a tongue strange to him ; they lacked the sing-sing intonation of the hillman.

" It shall be done, Hazur. Bring water for the Durani dog." The voice was of one who was born in the land.

Behind Inkerleigh's closed eyes his brain worked quickly. So he was still Abdul, but where was he ? The man with blue trousers was an official. He guessed that he lay in the Serai at Askabad. He marvelled at the rapidity of the movements of the enemy ; they had but received his message a few hours before he was overcome and whisked across the border into Turkestan. He surmised that the importance of his message had occasioned his capture.



Before Red Roy trusted himself in the land controlled by the English, he wished to confirm the genuineness of the message.

Inkerleigh found himself raised and an earthenware vessel of water pressed to his lips; he drank and sank back with an unsimulated groan, for his head ached and he was bruised about the body.

Men padded softly through the choking dust around him; stray words in many languages came to his ears: broken sentences concerning the price of flour, the dryness of wells and the thieves who thronged the caravan routes—the daily talk of the serai. He decided not to show signs of recovery until he had thought out a plan of action.

He was Abdul the Durani, his muddled brain repeated, he must not forget; he was of the country, a Durani from the Zoab. Where was Yussuf? He covertly glanced around him. There was no sign of his companion; the official had used the singular, "the dog"—"he must not die!" Yussuf was safe perhaps, unless he had been taken separately.

"Allah help me!" he muttered. "Allah is great!"

"Allah is great!" a voice repeated beside him, a soft, silken voice with a timbre. "Lie still. I come in peace."

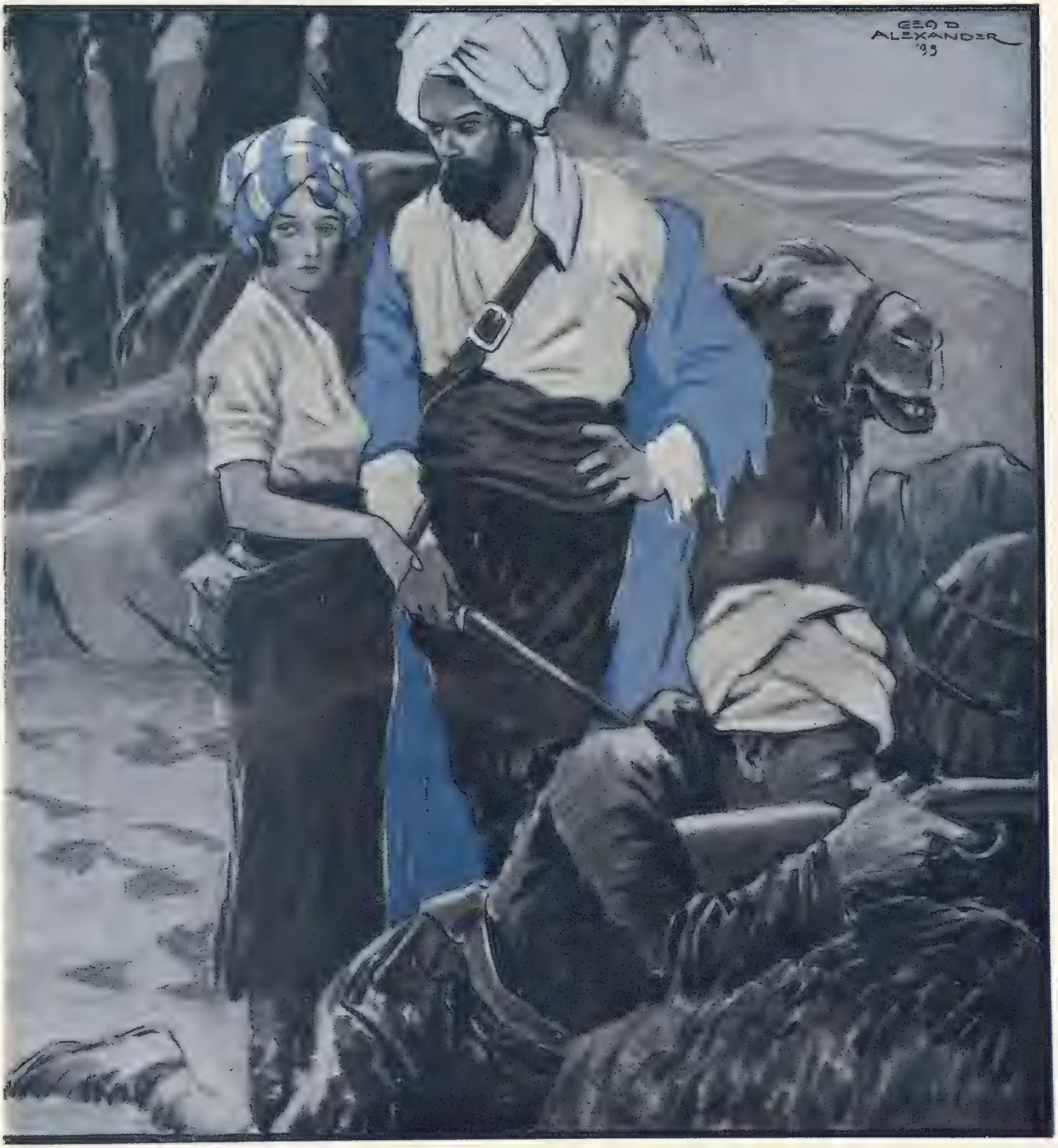
Inkerleigh caught his breath. His trial had begun. He knew the tricks of his trade. A woman come as a friend, a Jezebel, to catch him unaware; it was a game as old as mankind.

"Peace be with you, woman," he whispered.

"Hasten, for time is as silver. You are to be taken before the Commissar, a man of stone; you will tell him that your story of the meeting at Duzdap is untrue—for already he knows it is a lie. You will tell him that the Red Conqueror should go to Chaman and that Fatik will be by the great cairn on the Spin Baldak path. Understand?"

"Why should I tell this lie, O stranger?"

"It is an order. The Sirdar knows of this new order. The old lie has been discovered—you will swear that it was a plan to catch the Red One. You will say now that this is the truth: that the Red One should not enter India, but would meet Fatik beyond the border. It sounds like the truth. Fatik would be safe—the place is on a plain with no chance of



"WHO are they, Star-Eyes? They are well mounted for badmashes.' "They are enemies of the Sirdar, O sahib. Not robbers—they come to kill us!"

treachery, no hills to hide enemies. Is it not so?"

"It is so. Who are you who carry the orders of the Sirdar? You speak as one of the hills."

The breath of the woman fanned his cheek as the whisper came:

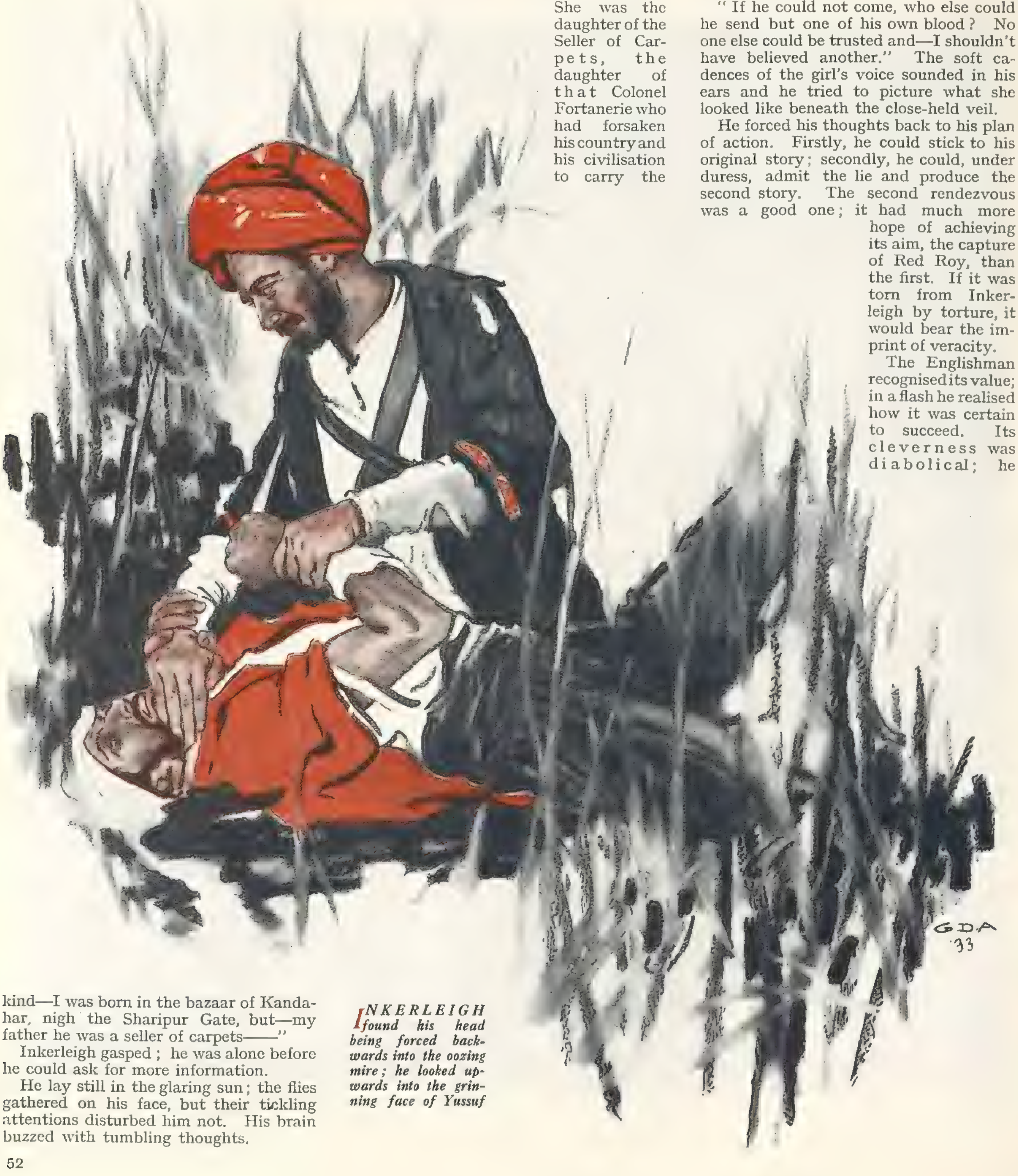
"I come as a friend, as one of your own people." The girl's voice broke. "Has not what I have spoken the sound of truth?"

"It has, but you are not a Durani—you speak as the Persians speak—and yet not——" A low ripple of laughter silenced Inkerleigh.

"Sahib, I come as one of your own kind—I was born in the bazaar of Kandahar, nigh the Sharipur Gate, but—my father he was a seller of carpets——"

Inkerleigh gasped; he was alone before he could ask for more information.

He lay still in the glaring sun; the flies gathered on his face, but their tickling attentions disturbed him not. His brain buzzed with tumbling thoughts.



INKERLEIGH found his head being forced backwards into the oozing mire; he looked upwards into the grinning face of Yussuf

His first lie was discovered! How? Who could have given the story away? But three men knew it: Ramscombe, who sat in an office in Quetta, a thousand miles to the southward; Yussuf, who was—where was Yussuf? Ah, Yussuf must be in enemy hands; Yussuf must have failed, and it was for him to mend what had been broken. It was a game that staked lives on a throw. He would tell this new story—it was a plausible one—but then? He would have been wrung dry, his body would be but a thing that had served its purpose—what then?

The gentle voice of the girl echoed in his ears; the coarse Pushtoo had taken on a new guise as it flowed from her lips. She was the daughter of the Seller of Carpets, the daughter of that Colonel Fortanerie who had forsaken his country and his civilisation to carry the burden of another race. The girl had laughed and called him "sahib"; she knew his secret and the greater secret of the Carpet Seller; she must be what she purported to be; her mother—God knows who her mother was—but her father was one who would beget worthy offspring. The Seller of Carpets had been silent for many months; the business letters that came down from Kandahar carried no additional message that became visible after treatment. But the Seller of Carpets was still at work; he had been drawn irresistibly to the centre of the troubles, to where those who plotted against his country gathered together—and he had used one of his own blood to help. Inkerleigh hated the idea of women taking part in men's work.

"If he could not come, who else could he send but one of his own blood? No one else could be trusted and—I shouldn't have believed another." The soft cadences of the girl's voice sounded in his ears and he tried to picture what she looked like beneath the close-held veil.

He forced his thoughts back to his plan of action. Firstly, he could stick to his original story; secondly, he could, under duress, admit the lie and produce the second story. The second rendezvous was a good one; it had much more hope of achieving its aim, the capture of Red Roy, than the first. If it was torn from Inkerleigh by torture, it would bear the imprint of veracity.

The Englishman recognised its value; in a flash he realised how it was certain to succeed. Its cleverness was diabolical; he became intoxicated with its impeccability. He forgot himself and his plight in the intensity of his wish to beat the enemies who held his person. He could force them to wrest the lie from him as a truth that was incontrovertible.

Men approached the recumbent man and raised him roughly to his feet; they hurried him through the gaping crowds to the old fort. He was led through a gateway and into the cool dimness of a great chamber. A man sat at a table at the far end, a little man with a scrubby white beard; frail, but with the fire of fanaticism burning in his mad blue eyes. Beside him stood another apparelled in a plain white robe, and behind was a stitched silken hanging of scarlet on which was emblazoned in gold the Hammer and Sickle. The Vizier in the white robe leaned over and whispered sycophantly to the Commissar.

"What is your name, dog ?" The words were barked at him in crisp Persian, hard and cold, not the smooth language of the courts of Asia.

"Abdul, the son of Abdul the Durani, lord." The Englishman gloried in his humility, for by it he felt the master of all those in the room.

"You come as a spy of the English with a lie on your lips. A lie to lure Lord Roy the Conqueror into India."

"Nay, lord, I speak truth. Fatik would meet Roy the Conqueror at Duzdap."

"You lie." The indomitable eyes of the Commissar glared madly. "You shall be made to speak. The truth shall be broken out of you."

Inkerleigh had kept his eyes lowered, but he glanced slowly round the assembly as a murmur of applause followed the Commissar's words. He barely smothered a start of surprise as he recognised the grinning face of Yussuf among those at the foot of the dais.

Before he could adjust his mind to the new aspect of the affair a lash cut into his flesh. His body was jerked forward and backward as the whips fell, but the pain was not conveyed to his brain. He was as one who watched his physical torture; his mind counted the strokes and coldly calculated when he should collapse. He was beaten to the ground while he yet counted.

"Pull him up. Throw water over him," ordered the Commissar.

The Englishman was dragged to his feet, and he stood swaying between his guards.

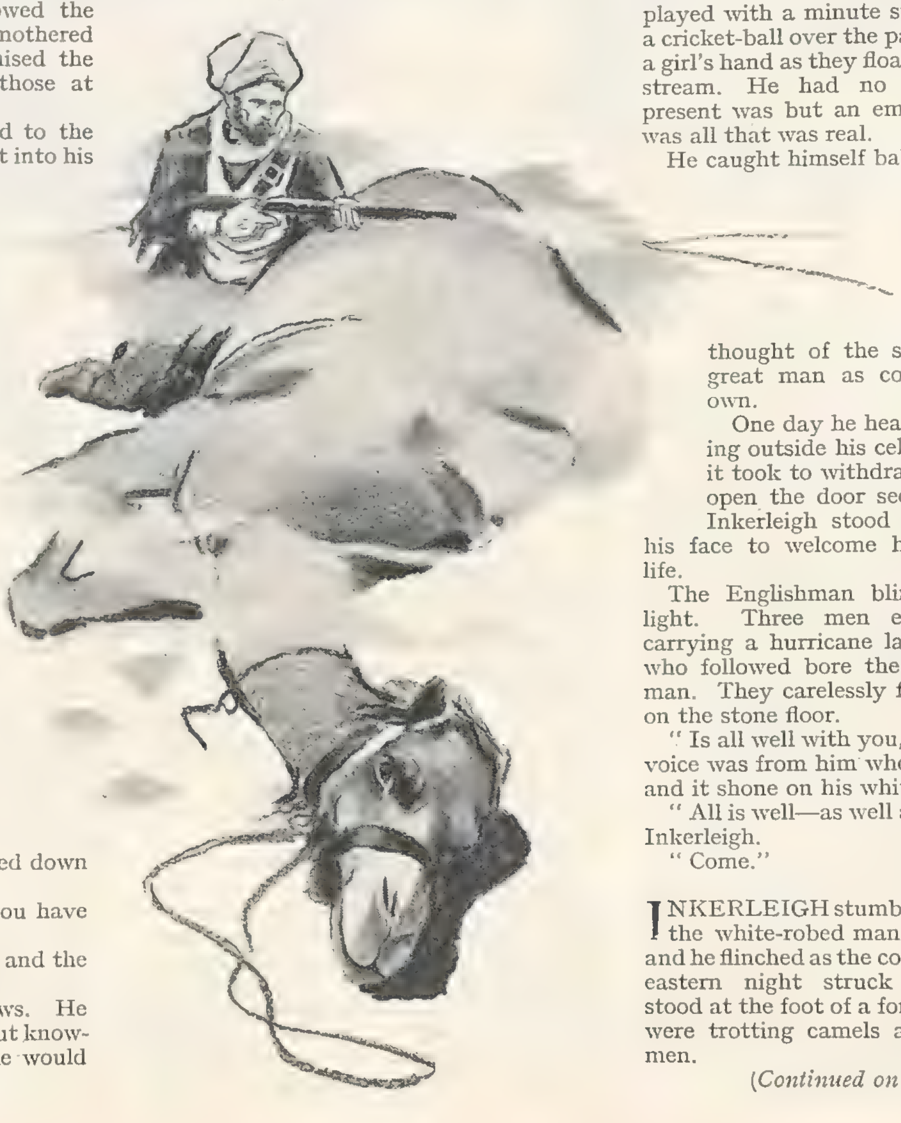
"What say you now, Abdul the Durani ?" The rasping voice tore into his consciousness.

"Allah is great!" murmured the prisoner. He faltered, fearing that his body would not obey his mind, that he would betray himself. The warm blood trickled down his legs.

"Allah protect me! Would you have me lie, Hazur ?" he whined.

The Commissar raised his hand and the whips fell again.

Inkerleigh swayed to the blows. He counted them mechanically without knowing when he would signal that he would speak.



"Twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two." He fell, sprawling forward; his aching temple found the cool flagstones a pleasant resting place. And as he fell a woman's scream broke the pulsating silence of the pillared chamber. It cut through his tormented consciousness and seemed to give him strength.

Again he found himself standing upright and seeing nothing but the Commissar's eyes.

"Truth is of Allah, dog. What say you now ?"

Inkerleigh stood supported by two guards, and mumbled: "Allah—Allah." Slowly he spoke. "I lied, for I was paid to lie. Fatik would have speech with the Red Conqueror at Chaman at the great cairn on the Spin Baldak road. I lied——" he faltered.

"Ah—truth is born of pain, say the ancients," snarled the Commissar. "You shall be held until your words are proved; if you lie, you shall die as the dog you are; if you speak truth, you shall work. The cold north has uses for such as you. Take him away."

THE Englishman did not know how he reached the foul cell. He lay on the floor—a floor covered with indescribable filth. Whether he was sane or not cannot be said; he did not suffer bodily, for his mind was in a state of exultation. He lived again his actions and words, preening himself on his power to deceive his enemies, yet doubting if he had succeeded. The grinning face of Yussuf explained much; it meant that his secret was known although the Commissar had not publicly acknowledged it. Inkerleigh found an explanation for this behaviour, for it was not well that an Englishman should be tortured, however far removed he was from his friends. The news was likely to be carried to those who sat in authority, and retribution would follow—however belated.

Had the Commissar believed him or had he betrayed his country ? Was the daughter of the Carpet Seller real or but a phantom of his overwrought imagination ? His one hope seemed to be that Colonel Fortanerie was free and that he worked for the Sirdar, and, incidentally, for Inkerleigh.

As his mind became clear of his obsession he was tortured by misgivings. He did not know how time passed: how long had he lain in the lightless cell ? What was day and when was night ? Men brought food, but how could he measure time ?

A month must pass before anything could happen; how long is a month ? He felt that he had spent years in the place; but he knew that the years might only be weeks. Of the future he dared not think, the alternatives were too awful to examine in detail.

If he had succeeded, he would die; if he had failed he would go to a life in the frozen north—a life worse than death. The monotony of his imprisonment was in itself worse than death to one who loved rock and flower; he prayed that the end would come quickly and that his reason would hold until the end.

As men do who wait certain death, his mind was turned back into the past. Between the intervals of feeling his way round the walls, counting the crevices between the mud bricks, he lived again in detail his childhood and his youth. He played with a minute steam-train, he hit a cricket-ball over the pavilion, he pressed a girl's hand as they floated down a limpid stream. He had no future, and the present was but an emptiness; the past was all that was real.

He caught himself babbling in English, and feared that he might endanger the Carpet Seller's plan; he solaced himself with the thought of the sufferings of that great man as compared with his own.

One day he heard a great scurrying outside his cell. The time that it took to withdraw the bolts and open the door seemed an eternity. Inkerleigh stood with a smile on his face to welcome his delivery from life.

The Englishman blinked in the dim light. Three men entered, the first carrying a hurricane lamp, and the two who followed bore the limp body of a man. They carelessly flung their burden on the stone floor.

"Is all well with you, brother ?" The voice was from him who carried the lamp and it shone on his white robe.

"All is well—as well as can be," replied Inkerleigh.

"Come."

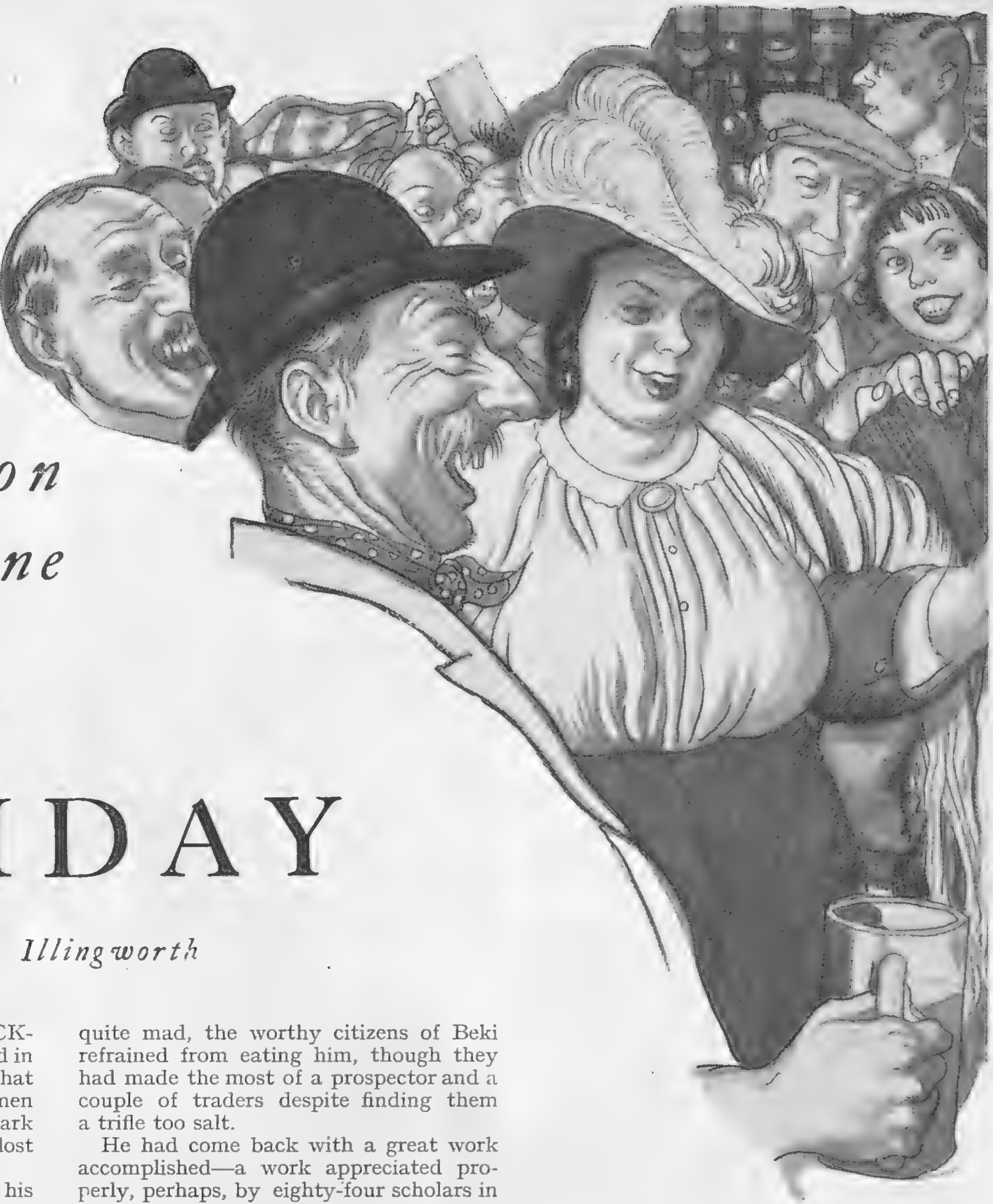
INKERLEIGH stumbled as he followed the white-robed man into the corridor, and he flinched as the cold-steel light of the eastern night struck his eyes. They stood at the foot of a fort and beside them were trotting camels and about twenty men.

(*Continued on page* 94)

What Cupid did to a Professor who went on the Spree one

Bank HOLIDAY

Illustrated by Illingworth



DOKTOR ECKBERT ECKMANN had been so engrossed in the study of *homo sapiens* that he had never discovered men and women: he was so at home in the dark places of the world that he was quite lost in a London teashop.

Therefore when he looked up from his late and modest lunch to find a young person, pertly pretty and blond, smiling at him, he was utterly unfitted to cope with the situation.

Until that moment he had been conning with absorbed interest the paper he was to read before the Ethnological Institute. It had for subject the Sexual Significance in the Religious Ceremonies of the Maku Tribe of the Beki District, Upper Sepik River, New Guinea. The Herr Doktor knew all about that. He had just returned from ten years abroad, the last three spent among the Makus, and in that time he had learnt more about the simple cannibals than they themselves had any inkling there was to know. He had measured their skulls and jaws, their arms and legs, their fingers and toes; he had recorded their songs and collected their folklore; he had studied their speech, which, to the uninitiated, sounded like the clucking of hens and the grunting of pigs, but to him had suggested a line of investigation so enthralling that it would necessitate his spending at least a year among the Bushmen of Africa. He had attended their barbarous dances, their sinister feasts, without ever being shocked or nauseated or afraid. Anything the Makus did he had accepted without question and entered in the appropriate notebook.

As they knew their mild visitor was quite mad, the worthy citizens of Beki refrained from eating him, though they had made the most of a prospector and a couple of traders despite finding them a trifle too salt.

He had come back with a great work accomplished—a work appreciated properly, perhaps, by eighty-four scholars in all civilisation. Doktor Eckmann did not repine over his meagre public. To him the Eighty-Four were civilisation. The rest of the peoples of the cities were a vast swarm of specimens which did not fall into his particular field.

Had he ever paused to consider his own skull in the mirror he could have provided a highly technical description of it and few of the words would have been shorter than four syllables. In more popular language than any the Herr Doktor knew, he had a pointed jaw from which his skull bulged up like a top to a dome of forehead. Eyes keen, yet puzzled, as if perpetually perplexed by the variations in *homo sapiens*, looked out of this skull through steel-rimmed glasses that sparkled. Between jaw and aquiline nose was a mouth pursed, precise and resolute, and the tropic sun had dried the skin to the hue and texture of a mummy.

A lean, slightly bent, scholar's body carried the skull about.

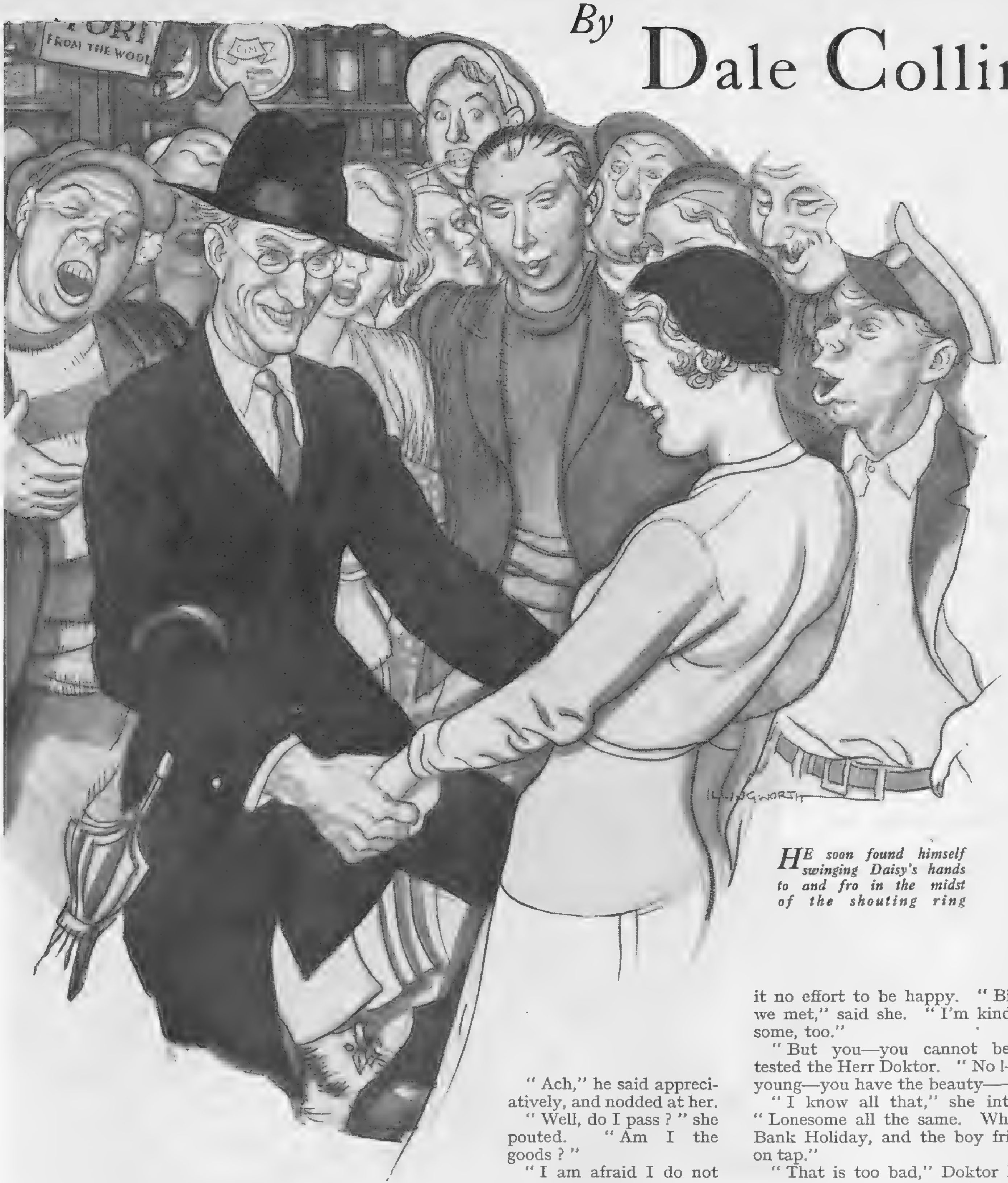
Perhaps Doktor Eckmann looked older than his forty years, but from him radiated the simplicity and sweetness of a man wholly absorbed in his work and much too happily busy to be troubled about being an adult—a proper adult who has put away toys and taken to golf. He was versed in games—the games brown children play, such as knucklebones and cat's cradle—and familiar with the players of those games right round the world and back through time. He had written vast treatises on these matters which no child would ever read and few adults—only the Eighty-Four. He had never seen an automobile flash round a saucer track or a football kicked in anger or a man punch his fellow man with a padded fist, but he had seen the wild riders of the Steppes and he had seen sharks fought for sport and he had seen men die by poisoned darts from blowpipe or the crash of club on their precious skulls.

There was nothing Doktor Eckmann did not know about the purification ceremonies necessary for a girl in the Bornean jungles on attaining womanhood, and there was nothing he did know about the young person on the other side of the narrow table in the teashop.

"I'm Daisy," said she, as if that explained everything—as it would have to many men less learned than Doktor Eckmann.

She was Daisy, pretty with that prettiness that fades so abruptly with the swift fading of youth, even slightly battered already like a bud which has suffered untimely rain. Her skin would have been pasty without the Ashes of Roses, her mouth would not have been so redly alluring without the lipstick.

By Dale Collins



HE soon found himself swinging Daisy's hands to and fro in the midst of the shouting ring

She did not wash as often or as thoroughly as she should, but she used powder and perfume discreetly, and both were of a quality above her station in life—whatever that might be. She was dressed quite charmingly in clothes copied from the models the daughters of dukes and brewers were wearing two months before, and those same daughters might well have been envious of her slim yet rounded young body, which remained virginal in spite of everything.

Doktor Eckmann peered at her, but since she was neither black nor nude, did not succeed in seeing her professionally. He thought she looked young and enchanting, like a creature strayed from the woodlands poets used to write of in simpler days.

" Ach," he said appreciatively, and nodded at her.

" Well, do I pass ? " she pouted. " Am I the goods ? "

" I am afraid I do not understand," apologised Doktor Eckmann in his precise and somewhat guttural English. He deplored his lack of understanding.

" Never mind me, then," said the impudent but cheerful young person. " Let's talk about you. Lonely, aren't you ? "

Doktor Eckmann raised his brows in surprise. " Ach, yes," he discovered, " I am very lonely, yes." He had never been lonely in New Guinea among his engrossing cannibals, but here in London it was different. None of the Eighty-Four was in town just then ; he had no acquaintances. " Ach, yes," he sighed again, " lonely I am."

" Leave that to Daisy," she said, with a slicing gesture of her small hand that suggested the abolition of loneliness was her speciality. Her smile was open and easy—a sunny young person who found it no effort to be happy. " Bit o' luck we met," said she. " I'm kind of lonesome, too."

" But you—you cannot be ! " protested the Herr Doktor. " No !—you are young—you have the beauty——"

" I know all that," she interrupted. " Lonesome all the same. Why, this is Bank Holiday, and the boy friend's not on tap."

" That is too bad," Doktor Eckmann commiserated, guessing her meaning. " And where then is he ? "

Daisy tossed her head. " Much I care where he is ! " the toss said ; but aloud she answered, " He's in—he's in hospital."

" You shall visit him then ? "

" Don't allow no visitors where he is," said Daisy ; and that was true, for the boy friend had had the misfortune to be found in a stolen motor car. She brightened again. " No use crying over what can't be helped. 'Ere we are, and that's somethink. Sort of a foreigner, aren't you ? "

" I am of the Swiss birth. Perhaps I may be allowed to introduce myself since you are so good."

" Don't know about being so good," laughed Daisy, " but glad to have you know me."

Doktor Eckmann liked the sharp twang in her voice and the brisk, queer way she talked. Her English was difficult to follow and unlike that he had learnt at college in Berne long ago, but it was modern, no doubt, and like all these new buildings and this new traffic he found it exciting as well as disquieting. He produced a card with black Teutonic lettering; he explained himself modestly in terms which might as well have been Greek.

But Daisy studied the card shrewdly.

"Coo, quite a nob!" said she. "A doctor and all! And you didn't pinch this card or pick it up. It's as much a part of you as your swallow-tails. Coo! you're a rum one for me to click with. You know, I've fallen for you in a barmy sort of way. You're a nice sort of cove, you are. You'd treat a girl proper." Through her thin frock she rubbed a bruise on her leg reminiscently. "You're different, something out of the bag, not like the rest of 'em. And so you got nothin' to do with yourself, eh?"

"Indeed I have nothing to do," said the Herr Doktor earnestly, wistfully. "Nothing! My paper, he is finished. I am all alone—and it is a fine day."

"Then if you're on we'll make a finer day of it. Why not?"

"But you are young," he objected diffidently. "You cannot waste your time on—how do you say?—the old fossil like me."

"Can't I just? You leave it to Daisy, and she'll show you things, Eckbert." She shook her head over the name. "Eckbert? Sort of foreign for Egbert, s'pose, and I couldn't abide that. Tell you what: you call me Daisy and I'll call you Bert. That a go?"

"You are a very remarkable young lady, Daisy," said Doktor Eckmann rather breathlessly, and this though he had not considered the measurements of her skull at all.

"You've only said the half of it, Bert," she informed him, patting his hand. "Put away your lessons where they won't get lost, and I know what we need for a good kick off. Leave it to Daisy. They don't close till three."

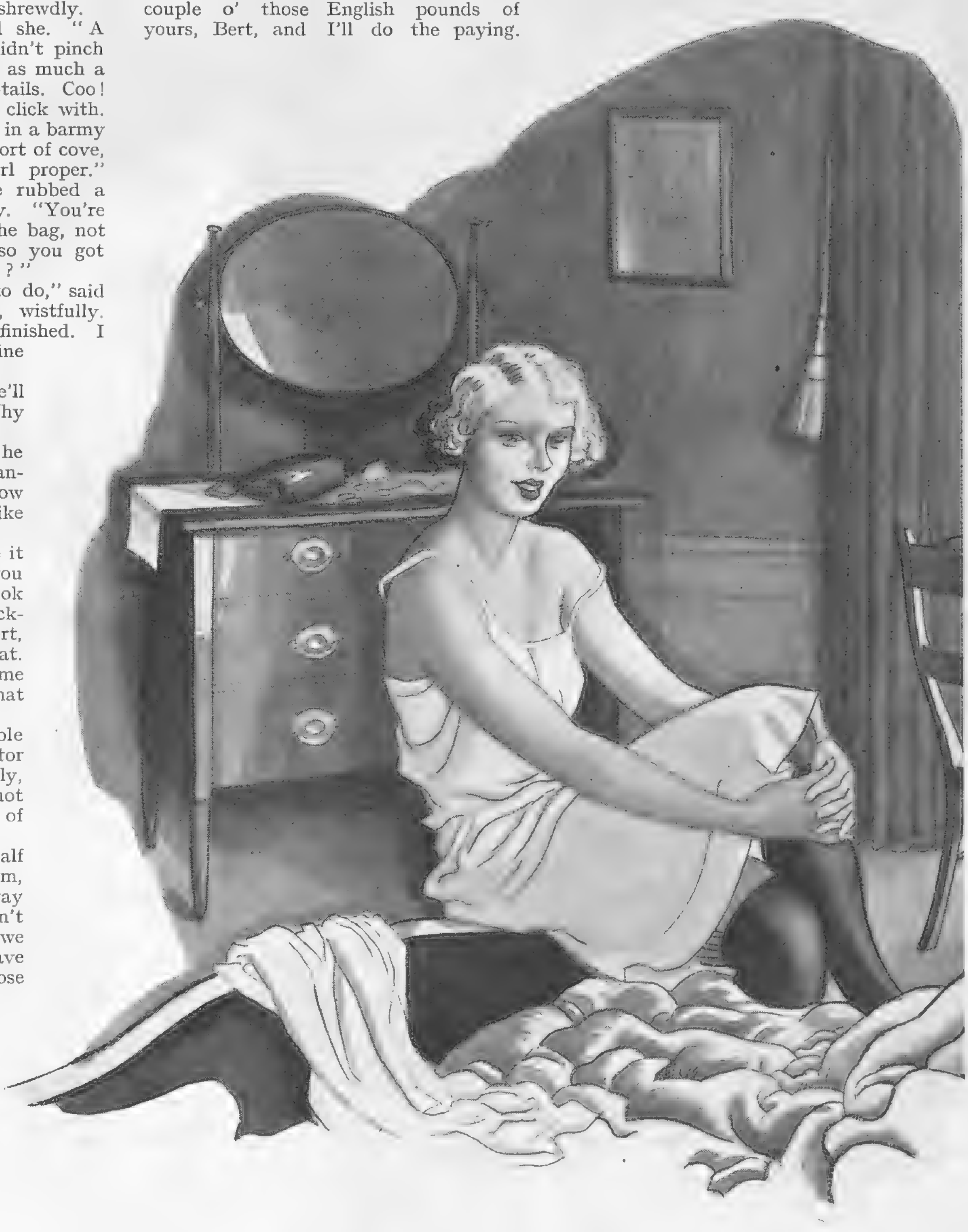
NOW, most of this speech was quite unintelligible to the Herr Doktor, but he gathered he was to make ready to go somewhere with Daisy as his guide, and that pleased him well. The thought of harm or peril did not enter his head. No one had ever hurt him, and he who had put his childish trust in cannibals with complete justification could have no qualms about doing the same with this delightful and miraculous young creature. Now that he was no longer alone he knew how lonely he had been.

He put his paper away with care, took his broad-brimmed black felt hat and umbrella, paid his bill, and went jauntily out into the sunshine, which had become almost tropically bright—so bright, indeed, that it quite dazzled him. Or was it the sunshine that gave him the sensation of moving in a bright, warm mist?

"Hold on a moment, Bert—suppose you got some money?"

"Money? Money?" One got out of the way of thinking of that among the Makus. "Ach, but yes," he said, touching the wallet in his pocket, "I have here the fourteen English pounds."

"Oh, boy, what a party!" whooped Daisy—an enigmatic exclamation that still conveyed great glee. "Slip me a couple o' those English pounds of yours, Bert, and I'll do the paying. Do it straight, too, I will. Better if I look after it, you being sort of foreign."



Doktor Eckmann accepted the suggestion readily, for he wished to be free of all responsibility and enjoy this delightful excursion. His mind was reaching back through all the store of knowledge that burdened it to remote old days when the sun had shone bright like this and there had been young, irresponsible, thistledown people in the world, like Daisy. Far away those days, those people; this day and Daisy warmly enveloped him just as the sunshine did.

"First of all we'll pop in here and 'ave a couple for the road."

The saloon bar was deserted. Daisy, seating her companion at a table, went to the bar and returned with two glasses.

"But what drink is this? I take the strong liquor only as the medicine but rarely."

"Pooh!" she said reassuringly, "this won't hurt you, Bert. Nothin' but tonic water with a drop of gin to take the fizz out sort of. Here's looking at you, Bert, and I think you're swell."

"You charm me beyond saying," confessed the Herr Doktor, bowing low across the table.

"Now that's what I call the way to talk to a girl," Daisy approved.

The drink was palatable and probably possessed medicinal qualities, for he recognised the familiar tang of quinine. They had another. Oh, Daisy, so sweet, so kind, so fair to the stranger in a strange land! You are like a dream, Daisy—but not a dream of these days, rather the ghost of a dream stolen magically back from the long ago. A sensation of buoyancy came into the Herr Doktor, so that he seemed to float in the air a little above the bench.

"And now," she rejoiced, "off we go, boys and girls, for 'appy Southend."

Had she said they were leaving for Ruwenzori, Easter Island or Timbuctoo, Doktor Eckmann would have known all about their destination; he could only take Southend on trust, and this he was quite prepared to do, being more and more satisfied to leave it to Daisy.

The bus ride became an exciting adventure. This seat, too, seemed to be cushioned with a layer of air, and the sun was brighter than ever. Despite the dash of gin to take the fizz out, the tonic water gave off fumes at once lulling and stimulating. The Herr Doktor had an impulse to sing.

From the bus they transferred to a char-à-bancs, the competent guide seeing to all the details, with the result that the expedition floated on dreamily, without a hitch. It was a bright green char-à-bancs, and Daisy secured the last two places. Doktor Eckmann settled down happily, feeling himself already a member of this unknown tribe, as was his way. By fortunate chance most of their companions seemed to have partaken of that excellent tonic water or its equivalents, for they, also, had an impulse to sing, and, lacking the Herr Doktor's restraint, did so. Amid cries of "Whoops, dearie!" the journey began, and he noted with approval that they rode in a chariot of gaiety, brilliant with decorations and paper hats.

In youth he had gathered that the British were a sober and phlegmatic race who took their pleasures sadly. The English members of the Eighty-Four had done nothing to disillusion him. But it was an error—most definitely an error. Romance and carnival were in the very air of this holiday, even though it was called by the prosaic name of "Bank." And he was part of the gala because Daisy had tucked her arm through his and held his hand. She chattered ceaselessly, and, with his long experience of native dialects, he was soon almost a master of her strange patois. There was nothing very arresting in what Daisy said; the thing was the way she said it, the fun of piecing the meaning together, and, above all, the sharing of her exuberant zest.

So Doktor Eckmann rode on air through golden sunshine.

Suddenly, with startling force, a skull in the seat ahead impinged on his consciousness. A most unusual specimen. The skin was white and the hair red, but the skull bore an astonishing resemblance to that of an anthropoid ape. A thrill ran through the Herr Doktor. He had seen nothing like it even among the Australian aborigines. Fascinated, he leant forward and pushed off its paper wrapping, fingers a-tingle to begin the examination.

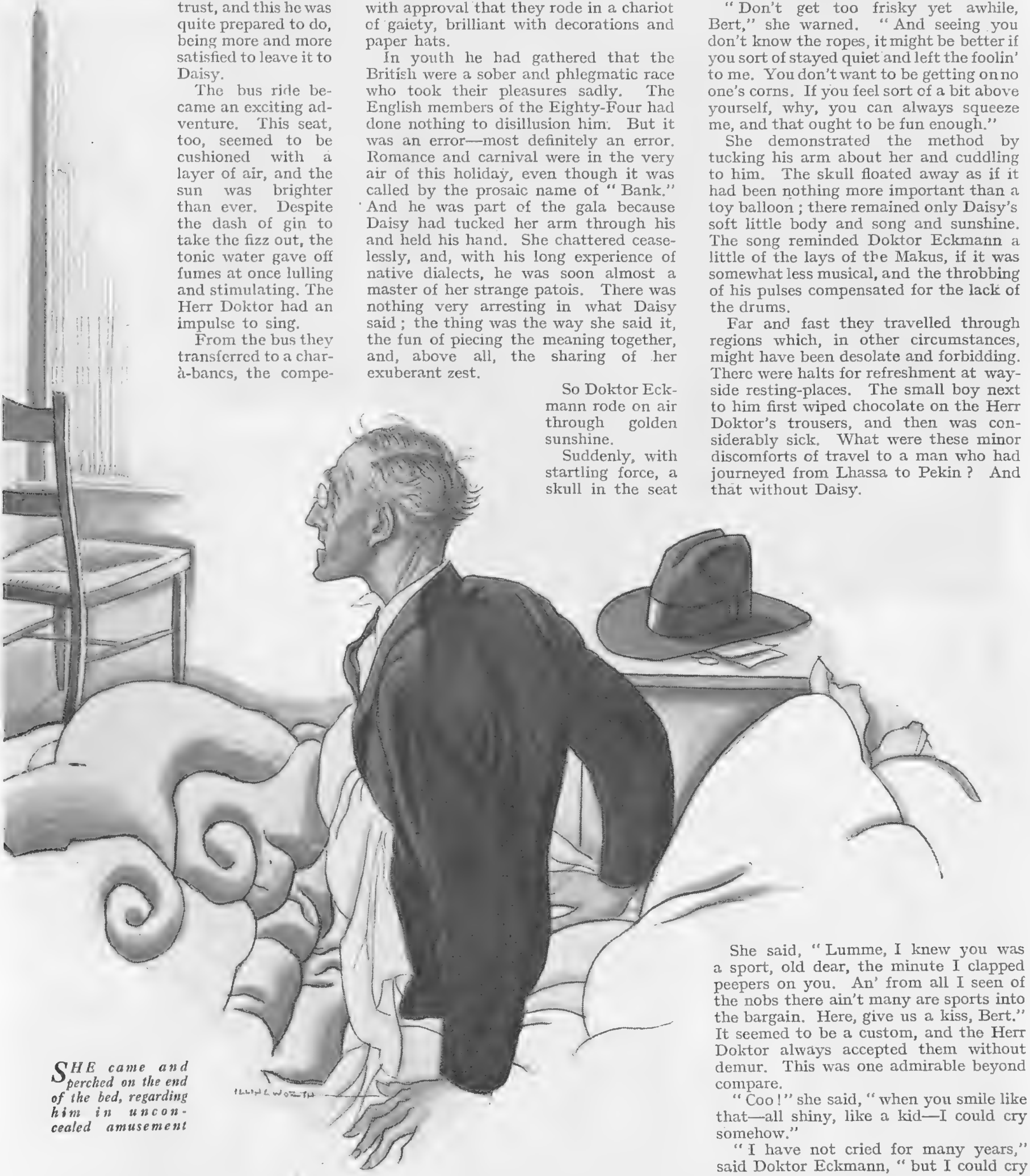
"Nah then, grandpa, none of yer larks," said the anthropoid skull turning about and grinning through freckles.

Daisy drew Doktor Eckmann back.

"Don't get too frisky yet awhile, Bert," she warned. "And seeing you don't know the ropes, it might be better if you sort of stayed quiet and left the foolin' to me. You don't want to be getting on no one's corns. If you feel sort of a bit above yourself, why, you can always squeeze me, and that ought to be fun enough."

She demonstrated the method by tucking his arm about her and cuddling to him. The skull floated away as if it had been nothing more important than a toy balloon; there remained only Daisy's soft little body and song and sunshine. The song reminded Doktor Eckmann a little of the lays of the Makus, if it was somewhat less musical, and the throbbing of his pulses compensated for the lack of the drums.

Far and fast they travelled through regions which, in other circumstances, might have been desolate and forbidding. There were halts for refreshment at wayside resting-places. The small boy next to him first wiped chocolate on the Herr Doktor's trousers, and then was considerably sick. What were these minor discomforts of travel to a man who had journeyed from Lhassa to Pekin? And that without Daisy.



SHE came and perched on the end of the bed, regarding him in unconcealed amusement

She said, "Lumme, I knew you was a sport, old dear, the minute I clapped peepers on you. An' from all I seen of the nobs there ain't many are sports into the bargain. Here, give us a kiss, Bert." It seemed to be a custom, and the Herr Doktor always accepted them without demur. This was one admirable beyond compare.

"Coo!" she said, "when you smile like that—all shiny, like a kid—I could cry somehow."

"I have not cried for many years," said Doktor Eckmann, "but I could cry myself for that I have the joy."

(*Continued on page* 112)

HEALTH—and

The Joy of Living Depends on Perfect Health

HEALTH is no longer looked upon as a negative accident—merely the opposite of ill-health. It is recognised to-day as a glorious and positive possession, to be scientifically cultivated and consciously enjoyed. Curative medicine, which meant an implicit donation of the first round in the combat, to disease, is giving place to preventive therapy and physical culture. Not the physical culture which, in the past, concerned itself almost entirely with developing biceps and increasing chest measurements, so that a Strong Man was an exhibit at fairs and circuses and a Strong Woman's sex was as suspect as that of her companion freak the Bearded Lady, but the scientific conditioning of the human body so that Nature's miraculous design shall be fulfilled.

In perfect health every muscle is supple and obedient, every function operative, and pure blood, the true combatant of malignant bacilli and the preserver of healthy tissue, circulates freely throughout the body; acids and toxins are "moved on" by Nature's policemen, the healthy corpuscles, and eliminated by the pores of the skin and the organs provided by Nature for the purpose.

The four essentials for these ideal physical conditions are a sufficient supply of oxygen, absorbed by lungs and skin surface, the exercise without fatigue of every part of the body, appropriate nourishment, and sleep.

The magnificent physique of modern athletes approximates to the Greek ideal, and much the same methods are employed to achieve it. Games and sports in the open air and recognition of the fact that clothing should admit of free movement and respiration contribute to this splendid health and beauty, and if every man and woman were his or her own dietician they would not need to be their own doctors.

To-day most of the laity have some knowledge of dietetics and what constitutes a balanced menu; such words as vitamin and carbohydrates have become part of the vernacular. We know that fresh fruit and vegetables are good for us, that too much red meat is as apt to lead to gouty and rheumatic affliction as too much red wine, and we are all more or less self-conscious about our constitutional and digestive idiosyncrasies. The curious thing is that the more people think about food the less they eat! This is doubtless all to the good in many cases, but it must be remembered that the physique and character of the British nation were not in the past built up on a meagre diet, and the English have been considered "good trenchermen." The kind of life you lead, climatic and individual differences, should be taken into consideration. The Greeks *may* have lived ambrosially upon grapes, Japanese athletes may develop their muscles upon rice, but in this country the normal temperature (if there is such a thing!) calls for a diet which contains warming as well as fattening elements.

National as well as individual efficiency is dependent on physical fitness, and it behoves each and all of us to be virtually "in training" with perfect health as our objective.

WITHOUT being cranks and faddists we can all dress and eat sensibly, and the importance of regular daily exercise in the fresh air cannot be exaggerated. If normal preoccupations make the indulgence in outdoor sports difficult or impossible, some walking exercise must be taken, and the habit of exercising for ten minutes each day by an open window is one that will grow less and less irksome as the necessary energy increases, and the resultant improvement in general well-being is the best incentive to perseverance.

For women the exercises advocated by a well-known beauty specialist are ideal, as they are devised to make the muscles supple with stretching movements and are beneficial to general health, figure and complexions without being unduly fatiguing. They can be practised to the rhythm of musical and instructional gramophone records, which dissipates the tedium of ordinary exercising.

Men who do not wish to put themselves under gymnastic or medical instruction, and who are not versed in the theory and practice of physical culture, will find a study of the Muller system helpful: essential exercises can be adapted and modified to individual needs and physique.

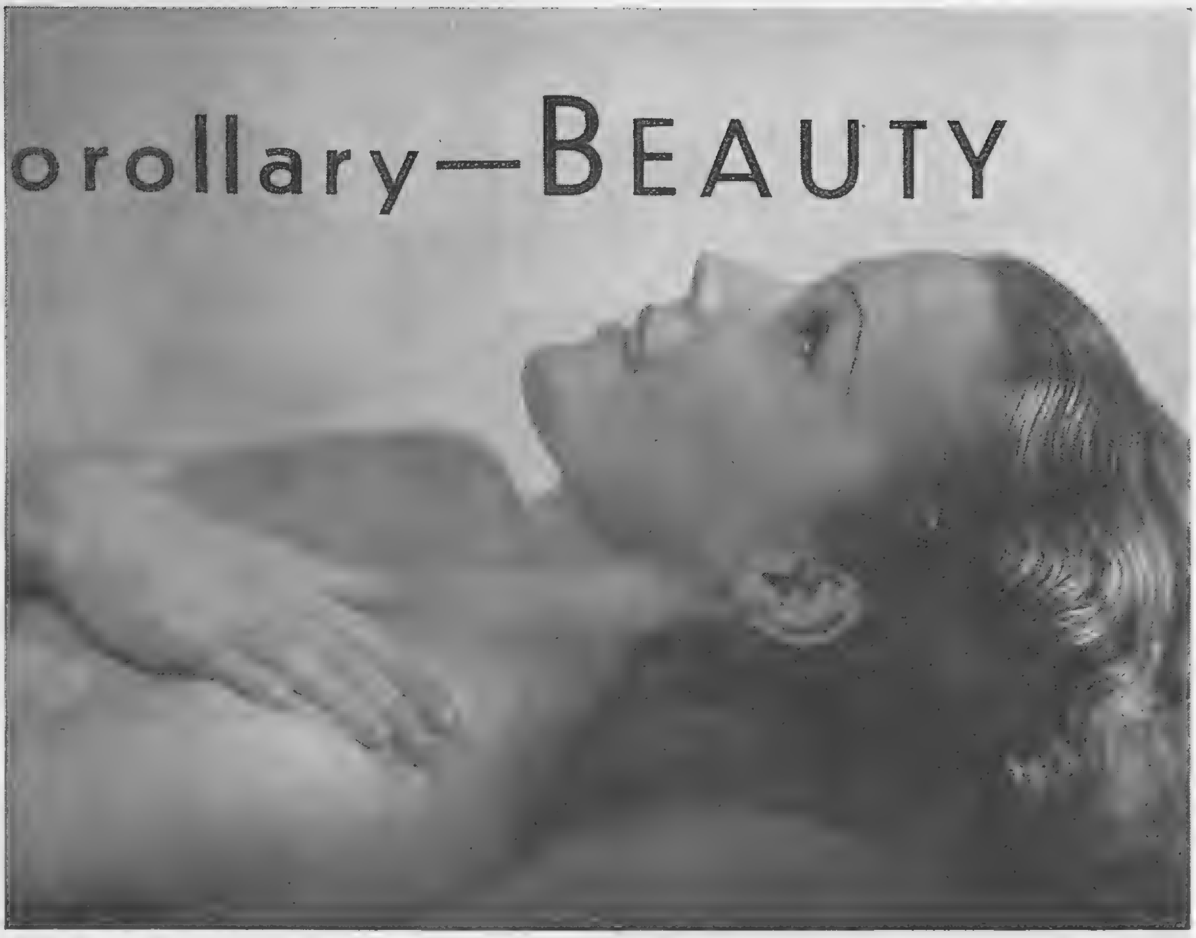
ARTIFICIAL sunlight, radiant heat baths and massage are delightful and luxurious accessories to the health cult, but if these are not available a daily hot bath, followed by a cool or cold spray and a really brisk friction, is salutary and stimulates the circulation.

If the innovation of private physical culture necessitates rising a little earlier in the morning it is well worth the effort; loss of ten minutes' rest is made up for by the quality and quantity of healthy sleep and the increase of energy which will result, and the number of hours during which one sleeps is less important than the depth and peacefulness of one's slumber. Light coverings, a really good mattress, such as a Vi-spring, and plenty of fresh air are all essential. Let physical perfection be your ambition and the joy of living your reward.

its Corollary—BEAUTY

Beauty is the Flower of Physical Perfection

By "Chrysis"



Miss Joan Gardner, who appeared in the films "Wedding Rehearsal" and "Men of To-morrow"

STRANGE that that lovely and enduring half-truth, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," should be bequeathed us by Keats, who belonged to an age when artists and poets found beauty in melancholy and decay—before the discovery of vitamins! Rossetti's consumptive and languishing ladies would wilt socially as well as physically beside the resplendent and radiant energy of the best types of athletic womanhood to-day. If pity is akin to love, it is only a poor relation, and it is not until she fails to command admiration that a woman appeals to sympathy.

The loveliest thing in the world is a really beautiful, living woman and, if she cannot, except through memory or art, be a joy for ever she can, to-day, retain her power to give æsthetic pleasure through many a decade. This is because the importance and the *interdependence* of physical culture and beauty culture are recognised.

On the opposite page rules for the maintenance of health and symmetry are discussed. Exercise, diet, baths and massage which ensure the mobility of every member and absolute inward and epidermal cleanliness are the bases of all sound beauty culture. If these matters are attended to, the care of the complexion and the preservation of facial youth and beauty are simple, requiring only an intelligent choice and use of really good toilet preparations and cosmetics, appropriate to individual needs and type.

Here, again, the fundament of beauty culture demands, first, absolute cleanliness, then stimulation and nourishment. The choice of a cleansing cream or lotion is important. Certain milk cleansing lotions are particularly useful when the skin is very sensitive. A good cleansing cream should be light and penetrating and a mildly astringent tonic lotion used in conjunction adds to its efficacy and leaves the skin cool and fine. The face and neck *must* be subjected to a pore-deep cleansing process night and morning before skin foods or cosmetics are applied.

THE nourishment which is provided by a good emollient and feeding cream is of great assistance in the preservation of the natural elasticity and youthfulness of the skin and underlying tissues, and prevents sagging and wrinkling, while the concomitant massage stimulates capillary circulation and assists in keeping the skin clear and healthy.

An oily skin with a tendency to open pores needs a stronger and more astringent tonic lotion; a dry and sensitive skin requires a specially oleaginous face cream and a bland and soothing lotion.

Every woman should occasionally pay a visit to a specialist if only to learn and obtain advice about her complexion and its special needs, or to have a thorough cleansing treatment from an expert, a toning and stimulating treatment when necessary, a soothing mask treatment if she is tired and in need of rest and refreshment, physical and mental. A beauty treatment has the salutary effect of reawakening a woman's interest and confidence in herself. Any blemishes such as unwanted hair should be carefully attended to, and a reliable preparation such as Alluhr used regularly. Then, if she gives a little daily attention to her toilet on the lines I have indicated, there is no reason why every woman should not have a flawless and youthful complexion. She can please herself—and, one hopes, her friends—in the matter of make-up, which is an art and, like other arts, is apt to be brought into disrepute by its inferior practitioners. Make-up is only satisfactory on a good skin. Cosmetics are no longer used to disguise defects; they are frank accessories to beauty and chic, and as much a proof of a woman's taste and intelligence as her clothes, her home or her husband.

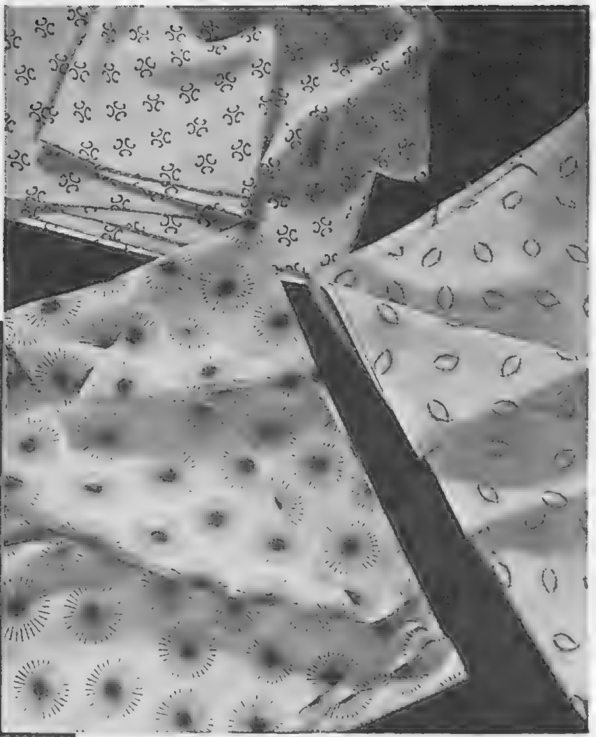
IT is essential to use only the best cosmetics. Skill in their application is a matter of practice and temperament. It is well to remember that any original or conspicuous effect demands the uttermost consistency, extreme chic in every detail of a woman's appearance—her gown and accessories, her hands, hair and jewellery. A Place Pigalle complexion with a Boulevard St. Germain costume would not be redeemed from disharmony by jewels from the Rue de la Paix.

Hair, teeth, and hands and nails are all important features in the corollary of beauty. Whether you are blond, naturally or artificially, red-haired, streaked or have jet black hair, whether you affect coiffurial fantasies, sleekness or simplicity, your hair's beauty depends on its condition. If it is dry and brittle, lifeless and dull, or lank and greasy, no amount of hairdressing can make it look well. Short hair does not seem to need the brushing and combing that long hair needed, but actually it is just as essential in order to keep the circulation of the scalp in good condition and the hair roots healthy. The scalp should be kept scrupulously clean and any tendency to dandruff or falling hair checked by means of daily massage and a good tonic lotion.

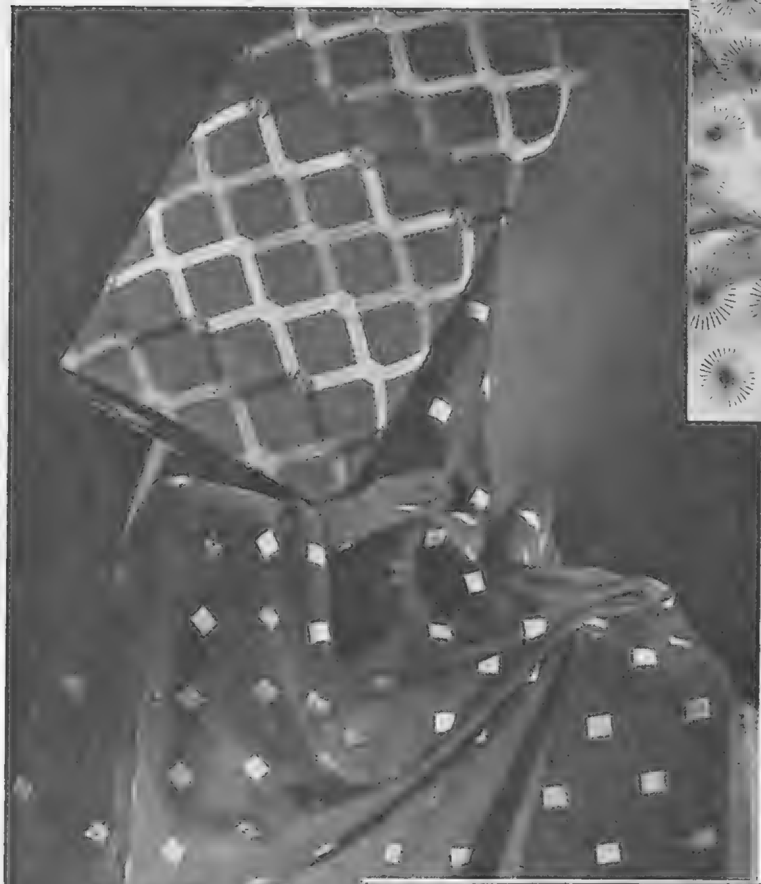
Everyone should remember that health as well as beauty is affected if teeth and gums are neglected, and a visit to the dentist at least twice a year is essential.

To keep the hands soft and white it is a good plan to massage them well with a lanoline cream, leaving the residue on the skin and wearing sleeping gloves one night a week. Then the use of a non-sticky spirit lotion after washing should keep the hands smooth and white.

A NOTE OF THE MONTH

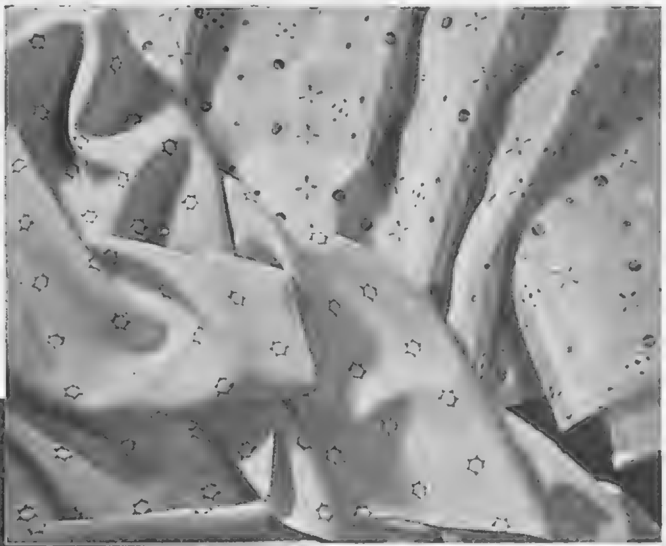


THREE of the most popular small conventional designs in Chantunel, a mixture of silk and wool. These come in red, green, brown or blue on contrasting grounds



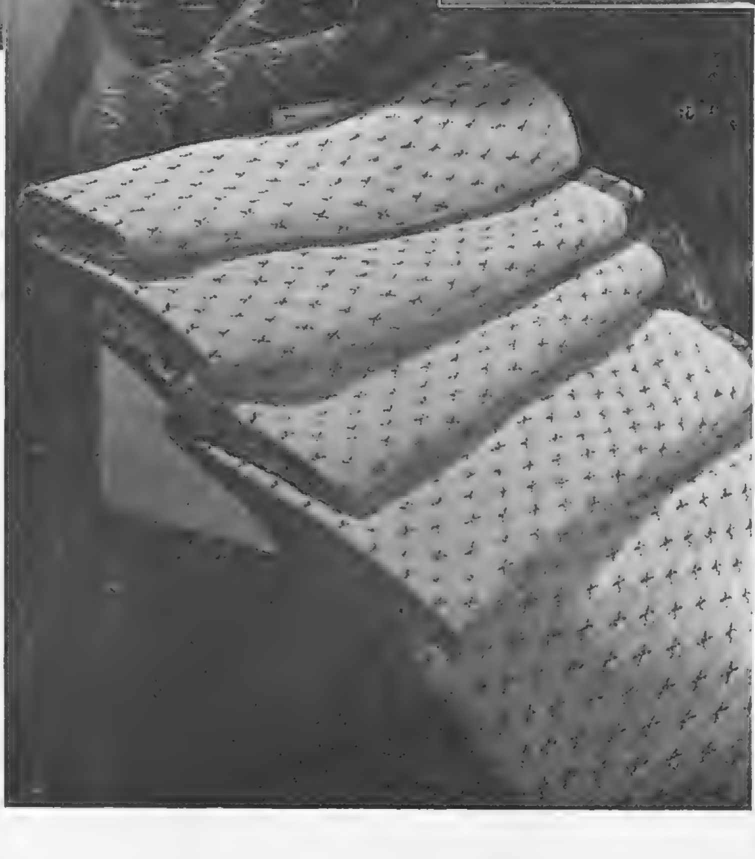
THIS jersey material is reversible and shows a trelliswork design on one side and small lozenges on the other

NEW materials for the spring are more colourful than they have been for a long time and show a remarkable advance in many practical ways. For instance, two of the materials shown on this page are reversible, while two others are uncrushable. Not only have wool and silk or a mixture of both been rendered uncrushable, but even cotton materials are now guaranteed not to crease. The majority of the designs are small and geometrical, and stripes, plaids and astronomical signs are much in evidence. There are many flower patterns too, but these are for summer and formal wear. For early spring materials such as those shown here, all of which are original Chanel designs, will be worn.



Above:

ON the left is a silk and wool material with a small linked star pattern; on the right is a foulard printed in a multi-coloured design on a pale pastel ground



Left:

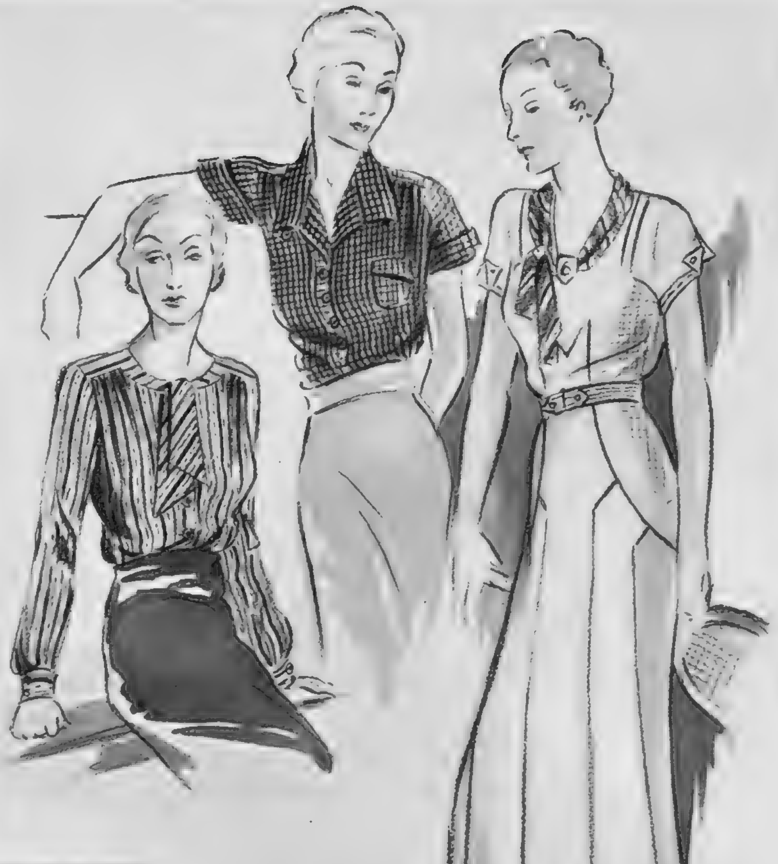
A REVERSIBLE jersey material, woven in a geometrical design, is made in several dark shades and in white, and looks equally attractive when used on either side

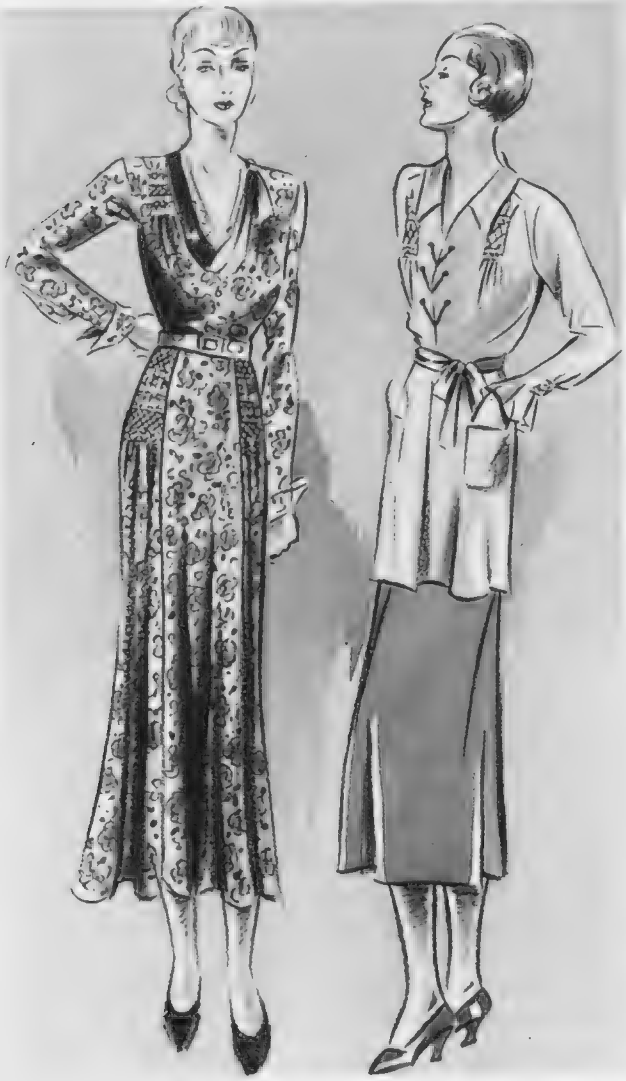
[*Photographs by Scaioni*]

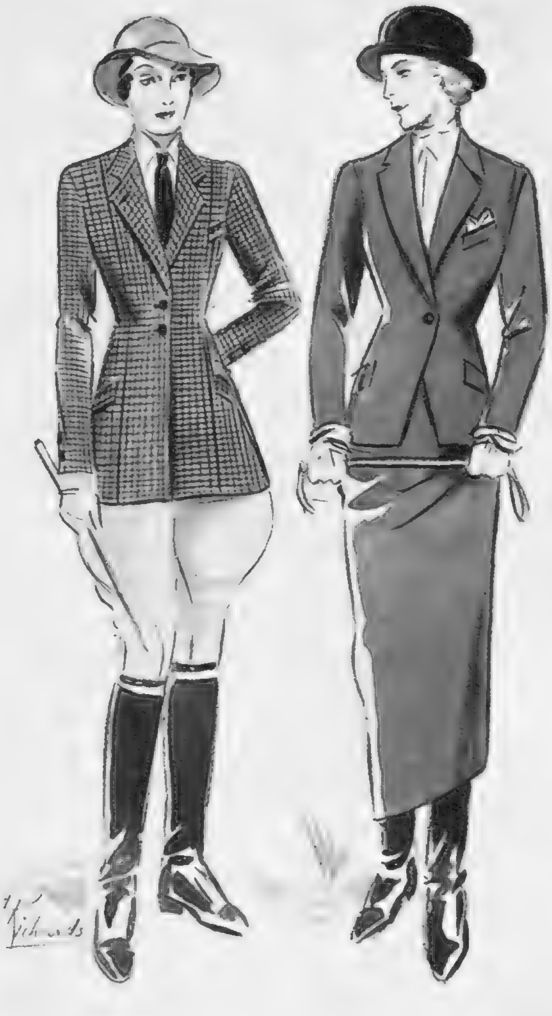
ON the right are shown three models of British provenance: a silk blouse striped in sun colours on a white ground, a blouse of blue-and-white check flannel, and an attractive tennis or cruising dress in white wool crêpe with a coloured tie. These three garments are Tengol models.

BELOW on the right are shown two alternative costumes for riding—an English speciality for which women the world over come to London. These are carried out by Harry Hall, who makes excellently tailored breeches for as little as two guineas, and complete side-saddle habits for fourteen.

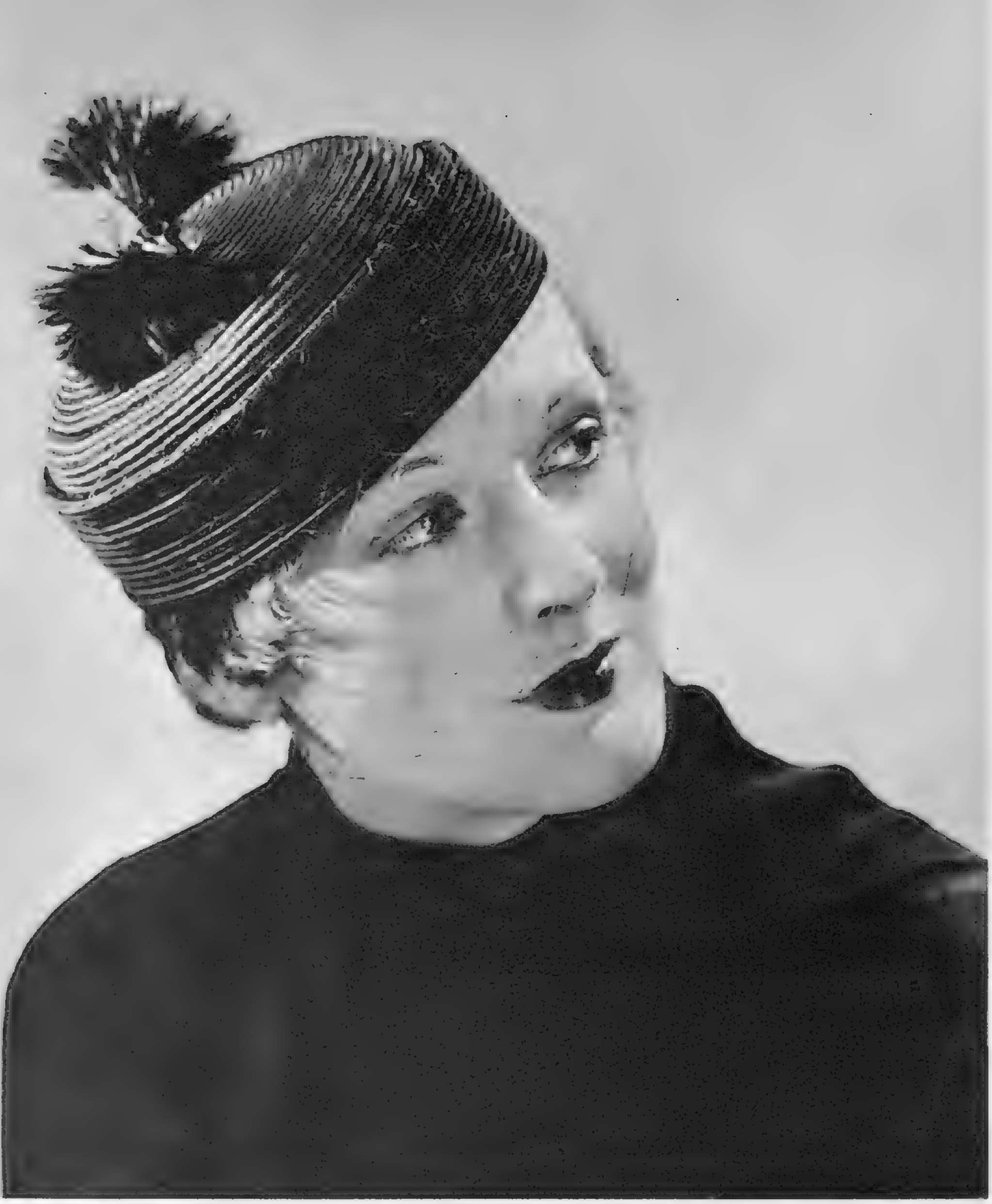
A SERVICE which is of the greatest importance to women is that conducted by Lilla, of Lower Grosvenor Place, where not only new and attractive garments of every description are to be found, but where expert advice is given on the re-conditioning of one's last-year clothes—and what miracles can be achieved by the intelligent aid of a really expert dressmaker must be seen to be believed. This firm has two other interesting specialities: one is to advise those going abroad and to the tropics of the exact number and nature of the garments required, and the other is the smocking on which the fame of Lilla was originally based. This attractive handcraft, which, alas, no longer, or very rarely, decorates the smocks of our peasantry, is being kept alive by this firm, where girls are specially trained and taught the many beautiful and traditional patterns, many of which date from Tudor times. These lovely designs are used to decorate the traditional smock (but made of excellent washing silk, not of coarse linen), and also as a trimming to dresses of conventional cut, and thus models are created which, although original and distinctive, are neither extreme nor expensive. Two attractive examples are sketched below; the flowered dress costs £3 19s. 6d., and the smock, 15s. 11d.







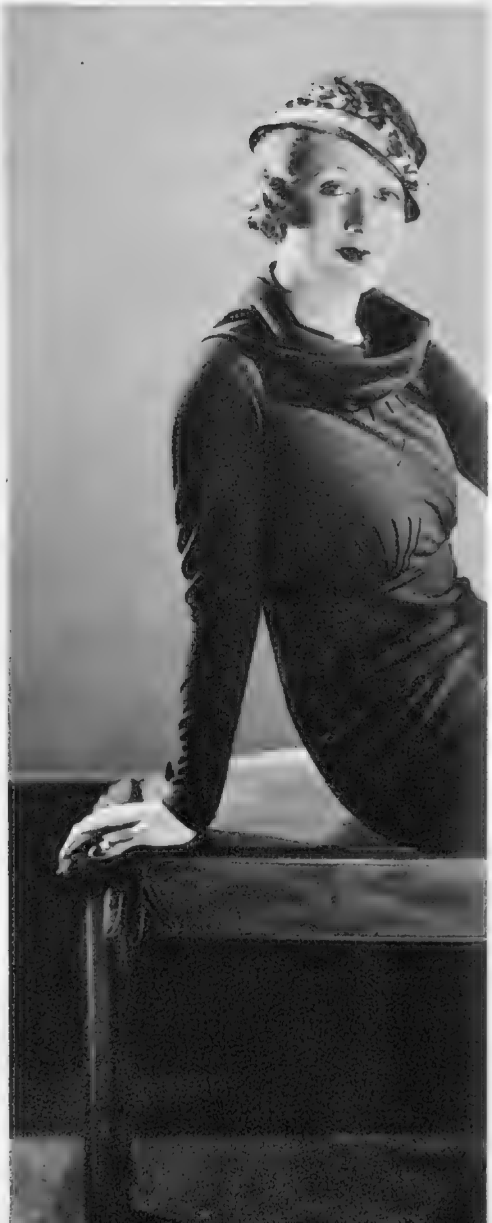
THREE ENGLISH SPECIALITIES



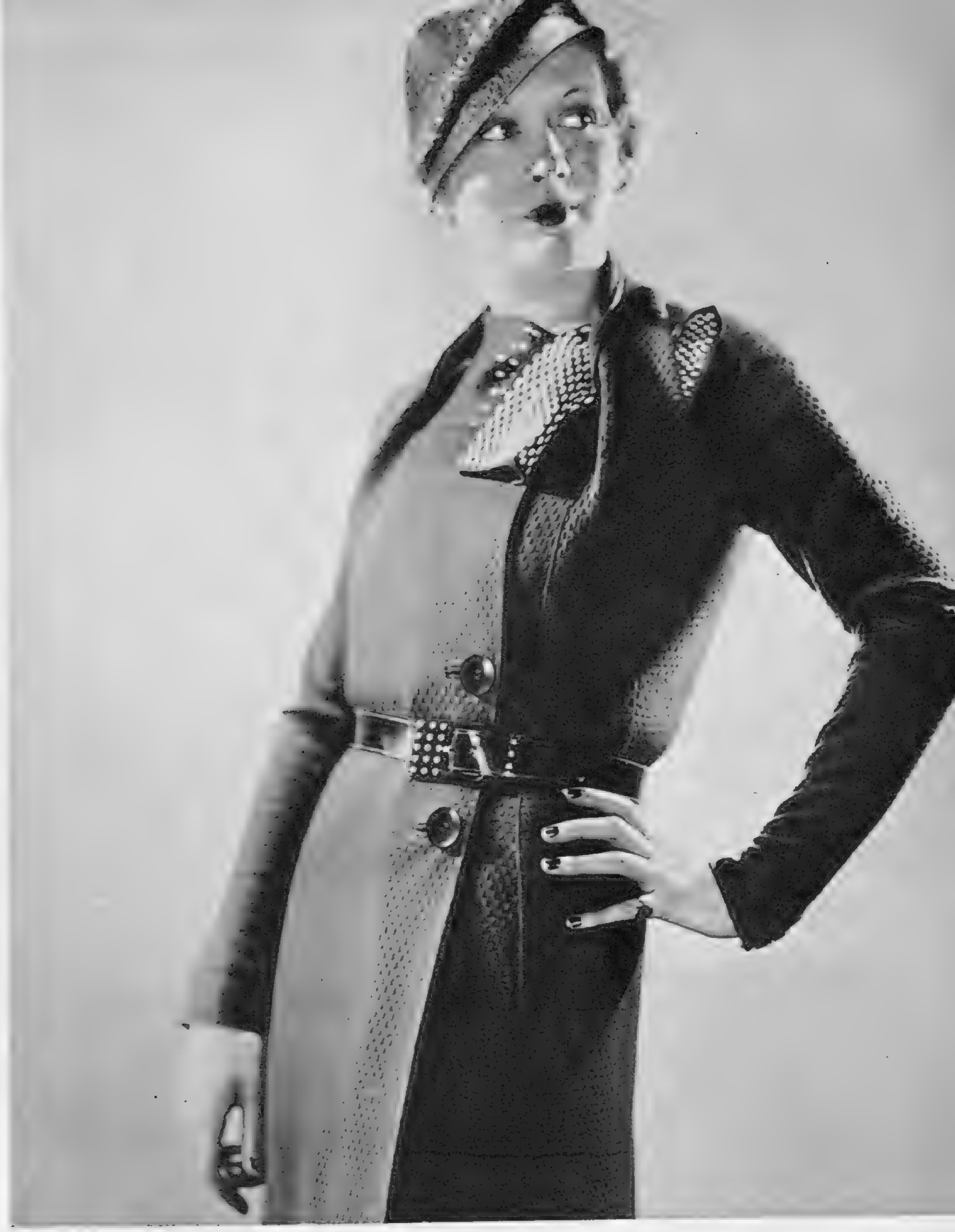
Scaioni Studios

COAT and of STRAW are included SPRING

THE first item of her new spring wardrobe which any woman buys—and rightly—is a hat, for no tonic is quite so good as the knowledge that one has a new hat, worn at the right angle and exactly up to the minute. So do cooks feel when the soufflé rises. This year there is more reason than ever for such indulgence, because hats are more varied than they have been for a long time. A great number of models in fine pedal straws are to be seen and most of these favour tiny brims—such as that shown in the photograph in the centre of the page, which is of dark brown straw trimmed with a yellow ribbon and a garland of yellow plumage. Another type of straw hat, which has a novel crown surrounded with a flat gilded quill, is shown on the opposite page, while a totally different and most sophisticated style is shown above. This latter is a Suzanne Talbot model, and is made of black corded satin with two soft feather tufts perched on the top of the crown. With it is worn a very finely meshed black veil. These three model hats come from Woollands



FROCKS HATS and SATIN in our WARDROBE



Scaioni Studios

ONE of the novelties of the season is a very old friend indeed — none other than the coat-frock. An excellent example is shown above, which is carried out in a navy blue hopsack material and is a Bruyère model. It is put on like a coat, wraps round and buttons on one side, where it is also tied at the neck with a white spotted scarf. In the centre is shown an attractive brown woollen dress from Mainbocher which has an interesting cut and relies on a series of small pintucks for its trimming. Both these gowns come from the model gown department at Woollands

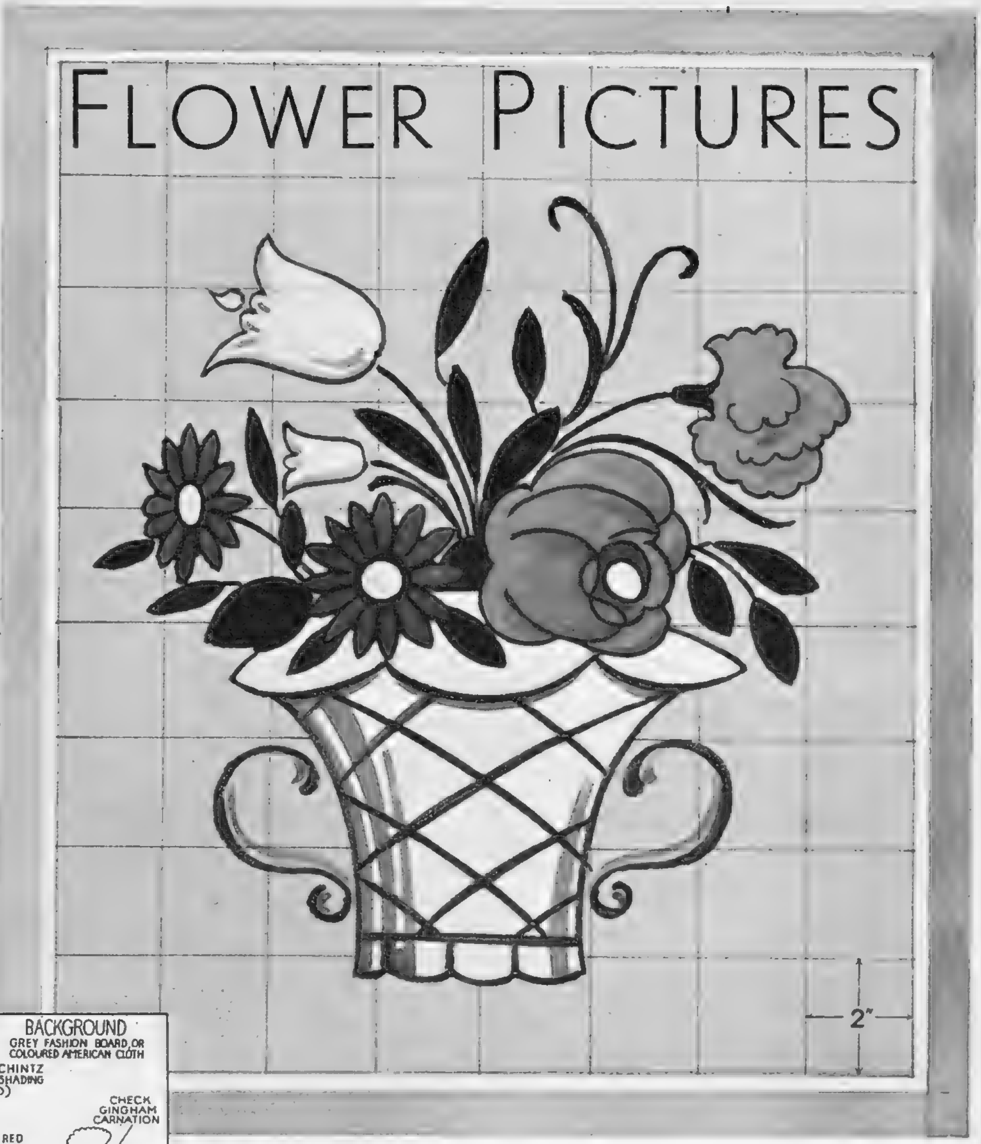
MADGE GARLAND

MAKING FLOWER PICTURES

An inexpensive wall decoration which any amateur can easily achieve

By

Mrs. Frank Bennett



THIS design can be enlarged to any given size, and if the diagram is carefully followed according to the key shown on the left, success is guaranteed

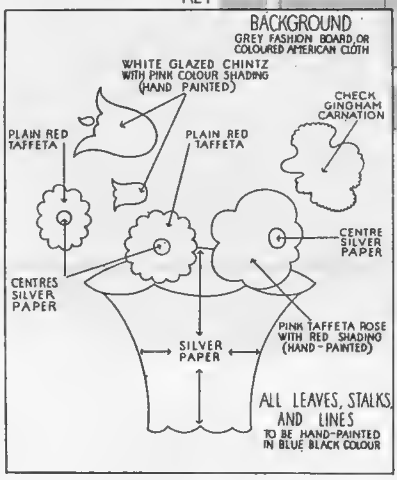
THE making of a flower picture is quite an easy thing to do. It is chiefly a matter of sticking pieces of paper on to a cardboard background. To be both the designer and the maker of the picture is not at all necessary.

The two operations are separate, and there is no reason why the design should not be a direct copy from, say, a piece of inlaid furniture or a tapestry. There are many old still-life paintings with urns, birds, and other objects as well as flowers which provide fine subjects to be exploited.

If, on the other hand, conscience forbids direct copying, a drawing adapted from real flowers as the preliminary design can be made.

For the base or background, coloured American cloth, plywood, stretched silk or mirror glass may be suitably used instead of cardboard. If the picture is going direct on to a wall in the form of a mural, the existing colour of the wall, of course, will form the background. For the flowers, coloured tinsel paper, the material commonly used on old flower pictures and stuck on the back of glass, is striking because of its shine and bright colour. Marble paper, Japanese wood paper, coloured gelatine, crêpe paper, and even blotting-paper are possible. Sequins can form the centres of flowers, and pieces of satin and silk will suggest the soft texture of petals.

KEY


BACKGROUND
GREY FASHION BOARD OR COLOURED AMERICAN CLOTH
WHITE GLAZED CHINTZ WITH PINK COLOUR SHADING (HAND PAINTED)
CHECK GINGHAM CARNATION
PLAIN RED TAFFETA
PLAIN RED TAFFETA
CENTRE SILVER PAPER
CENTRES SILVER PAPER
SILVER PAPER
PINK TAFFETA ROSE WITH RED SHADING (HAND-PAINTED)
ALL LEAVES, STALKS, AND LINES TO BE HAND-PAINTED IN BLUE BLACK COLOUR

The sparkling powder used on Christmas cards can be bought at art shops. It is laid on to a foundation of liquid gum and the superfluous powder dusted off when the gum has set.

The limits for producing subtle effects are practically unbounded. Feathers cut away in parts make excellent stems and leaves. Fur resembles the dandelion in seed or the bloom of a thistle. Wool and string will make tendrils and stamens of flowers, and even flowers themselves may be pressed on to the background.

The drawing illustrated—taken from a design in bright colours on a piece of peasant furniture—is given for the use of readers who may wish to try making a picture. For a fairly simple treatment on the lines of the original colour scheme, the directions are these.

PIN down a piece of good cardboard (grey or yellow) on to a drawing-board, or use yellow American cloth gummed down to a piece of plywood.

Mark out the 2-inch squares, which will then be more than three times as large as the copy.

Draw the design in outline.

Cut out the shape of the basket in smooth silver paper. Place it on a sheet of blotting-paper, and cover the back of it lightly and evenly with diluted paste, using a small hair-brush. Then place it in position and hold down with a book until secure.

Fill in the leaves and stalks by hand with blue-black (indigo) water paint, or *oil* paint, on the American cloth.

Cut out the daisies from red taffeta, the rose from pink taffeta, the carnation from a check gingham of small pattern, and the tulips from white glazed chintz, and paste down as before.

Add the " centres " of silver paper.

Paint in the outlines of the flowers and the markings of the basket with the indigo blue. Shade the basket with pale blue, the rose with red, and the tulips with pink, as indicated on the copy. In addition, pink and white high lights opposite the shading will increase the modelling of the flowers and enliven the effect if desired.

A border of silver paper will look well, and if the picture is to be hung on the wall, use a wooden frame about 1 to 1½ inches wide, preferably of light moulding, and painted pale blue or white.

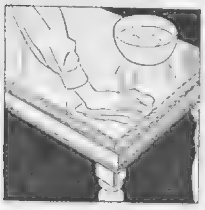
When completely dry, paint the picture cleanly and swiftly with ordinary varnish, which can be purchased for a few pence in small quantities from an oil-shop. The picture should, of course, be glazed.

IMITATING the old "tuppence coloured" tinsel pictures which were published at the time of the pantomimes is another pleasing occupation of a similar kind, but more advanced. It is finer work, and needs more care. Any old print representing some character such as a knight or a dancer can be used. The figure can be coloured by hand in water paint, and the coloured tin-foil paper taken off chocolates—or even satin—cut out and stuck on to make portions of the dress. Sequins are amusing for the trimmings.

The beauty of such a picture lies chiefly in the contrast of its vivid colours, and these colours are particularly suited to a figure with an heroic pose.

“If *Seven* Maids *with* Seven Mops . . .”

Some Seasonal Household Cleaning Hints



FURNITURE

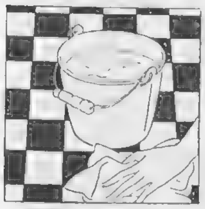
Polished Furniture. Dust and sponge over with warm water to which has been added a little vinegar, using a soft brush for the crevices. Rinse and dry thoroughly, then polish with a reliable furniture polish such as Min Cream. Finish with a piece of velvet. Oak furniture may be polished with warm beer.

Upholstered Furniture. The vacuum cleaner is best for this; otherwise brush the way of the pile, then wipe over with a cloth squeezed out of petrol—having no fire in the room and the windows wide open. Warm bran may be used instead; rub well in, then brush off with a stiff brush.

Leather Furniture. Wash with a good saddle soap, then polish with a reliable leather cream.

Gilt Furniture. Rub with a cut lemon, then sponge with water to which has been added a little bicarbonate of soda.

Wicker and Cane Furniture. Dust and wash with warm water, rinse with water and lemon juice or salt. Dry thoroughly and place out of doors. Leave out the lemon for brown wicker, and polish instead with furniture polish.



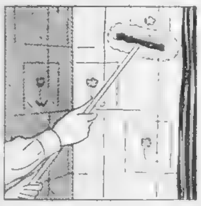
FLOOR COVERINGS

Linoleum and Waxcloth. Wash with warm soapy water, but do not use a scrubbing brush, rinse and dry thoroughly, then polish with Mansion Polish. *Polished floors* may be treated in a similar manner.

Carpets and Rugs. Lift the carpet, then roll up and take outside. Spread right side down on the grass, and beat all over with a carpet beater, then finish between two persons. Air thoroughly and re-lay. Wash over with a cloth wrung out of vinegar and water. Avoid all traffic till the carpet is dry.

Cocoanut Matting. Wash and scrub with warm soapy water, rinse with salt water, dry and put out of doors if possible.

Tiled Floors. Wash with hot soda water, scrubbing with a stiff brush. Rinse and dry, then polish like linoleum.



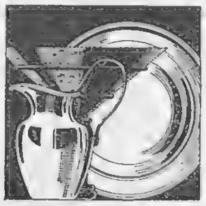
WALL COVERINGS

Paper. Dust thoroughly, then rub down evenly with stale bread, changing it as it becomes soiled. *Varnished papers* may be sponged lightly with warm soapy water, from below upwards, then rinsed and dried.

Oil Paint. Wash with warm soapy water from below upwards, using a brush if the surface is large. Then rinse dry with a chamois leather. A little size may be put in the rinsing water.

Enamelled Paint. Dust thoroughly and wash with warm water to which has been added a tablespoonful of powdered borax. Rinse and dry, then polish with furniture cream.

Distemper. Dust and sponge lightly with warm water.



METALS

Tin. Wash in hot soapy water, rinse and dry. Polish with a paste of whiting and water.

Brass. Wash in warm soapy water with a little Scrubb's ammonia added. Polish with brass polish and soft dusters. Lacquered brass should only be washed and dried.

Copper. Wash in warm soapy water, rinse and dry. Polish with Brookes soap or whiting, rubbing with a circular motion to prevent scratching. Lemon or salt may be used to remove stains.

Benares Ware. Wash in hot soapy water, then rub with a cut lemon. Rinse and dry and polish with chamois.

Bronze and Ormolu. Dust and rub with a cloth dipped in linseed oil and polish with soft dusters.

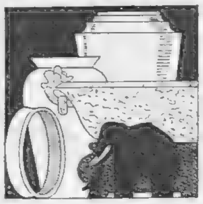
Silver. Wash in warm soapy water, rinse and dry. Polish with Goddard's Plate Powder, finishing with a chamois.

Aluminium. Wash in a weak solution of vinegar and water, and polish with whiting.

Pewter. Clean with a paste of whiting and linseed oil, wash in soapy water, rinse dry and polish with a chamois.

Zinc. Wash in hot soda water, scour with paraffin and bathbrick and polish.

Steel. Rub with fine emery paper or fine sand, then polish.



ORNAMENTS

Ivory. Wash in warm soapy water and dry, then polish with furniture cream. If stained use lemon juice and whiting, and if necessary bleach by wetting with soapy water and leaving in the sun for some time.

Tortoiseshell. Wash in warm soapy water, rinse and dry. Polish with a paste of rottenstone and linseed oil, and finally polish with rouge.

Ebony. Clean like tortoiseshell, but do not wash or apply rouge.

Marble. Dust and wash in warm soapy water, and remove stains with lemon juice and whiting. Wash off immediately, then dry and polish with furniture cream. Black marble should be polished with linseed oil.

Glass and Mirrors. Moisten a pad of linen with methylated spirits, dip in powdered whiting, and rub over the surface. When dry polish with dusters.

Spring Schemes

IN these times there are few of us who can afford to embark on ambitious schemes of redecoration, but the first gleams of spring sunshine are apt to reveal disconcerting shortcomings in those curtains and chair-covers which have survived the long winter. There was a time when spring cleaning included in its ritual the taking down, cleaning and folding away of red rep or green plush curtains and the unfolding, starching and ironing of crisp glazed chintzes patterned in roses or lilac, and there is much to be said for this old-fashioned habit. The thick curtains which are necessary to prevent draughts and to retain the warmth of the fire are apt to appear dusty and faded in the spring sunshine, and colours suitable for the dark days of our winter (paradoxically darker shades should be chosen for winter than summer) are too dull to look successful when the long light evenings set in. Chair-covers of pale colours quickly show the results of contact with fogs and winter clothes, yet few women are content nowadays to have their furniture upholstered in materials which are merely serviceable and have no claim to beauty. If therefore your hangings are such that you dread the revealing glance of the sun, but which you know are far too good to discard, the most practical compromise would be to choose new covers and curtains and to use these during the summer months, while your old ones should be carefully cleaned and put away until the autumn. They will certainly do service for another winter, and this turn-and-turn-about method will be found to be most economical in the long run.

THE cushion on this chair is made of a Rosebank glazed chintz, its pattern of birds and flowers accentuated by the quilting which outlines it. From D. S. Mann

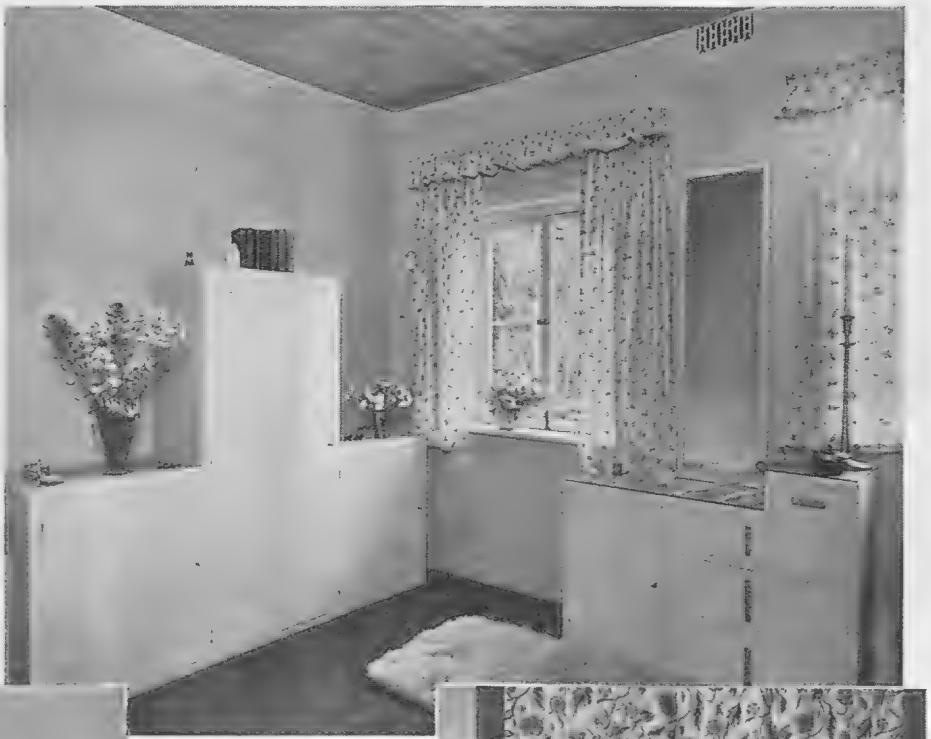
THE entrance hall in Lady Queensberry's new house in Chelsea is hung with pale blue glazed chintz curtains edged with white cotton fringe

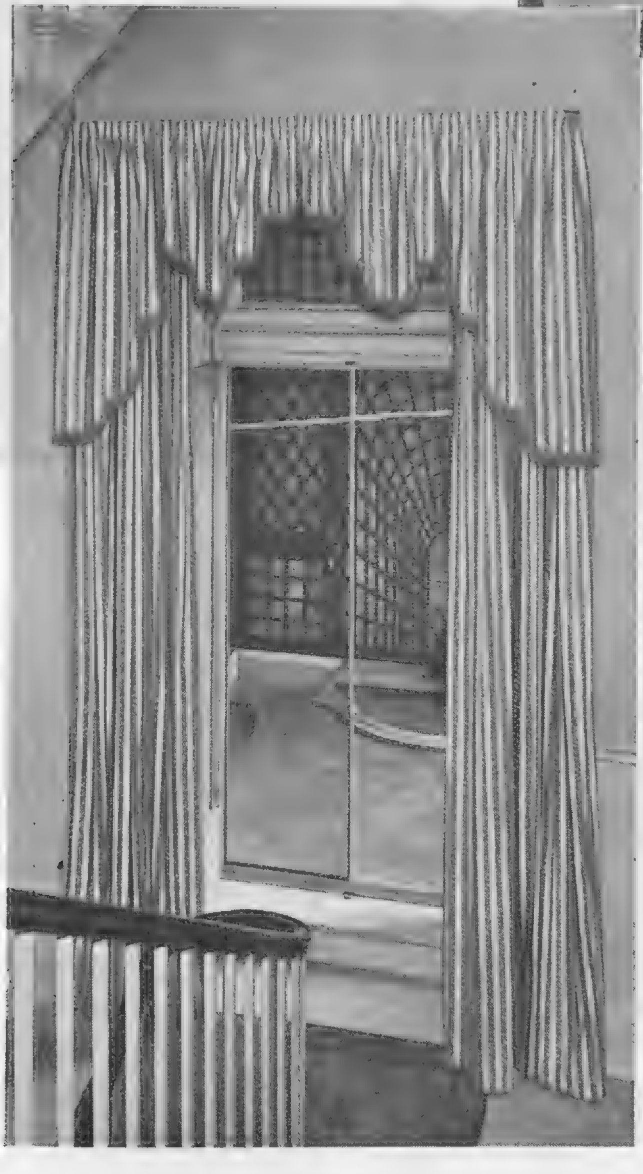
The prevalent fashion for English glazed chintz is much to be encouraged, for it wears well, washes perfectly and does not hold the dust. It is obtainable in every conceivable shade and Messrs. Turnbull and Stockdale's Rosebank chintzes can also be obtained in a wide variety of the most delightful patterns. Many of these are faithful copies of eighteenth and nineteenth century designs, though many new ones are added each season. One of the most charming revivals is that of the barber stripes so popular during the days of the Regency, and it is this pattern which Lord Berners has chosen for the curtains on his landing which are shown in the photograph on the right. Many of the larger flower designs are further enhanced by outlining the pattern with quilting, and this is particularly suitable for bed-covers and cushions, although curtains of it are delightful too. Plain

THE guest room in Lady Jardine's flat is hung with a modern cretonne patterned with ships in several shades of blue, each complete with a scarlet pennon

of Decoration

New curtains and chintz covers will do much to prepare your home for the summer months

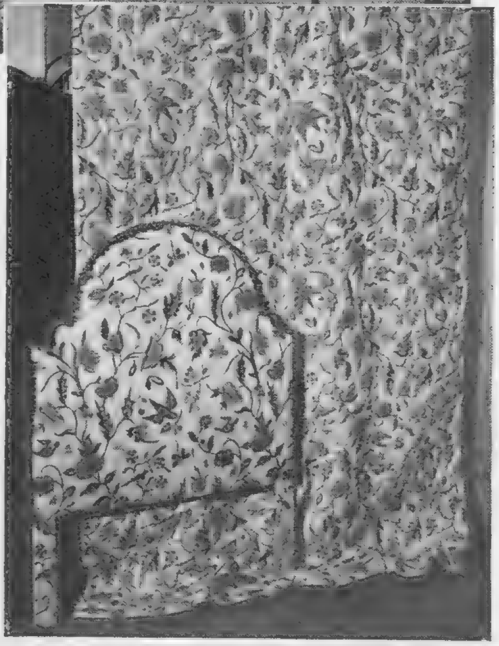




AN unlined chintz with a tiny conventional flower design hangs at the windows of this well-designed bedroom decorated by Jack Killick

THE curtains on the landing of Lord Berners' house are of pink and white striped Rosebank chintz and were made by D. S. Mann

ROSEBANK chintz cleverly quilted makes the lovely bedspread on the right. The bed-head, made to match, is designed by Alexis ffrench



materials quilted in diamond shapes or a circular winding pattern are also available, and a white chintz quilted in cream colour is particularly attractive—a bedspread of it was reminiscent of the most luscious clotted cream !

Quilted curtains are, of course, moderately costly and also require a lining, but for those who wish to refurbish their room with the minimum of expense this glazed chintz, unlined so that the light shines through, bordered with a cotton braid or fringe of a contrasting colour, makes a perfect basis for a summer scheme of decoration. Care should be taken, however, that the colours chosen do not make the existing wall-coverings and paintwork look too faded, though nowadays there are so many reliable washing distempers and paints, such as Pinchin Johnson's, which permit one to wash and wash again and which do not lose their freshness, that there is really no excuse for a lack-lustre room.

If the walls are rather faded, strong rather than pale colours should be chosen, so that a complete contrast is effected and the new hangings in no way recall the existing background.

Inside *the*

A résumé *of* recent *housing* *and of* what *to* expect *of*

STORAGE and step-saving are a combined art in house design to-day. Here, built-in cupboards provide accommodation for every necessity of the table whilst opening on the kitchen side as well, thus saving innumerable journeys to and fro

IN 1933 houses the smaller entrance hall is given an apparent spaciousness by the introduction of folding glass doors into adjoining rooms. Above, a panelled hall is glimpsed through glass doors opening from the dining-room

NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE promises to be a year of unusual advancement in the comfort and equipment of the smaller house. Everywhere, builders and designers are surrendering to the demand for greater ingenuity in labour-saving devices and for inspiration in matters of comfort, to say nothing of decoration and design.

Whereas, until now, one has looked to the more costly flats and houses for those refinements of decoration and equipment which make housekeeping a pleasure, Nineteen thirty-three marks their advent in the type of house which is, financially, in keeping with our present resources. As recently as two years ago fourteen or fifteen hundred pound houses were of the mere mass-production type, whereas to-day houses of distinction, of craftsmanship and superlative equipment are more frequently offered at this price.

Among the other signs which are making a tentative appearance in modest houses we find a greater use of parquet flooring, a luxury so seldom found in smaller houses, unless subsequently added by the tenant. Wood panelling, too, appears with pleasant frequency and promises a world of ultimate economy to the house purchaser in the way of subsequent redecorating.

Cupboards are no longer the haphazard affairs they were, but are at last, as ample as they are thoughtfully designed and situated. On a Surrey estate, where ingenuity in matters of equipment is a strong suit among

THE relationship of lighting and architecture is an important factor in present schemes. This dining-room combines austerity with a certain gracious intimacy through the alliance of architecture, lighting and colour

House *of* Today

developments 1933 *homes*

By Winifred Lewis

SOMETHING more than the mere purpose of lighting is served by windows, which are important features of the modern house. Some windows admit violet rays for health, others reverse for cleaning and, in some cases, fold away, leaving an entire side of the room open at will to summer sun

SMALL houses inevitably suffer from narrow staircases, though distinction and a sunshine effect is given to this one by a window which sheds tinted light on walls of the same warm hue

THE ingle-nook fireplace finds expression in a modern sitting-room where the rich colour of the brickwork is cleverly blended into the general scheme of shady green and pink

many attractive features, one specially good kitchen has the entire wall space at one side of the room devoted to built-in cupboards and drawers. Broom cupboard, food cupboards, preserve cupboard, china cupboard and drawers of varying size for linen and other utensils are here combined, thus conveniently disposing of the many trifling receptacles which occupy valuable space in the small kitchen and lead so inevitably to confusion.

IN the same house the designer has hit upon the plan of building a tiled recess, neatly segregated from the main apartment and entered through an archway. In this recess the sink and cooker are housed. A window over the sink admits all necessary light and ventilation to the recess, while rubber cloth curtains at the entrance hide these practical features from view. With all utensils neatly arrayed in their respective cupboards and drawers, the sink and cooker effectively hidden from view in their curtained domain, this small kitchen is a model of tidy efficiency at all times and a presentable sitting-room for occasional meals into the bargain.

Another 1933 house boasts a kitchen device which is typical of the improvements that distinguish the smaller houses of this year's growth.

An ingenious arrangement of cupboards fulfils in this kitchen the combined services of a kitchen cabinet, china and glass cupboard, storage for all utensils, cutlery, linen, as well as a service hatch to the dining-room and a draw-out, porcelain-top table as well. The final touch of ingenuity is an ironing table, which, by the simplest movement, is released from concealment and is as easily folded away after use.

GONE are the dingy pantries of former times. Here is the spacious, well-lighted, scientifically ventilated pantry of to-day. This cupboard has tiled shelves and floor, and is constructed for freedom of movement when scouring is to be done

Combined with other devices such as enamelled cooker and coke boiler as well as chromium-plated fireplaces, the most up-to-date houses are triumphantly superior to the servant problem, though, elsewhere, houses are to be seen which make provision for the comfortable accommodation of a domestic staff and the general convenience of the household.

SELF-CONTAINED servants' quarters are noticeable features of some new houses—an arrangement which is proving much to the liking of all concerned. The kitchen, maids' bedroom, pantry and small separate bathroom are grouped together and separated from the remainder of the house by a connecting door. Whilst in this way the maid has the satisfaction of an entirely personal domain, the family enjoys a seclusion sometimes denied them in a house where the family and domestic quarters are closely combined. So far this plan is mainly confined to houses of a more ambitious kind than those previously discussed, though it does not follow that the scheme could not be successfully interpreted in a house of average size.

The English bathroom—an ancient subject of complaint by those who claim to have sampled the luxuries of foreign ones—is a special feature in the programme of advancement, and while it is true that small English bathrooms of the past have lacked a good deal in comfort and efficiency, the complaint will be sadly out of date if developments continue at their present pace.

1933 marks the advent of the graphed is distinguished spacious bath tub, hot and cold

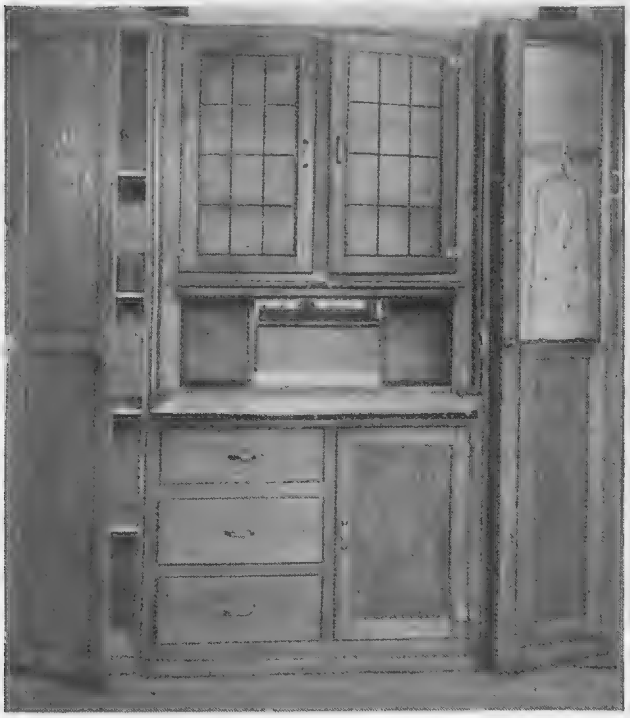
In many houses just lately completed the bathrooms are fitted with hot and cold shower (slow combustion boilers have replaced the obsolete kitchen range of former times and hot water is plentiful for all purposes). Decorative schemes are more imaginative and contrive to convey an effect of comfort in welcome contrast to the almost surgical monotony of former ones. The bathroom illustrated on these pages rejoices in walls of attractive green and white synthetic marble, strikingly outlined with black; a bath spacious enough for real comfort, hot towel rails, fitted shaving cabinets and other details which, until lately, have been sources of so much extra expense after purchase is complete.

WHAT greater promise of kitchen comfort could one expect than this? The sink is porcelain enamel and the chromium-plated taps eject water at exactly the required temperature

Everywhere expedients are adopted to counteract the feeling of restriction which is an inevitable characteristic of the smaller house. One of the most successful experiments is the use of glass folding doors communicating the entrance hall with adjoining reception rooms. The apparent size of the hall itself is increased in this way, whilst charming glimpses of rooms beyond give an

comfortable small bathroom. The room photo- by walls of black and white Marblate, a shower, rubber flooring and hot towel rails

PLAIN painted walls are given a greater interest in some bathrooms by the use of stencilling. This built-in mirror is an artistic asset as well as a practical feature of the scheme



KITCHEN efficiency is exemplified in this built-in cabinet, which comprises a hatch to the dining-room, porcelain-top draw-out table, store cupboards and drawers of various sizes, and an ironing table which folds neatly away after use

impression of comfortable spaciousness to the newcomer. In summer the advantages of the plan are specially obvious, since one is more than ever conscious of space and freedom. A certain relationship of colouring is necessary between the rooms concerned, of course, though a proper harmony is achieved without actual duplication.

Windows are important items in 1933 houses, resulting in rooms, staircases and cupboards more adequately lighted than before, while health and sunshine are admitted in the fullest degree. Many houses have reversible casements for easy cleaning, while the very latest development is the casement frame which folds away so as to afford no interruption to the sun and air. This method has distinct possibilities for the sitting-room which overlooks the garden, since summer meals can be taken alfresco without the general fuss of conveying them out of doors.

Sun rooms are, in fact, steadily growing in popularity in this country, where, after all, they are most urgently needed. Let us hope, if the movement progresses, that some encouragement will be forthcoming in the matter of weather.

New Lamps for OLD

Some illuminating ideas for the décor of the Modern Home

THE correct lamp is of much importance in the achievement of harmonious interiors. It is more than the source of light: it is the means of accentuating colour and, if necessary, of subduing it. The personality of a room may alternate between grave and gay, austerity and intimacy; there is practically nothing in matters of decoration of which the right lamp is incapable. Look at any beautiful room and ask yourself if this is not so.

Quite obviously, a factor of such importance in the décor must be of design and workmanship worthy of the surroundings upon which its influence is so much felt; yet our difficulty has been, until now, to obtain lamps which conform to these standards at a price in reasonable proportion to the value given. One grows tired of looking at beautiful things and looking away again conscious of just another luxury beyond one's reach.

For these reasons there is additional pleasure in the knowledge that beautiful electric lamps for interior lighting are now available with all the charm of design and skill of workmanship that the most perfect scheme of decoration can require, at a price the average person can afford to pay.

ALADDIN Industries, who have for so long been associated in the public mind with the successful manufacture of incandescent oil lamps, have launched this new branch of their flourishing industry against the inestimable background of years of successful experience in the manufacture of a high-class product.

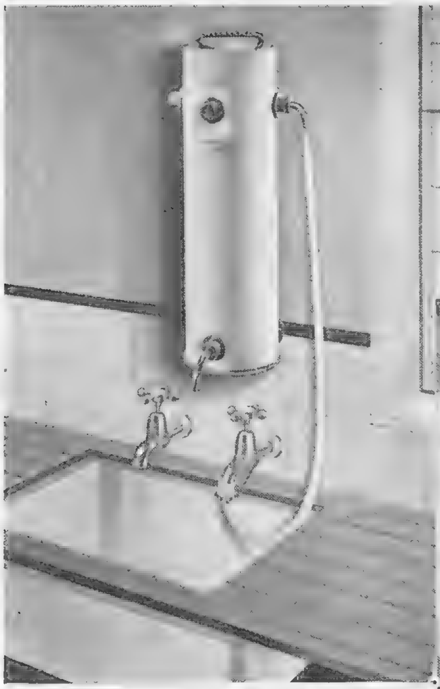
Realising the need for workmanship of the highest quality at an economic price, Aladdin Industries are relying upon their magnificent established resources to produce something that has not before been seen in this country at such a really satisfactory price. Every step in the manufacture of these new electrical fittings is taken by British workmen in the factory recently erected in pleasant country surroundings at Greenford in Middlesex.

LAMPSHADES are designed and hand-painted on the premises by girls who work under conditions of the most superlative comfort. Chromium-plate, wood and pottery lamp standards are taken through every single stage of their manufacture by men whose surroundings conform to the most modern scientific standards. One feels that these points are factors of importance in the launching of a new product. Fine workmanship depends to such a great extent upon the comfortable working conditions of the craftsman. This view is one that is firmly upheld by the directors of Aladdin Industries, Ltd., and their courage and foresight in expressing their theories in such practical form are worthy of praise.

As for the lamps they may speak for themselves, and do so with, we consider, emphatic charm on page 97 of this issue.

Kitchen Equipment

The adequate equipment of your kitchen is an eventual economy, not an extravagance



THE Permo Water Softener is suitable for the small kitchen and is made in two sizes, £4 4 0 and £6 6 0

THE modern kitchen is as colourful as it is compact. Walls of Pinchin Johnson's apple-green paint are washable and therefore easily kept clean, and so are curtains of the latest rubberised fabric patterned in a flower design. This fabric costs 2/11 yd. from Harvey Nichols in several attractive designs and colours

THE Aga Cooker, with a maximum fuel cost of £1 per quarter, is the most economical of all cooking devices. It is easily cleaned and always ready for immediate use

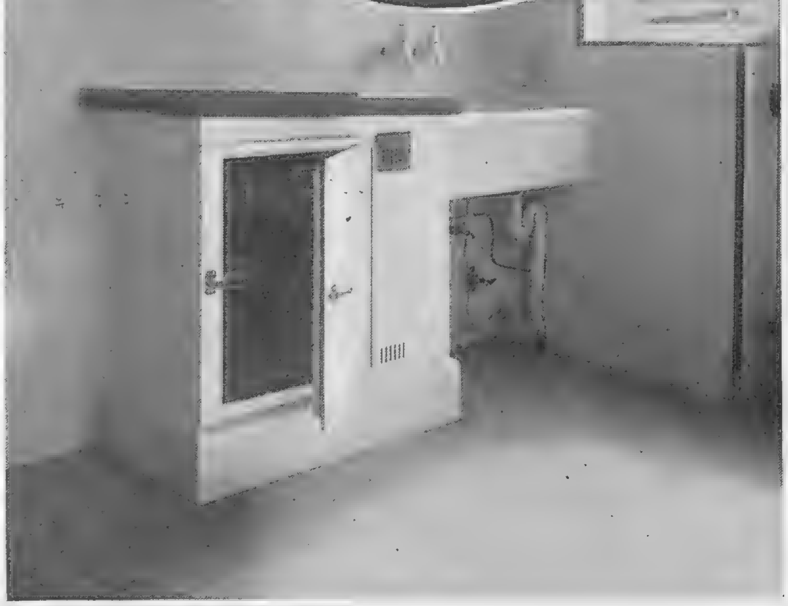
THOUGH the past tendency has been, perhaps, to regard luxurious kitchen equipment as an extravagance, the truth is gradually emerging that no greater economy can be introduced into housekeeping affairs than that which is effected by efficient equipment. The initial cost of these things should be considered in relation to the saving which, in almost every case, they ultimately achieve.

An excellent example is the "Aga" cooker which is illustrated in the centre of this page. This is capable of cooking the food required for an entire family at an annual cost which can be limited to as little as £4. The ovens are kept at a good cooking temperature night and day—an advantage any housewife can appreciate—at an almost negligible cost. Or if one cooks by gas, the Radiation "New World" cooker will save hours of labour and anxiety and drastically reduces the gas bill. Every single part of it is detachable to ensure easy cleaning, and it is finished with a smooth enamel which a little daily care will keep in perfect trim. Thermostat control scientifically regulates the temperature of the oven, so that attention during cooking is dispensed with and the dish simply removed at the end of the prescribed period perfectly cooked.

Another source of kitchen economy is a water softener. Soft water not only reduces the amount of cooking required for vegetables and other foods but preserves the quality of the food intact. Home laundry becomes just half as difficult; soap and other cleansing mediums go twice as far, while the pleasure and ease of working with softened water are proverbial.

One has looked forward to the time when a really suitable dishwasher would dispose of the very unpleasant and most frequently recurring of household duties, and that time has come at last, for the "Kent" dishwasher can be safely entrusted with one's most treasured china and depended upon to fulfil its purpose with satisfaction.

A final hint for the better equipment of your kitchen. If you keep a good disinfectant at hand (Sanitas is supreme among its kind) kitchen smells can be eliminated and sinks and drains will retain an immaculate freshness at all times.



THIS baby Electrolux refrigerator is designed for the small kitchen, and is built-in under the sink in order to economise space. It can be controlled by electricity or gas, according to individual needs

Kitchen Gadgets

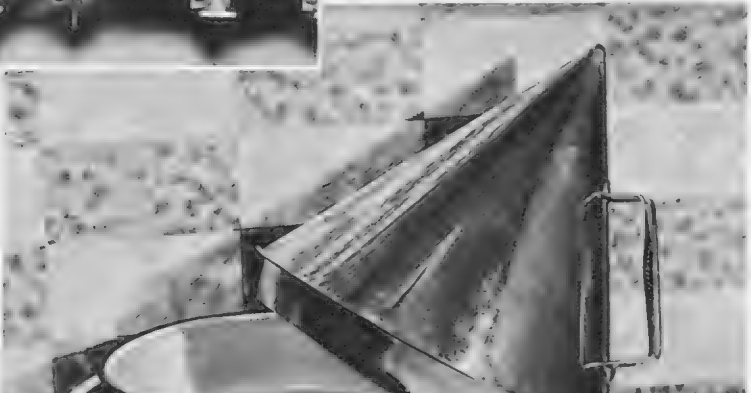
SIXPENCE buys the first and last of these labour-saving brushes. A rubber band adjusts the size of the first for brushing pastry with egg. The dark "Knick-Knack" squeezes into inaccessible crevices, and the twisted end of the last worms out dirt from vases and bottles. The second, the lightest, is a special eightpenny brush for keeping baby's feeder scrupulously clean

THE kettle and two saucepans on the right need only one gas-ring to heat them all, owing to their essentially economical shape. The saucepans can be used together without the kettle at 14/9 a pair. The kettle costs 8/6

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve, 346, Strand, W.C. 2. Stamps must be enclosed for a reply

TO be able to see at a glance the correct temperature at which to iron a particular fabric means no more damaged fabrics and scorched clothes. This is the salient feature of the new electric iron above, price 17/3

LATECOMERS to meals will appreciate this Cone Cooker at 5/9. This keeps food hot indefinitely, because when the water in the bottom evaporizes it condenses again, and runs down the cone without touching the food



THE "Western Whistling Kettle" combines many advantages. It is fast-boiling, steel jacketed, whistles when the water boils and has a heat-proof handle. Price from 3/-

A MOP that can be removed and washed every week means sanitary floors. The "Besco" holder is used with various refills for different tasks, and each refill can be mangled. The mop and handle cost 3/11 complete, and refills 2/6

"R*eel* Life Problems"

In *its* Search *for* Subjects The Screen has Discovered *Humanity*

By

Sydney Tremayne

PAUL MUNI, *magnificent in the principal part in "I Am a Fugitive," gets his first taste of the nauseating food provided for chain gang prisoners*

WALTER HUSTON *and Joan Crawford as the reformer and his unwilling convert in "Rain." A scene before her change of heart and his change of intention. Walter Gargan plays the Marine*

THE scenarists have raked literature and history and have done some very remarkable things, and some very illuminating things, to both. Some of the screen's most notable achievements have been in the realm of fantasy. There was the fascinating fairy - tale, "The Thief of Bagdad," in which the redoubtable Fairbanks Pegasus-ed it through the clouds on a white horse and conducted an excursion on a flying carpet. Lotte Reiniger's silhouette heroes and heroines, legitimately descended from "Prince Achmed" and from "Cinderella" and her anonymous Prince, continue to caper deliciously. The brilliant Disney cartoons come within this category, and long may Mickey's rhythmical absurdities continue to entrance us, while some of the sequences in "Love Me To-Night" are admirable examples of the use of cinematic mechanics to achieve fairy-tale effects.

The true office of the theatre and the cinema, we are told, is to provide an escape from reality, yet there is a singular response on the part of the public to reality when it is sincerely presented on the screen. War pictures, travel and adventure films, even natural history, have made a special appeal to the public. After all, people read newspapers, crime books, and Professor Jeans, and so it is evident that relief from personal preoccupations does not necessarily entail ignoring the drama of reality.

"I Am a Fugitive" has drawn phenomenal crowds: it purports to be the faithful autobiography of a man sentenced, for a trivial offence, to ten years' hard labour in the chain gangs of America, the most abominable survival of brutal barbarity. The mystery of how such monstrous inhumanity can co-exist with the progressive civilisation of which the United States goes boast is only exceeded by the fact that they dare advertise such conditions to the world by exporting this terrible and brilliantly presented indictment.

THE details are too evidently unimpeachable and harrowing. Whether the hero was quite as guiltless as would appear in the picture matters not. The film is brilliantly produced and magnificently acted. Paul Muni, as the man who twice escaped from the chain gang, once to show his value as a citizen, the second time, after having been cheated into returning, to become a hunted, haunted spectre of a man, outcast and driven to steal in order to live, is one of the finest performances ever seen on the screen; a very moving but unsentimentalised character study.

"I Am a Fugitive" should and will be seen by the film-going public throughout the world, not only because it is a great picture, but because of the reform it *must* effect of a loathsome and degrading penal system.

Burns, whose history this film reveals, is at the time of writing fighting extradition proceedings between one State and another to avoid returning yet again to the

" *If I Had a Million": Wynne Gibson as the girl who decides to spend some of the windfall on the unaccustomed luxury of a bedroom to herself in the local Ritz*

chain gang, having been re-arrested as the result of writing the book on which this film is founded.

One of the most constructive of the would-be reformers of the American penal system is Mr. Lawes, the Warden of Sing Sing, and from his intensely interesting book, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have constructed another reformatory (one hopes) and dramatic picture, dealing with humanity, crimes and atonement in the raw. The disproportionate length of sentences given in America and the corruptness of the administers of "justice" seem almost incredible. The basis of Mr. Lawes' propaganda is that sentences should be indeterminate, and that men capable of reforming and becoming useful and honest citizens should be able to earn remittance and even cancellation of their sentences.

That there is a very prevalent uneasiness about the state of American "justice" seems to be emphasised by the fact that two episodes dealing, indirectly, with the same subject crept into the frankly commercial "entertainment" film, "If I Had a Million." These two sketches, one about a young gunman who receives a cheque for a million dollars in the death chamber, when it is too late for him to realise his hopes of *buying* a re-trial and a good lawyer who could get him off; the other about a forger, hunted by the police, who misses his only chance of escape and is unable even to buy a bed to sleep on, because he cannot negotiate the only genuine cheque he has ever possessed, are strangely disturbing, sandwiched as they are between fantastic and farcical "turns" in this disjointed and uneven composite picture.

THE chain gang herded and fettered on a lorry for their journey to work at the heart-breaking quarries in "I Am a Fugitive"

STRICTLY, perhaps, "If I Had a Million" does not come into the category of real life problems on the screen, but that is because of the manner in which it is handled, not the subject itself, which lent itself to realistic treatment. It was quite unnecessary to make the eccentric millionaire (that over-actor, Richard Bennett), who chose to distribute his wealth to strangers, selected at random from a directory, such an egregious and rampageous idiot, and, since he was supposed to be dying (of superfluous energy?) in the opening sequence, it was even more unnecessary to keep him alive throughout the film, to disintegrate it as a whole and appear in a vulgar finale when he capers off to join in a dance orgy in the Institute which one of the inmates has, by means of his donation, converted into a pleasure resort for discarded grandmothers.

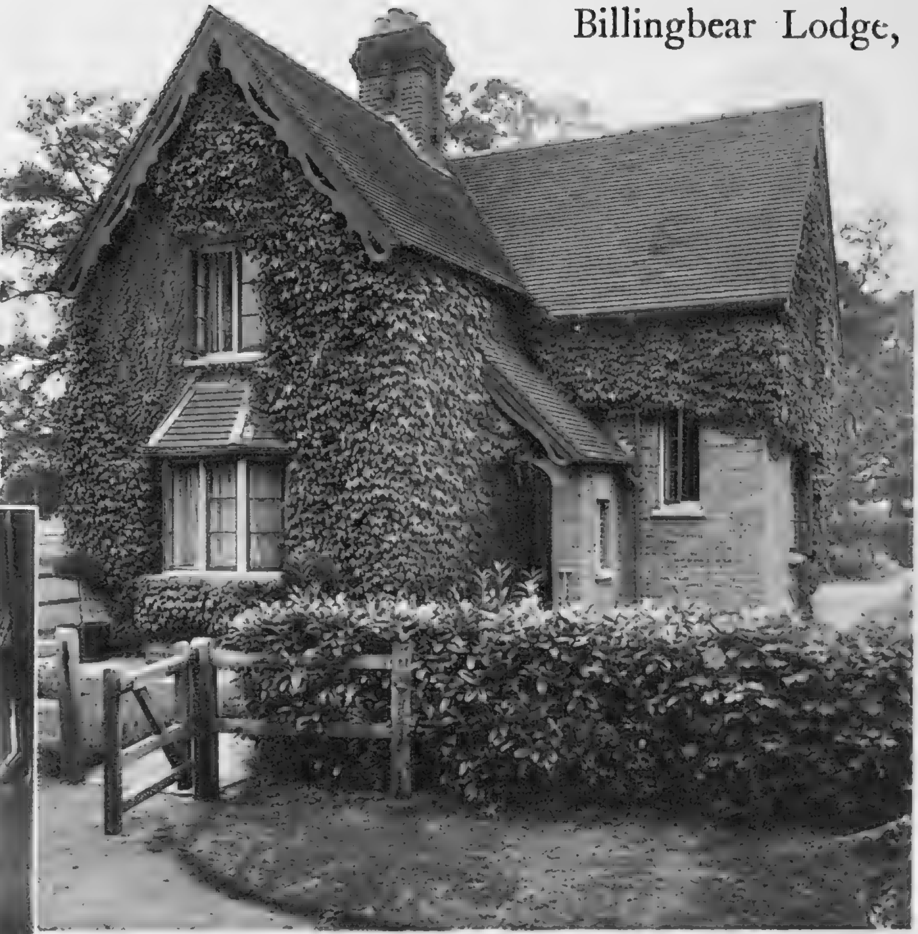
Other "humorous" episodes are equally dismal. Alison Skipworth, who is really a good actress, and W. C. Fields, rhetorically unfunny, are put to the indignity of disporting themselves in deplorable slapstick, as the pursuers and destructors of road-hogs in a fleet of old cars bought for the purpose—which is the only use they can find for their million dollars.

There are excellent moments in the sketch in which Charles Ruggles impersonates a china salesman, harassed by a nagging wife and the reduction of his wages for breakages, who celebrates his affluence with an orgy of china-smashing which he *can* pay for, but this is spoiled by an exaggeration of its humorous aspect and obliviousness to its psychological significance.

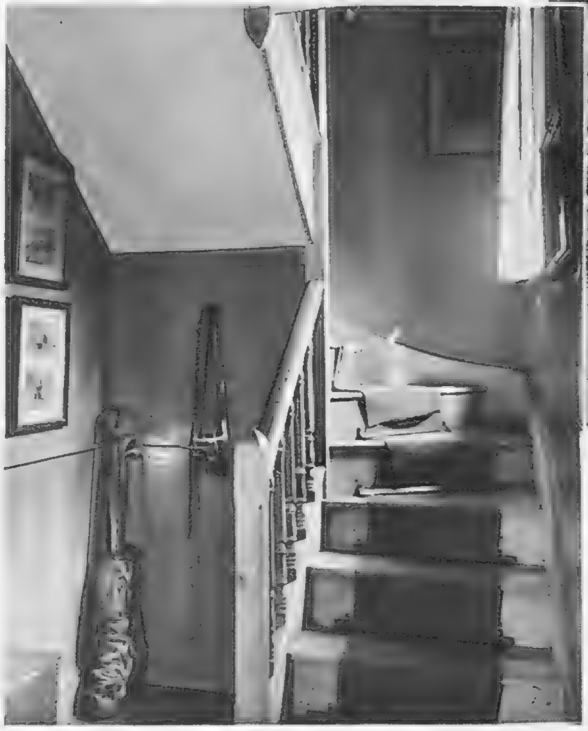
George Raft's acting makes the logically unconvincing story of the forger memorable, but the two best (*Continued on page* 92)

A *Real* Cottage *in* Berkshire

Billingbear Lodge,



THE advantages of acquiring a solid Victorian or Georgian cottage and then adapting it to your tastes are obvious; well-fitted windows, well-laid floors and thick walls are essential unless you are only a summer week-end visitor

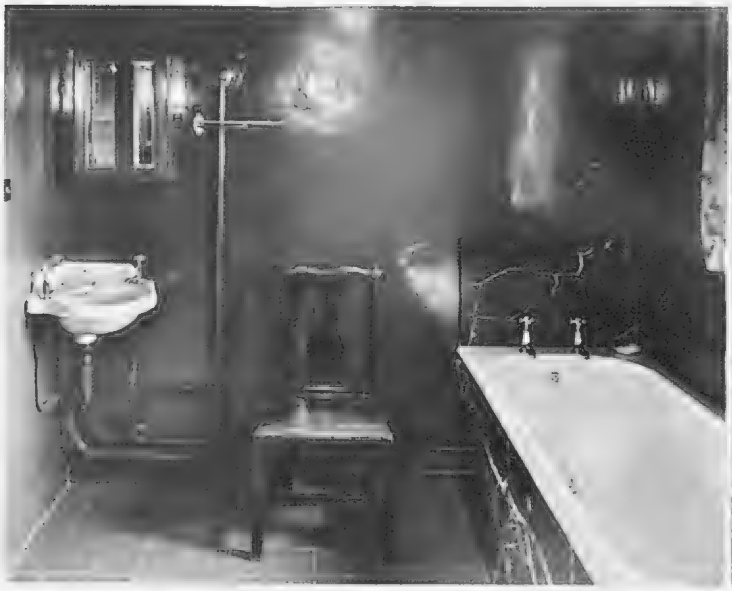


THE hall is painted green and hung with sporting pictures in narrow black frames

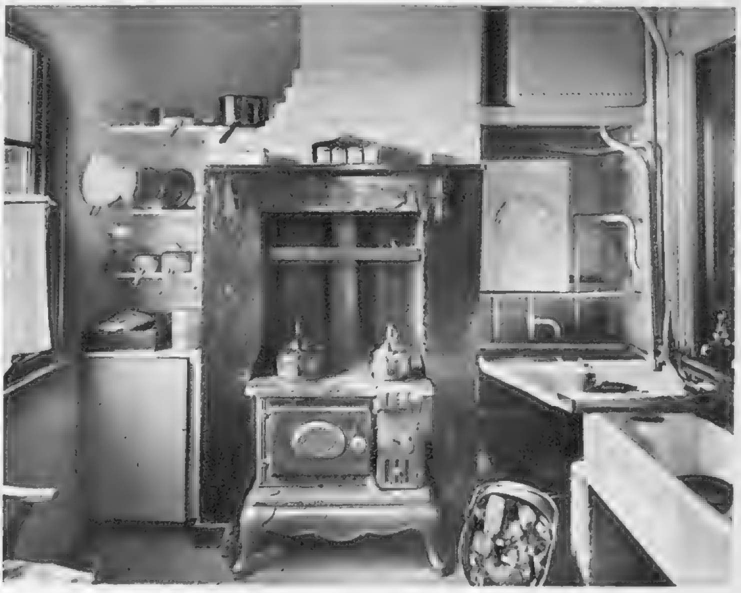
THIS is a real cottage, as opposed to a millionaire's conception of a cottage—it is small, cosy, and unpretentious, but far from humdrum. As Mrs. Battye has flown in a number of big races, it is as an aviatrix that she is known to the air-minded, but I am much more concerned with her *hausfrau* accomplishments at Billingbear Lodge. Outside, the little house looks like any well-kept lodge to a " mansion house," with creeper clothing red brick walls; once across the threshold, it becomes exceptional.

Billingbear began life as lodge to Billingbear Park, and continued as the village policeman's abode until Mrs. Battye and her young daughter landed there. They found it necessary to make a great many alterations to bring it up to their standard of comfort and good looks. A bathroom was installed and new fireplaces put in every room; floors, sundry cupboards, bookshelves, etc., were added and the walls repainted and

IT is hard to believe that this modern black and green bathroom was once a coal-hole



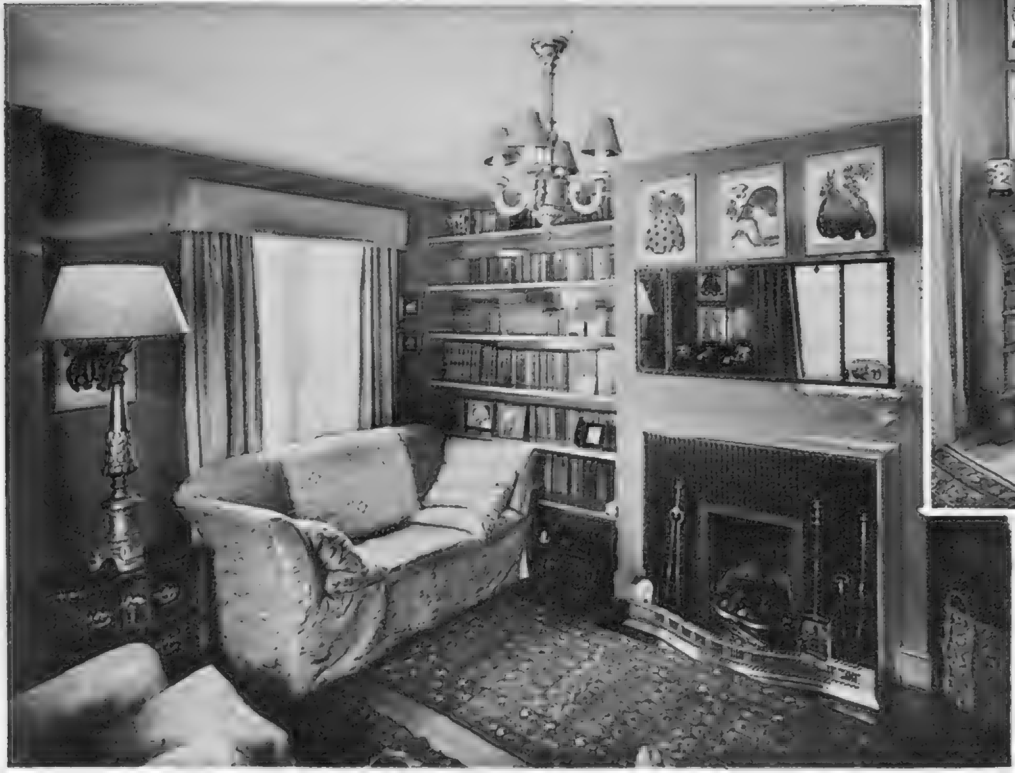
THE kitchen is a typical homely country room, but well ordered and equipped



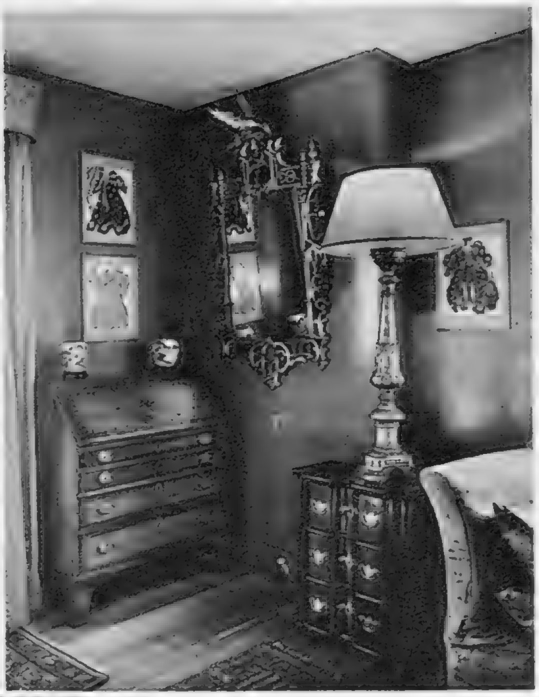
near Binfield: the Home of Mrs. Elise Battye

Described by
Pamela Murray

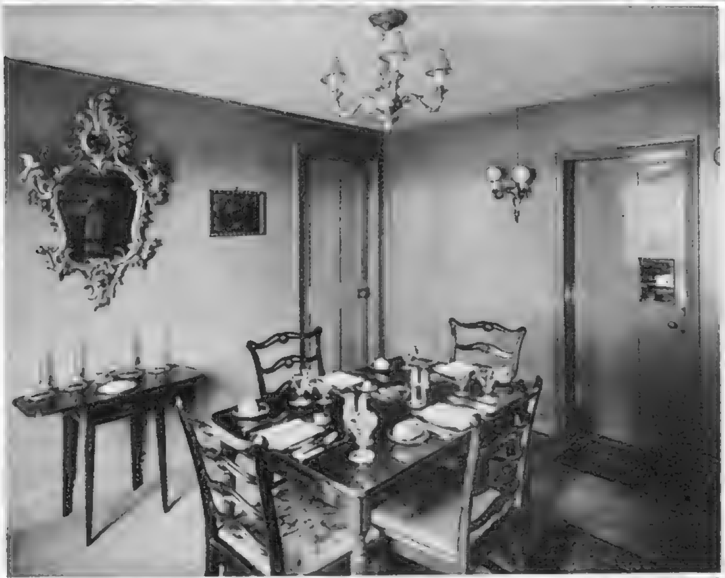
Photographed by
Humphrey and Vera Joel



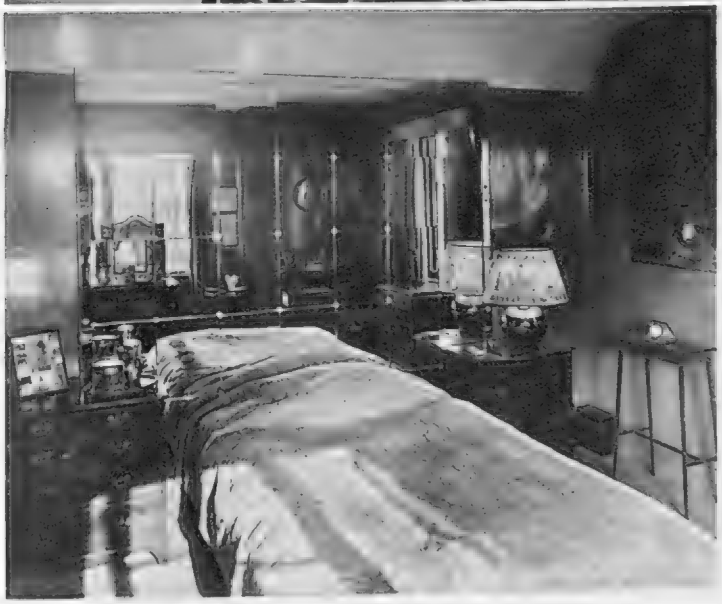
THE drawing-room has green paint and buff-coloured covers and curtains—two contrasted materials in so small a room would have been overpowering—but this harmonious colour scheme gives a sense of space and restfulness



THE Bakst drawings which decorate the drawing-room walls show Henry VIII. and his wives, and were done for Sir Herbert Tree



A SMALL mahogany flap-table does duty for a sideboard in the dining-room, and the table is laid with glass bowls and candlesticks holding green candles. The walls are decorated with a gilt mirror and by gaily coloured fruit pictures



A WALL of mirror panels serves as a bedhead and gives size to the principal bedroom, and the lamp is composed of a silver ball with a painted Chinese shade. The bed is covered with a dull gold brocade which matches the curtains

varnished throughout. The bill for this was £150 from a local workman, who did everything under their supervision.

The drawing-room is well proportioned, and genuine bits of old furniture, picked up for modest cash at sales in town and country, give it dignity. Buff brocade is used both for covers and curtains, and colour excitement is provided above and below eye-level by some mellow Oriental rugs and by a fascinating set of original ballet drawings by Bakst. Bookshelves span an otherwise wasted corner between fireplace and window, and the plain wood moulding which replaces a mantelpiece should be noted.

In the dining-room scarlet brocade blends delightfully with the green walls, on which hang small fruit pictures which were a present from Mrs. Battye's royal countrywoman, the Queen of Greece. There is not one single bit of silver, except spoons and forks, in the whole cottage, which saves considerable labour and nobody misses it, commenting instead on the attractive glass and china which does its work. The dining-room has a door into the kitchen, one panel of which is cut through as a serving-hatch.

Mrs. Battye's own bedroom is enchanting, with a " crazy " ceiling on different levels like an attic, and sweet small-paned windows overlooking the garden and a lush meadow beyond. One whole wall is panelled with squares of mirror joined by glass flowers, and this serves as a bed-back to the low divan bed covered with dull gold brocade to match the curtains and hangings.

BOOKS: *Reviewed by* Arnold Palmer

Chemical Formula *plus* Psycho-Analysis *equals* —— what? Mr. Wells's Failure

A SIMPLE and seemingly innocuous idea, lodging in the teeming brain of Mr. H. G. Wells, is responsible for the theme and title of his new book, *The Bulpington of Blup* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). How, in the distinguished company in which it found itself, it ever pushed its way forward is a mystery which, in this place and at this short distance, cannot even be approached. It is enough, it is far too much, for us to wonder why Mr. Wells, not content with writing the weakest of all his sixty-odd books, must burden it with the worst title ever given to any novel. As the title-phrase is repeated hundreds of times in the course of the work, one cannot even forget it. One merely goes on getting more and more weary of it, more and more low-spirited.

The idea, so simple in conception, so unfortunate in development, is this: that an imaginative boy can go on pretending to himself until he becomes a confirmed humbug, coward and liar. There is, as other novels have proved before now, nothing wrong with the idea. But the boy, especially if he is to support a book of 400 pages, must be real. Mr. Wells gives us a synthetic boy—a boy, that is, made up of all the salient psycho-analytical characteristics of boyhood. Theodore Bulpington, boy and man, remains obstinately a formula. But if that were all, Mr. Wells would merely, for once, have failed. Thousands of middle-aged men and women, who owe more to him than to any other living writer, might be sorry, but their respect for him would not be diminished. What makes this particular novel so disturbing is not its lifelessness nor its tediousness, but its revelation of the author muddied by spite. Such is his hatred of the Bulpington type that, not content with making him a coward in war time, he actually ridicules his weakness. That a writer of the sensitiveness of Mr. Wells should have written himself into believing that fear is comic! If angels weep, their tears must be flowing now.

The wretched Bulpington is an artist and a writer. No harm in that—his creator had to make him something. But this mustn't be taken as evidence of the author's generosity. He disparages art, not because, in his greatness, he can afford to do so, but because he wishes to swing incense once again before the altar of the god known vaguely as Science. So literature and the arts are given the hypocritical Bulpington, and Science is represented by sundry young men and women, all clear of eye, resolute of purpose, and unexpectedly white (or brown) of body. The contrast is not new, nor is the assumption, implicit but strong, that young scientists are godlike, whereas young artists and writers are mouldy. But one is growing rather tired of Mr. Wells's habit of pushing all the duds into the writing profession and all the champions into laboratories. Is this, one wonders, the scientific method at work? It seems a bit crude.

PITIGRILLI, author of "Mr. Pott," a novel delightfully easy to read and stimulating to reflect upon

A Little Excitement

"X *v* Rex": *by Martin Porlock* (Collins, 7*s*. 6*d*.)
"Mr. Pyecroft Goes to Heaven": *by Rolf Bennett* (Collins, 7*s*. 6*d*.)
"The Death Ship": *by Harry Edmunds* (Bodley Head, 7*s*. 6*d*.)
"The Forbidden Territory": *By Dennis Wheatley* (Hutchinson, 7*s*. 6*d*.)

ALL sorts of honours have befallen *X. v. Rex*. A panel of five experts (including Dr. Alington, Headmaster of Eton) has selected it for the entertainment of the members of The Crime Club, and another panel of experts has recommended it to the members of the Book Society. It is a good story, but not, I think (and doubtless the Headmaster of Harrow will agree with me), as good as all that. It ignores one of the rules by which every detective story surely should be bound. The elusive criminal is not introduced until the last few pages. It has other faults, but this one is enough to put it out of the top class. I much preferred *Mr. Pyecroft Goes to Heaven*. This is not a detective story, but an account of the adventures of a City clerk who comes across a clue to hidden treasure. It is written with humour and sympathy, and is, in an unpretentious way, a good piece of work.

The Death Ship, too, is a story of a sea voyage. It starts well and moves swiftly, and, though it suffers from the peculiar brand of optimism which has made *Swiss Family Robinson* notorious rather than famous, it is a very readable affair. But the best of all this batch is easily *The Forbidden Territory*. There are three heroes of Mr. Wheatley's novel, a Frenchman, an American, and an English Jew, and they ask for, and certainly find, adventure by deliberately leaving the beaten track to which visitors to Russia are expected to keep. Judged by the requisite test of excitement, Mr. Wheatley has written a most successful book, and one which I recommend to all those who find time hanging heavily on their hands—especially Dr Alington, Headmaster of Eton.

ROLF BENNETT, author of "Mr. Pyecroft Goes to Heaven"

When We Were

"Looking Back on London":

(Ivor Nicholson and

YOU must be at least forty, and a Londoner, to enjoy this delightful book as it should be enjoyed. But as there must be, all over the world, several million Londoners of the requisite age, it seems safe to predict a very large sale for Miss Hood's volume. For nobody will read it without immediately thinking of a number of friends to whom it must be recommended without delay. Incidentally, it is the most agreeable guide-book to disappearing London, but primarily its charm consists in the happy ease and rightness with which it recalls the habits of the West End during the final years of Queen Victoria and the first years of King Edward.

Miss Hood is wonderfully unsentimental. She sees very clearly the faults and discomforts of those days, and she has made at least one reader appreciate modern London more fully than he was wont to do. Her memory is remarkably good, so that even the slightest omission—

JAMES STERN, whose book of short stories, "The Heartless Land," describes the life of Englishmen farming in Rhodesia

E. NESBIT, whose biography has been written by Doris Langley Moore. Many people who think of E. Nesbit vaguely as merely one of many purveyors of fiction for the young will be astonished at the strength of the justification of this biography

DAVID GARNETT, author of "Pocahontas, or the Nonparell of Virginia." A fine effort of imaginative biography

Utterly fantastic in theme and unrealistic in treatment as is *Mr. Pott*, by the Italian novelist, Pitigrilli (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), it achieves, almost casually and without apparent effort, what Mr. Wells's energy fails to do—it penetrates beneath the crust of life. This is the first time that I have read a book by Pitigrilli, but I hope the publishers will see that it is not the last. He has, like Anatole France, a malicious, all-pervading humour, and he gives the same impression of completely assimilated culture. An immense amount of learning, observation and thought lie behind the writing of this book. Smiling, graceful, frivolous, it is outwardly a trifle; but beneath its laughing exterior it contains a whole criticism of civilisation, a complete diagram of man's puzzled discontent. This is the kind of novel I like—delightfully easy to read, stimulating to reflect upon.

The contrast in temper between the official pamphlets advertising the joys of life in the Dominions and the unofficial stories of writers with first-hand experience of that life is sufficiently marked to satisfy the most cynical of readers. Mr. James Stern, in his eight short stories, published under the title of *The Heartless Land* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), is exceptional in one way only—he is a very powerful writer. The life he describes is that of Englishmen farming in Rhodesia. He shows us the beauty of the country and of the spontaneous happiness of the blacks; and against this he sets the pathetic pretentiousness, the uncurbed cruelty, and the burning nostalgia of the exiled whites. In story after story, Mr. Stern is content to serve up, in slightly varying forms, this same contrast between the beauty of the life the white men find and the ugliness of the life they bring; but, so far from becoming wearisome, he grows more and more impressive with each repetition. A sensitive man, of deep and direct emotions, he knows what he is writing about, and he has produced a disturbing and memorable book.

The early part of Mr. David Garnett's fine effort of imaginative biography, *Pocahontas, or the Nonparell of Virginia* (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.), was spoiled for me by a stupid mishap. I could not follow the author's very circumstantial account of the arrival of the English settlers and their encounters with the Indians because I had no map on a sufficiently large scale. By the time I reached page 100 I was in such a state of confusion that I might have read no further if I had not found, tucked away under the end flap of the dust-cover, just such a map as I had been longing for. I mention my misfortune not in any spirit of complaint, and still less from any wish to advertise my silliness. I mention it so that others may avoid it. For the map is essential for the full enjoyment of Mr. Garnett's splendid book. He has selected a great story, and he tells it in the great manner. Until I found

(*Continued on p. 92*)

No Place for a White Woman

"No Place for a White Woman"
by Mary Elisabeth Oake
(Lovat Dickson, 6s.)
"Mandoa, Mandoa!"
by Winifred Holtby (Collins, 7s. 6*d*.)

Winifred Holtby

BOTH these books have their scenes laid in the more inaccessible parts of the African continent. Mrs. Oake's is an account of her personal experiences in the Cameroons; Miss Holtby's is a novel dealing with an imaginary and even more remote kingdom. But books are not always what they seem, or even what their authors intend. Mrs. Oake, describing the daily routine of a small official circle, gives a very faithful picture of personal relations between black and white. In Miss Holtby's novel, on the other hand, the real hero is "the cussedness of things."

Mrs. Oake's commentary, quiet in tone, and almost defiantly unmelodramatic, is very convincing. It breathes truthfulness. The author was in Africa just under a year—not long enough for her impressions to be dulled, long enough for her to acquire something more than a superficial knowledge of her subject. Anybody who feels a natural hesitation in facing a life on the West Coast of Africa will find that Mrs. Oake answers most of his or her questions. Miss Holtby, on a much larger canvas, depicts men and women dwarfed by events and gripped by circumstance. She shows us African villagers burned to death as a result of a Board Meeting in a London office of which they have never heard, and of a London periodical being shut down because the Lord High Chamberlain of Mandoa wanted a roll-top desk, and a few things like that. It is a witty story, high-soaring, and seeing the world with the eye of a bird. Both these books, one quiet and steady, the other swift and disconcerting and undeceived, are out of the common, and should be read.

Very Young

by the Hon. Dorothy Hood

Watson, 12*s*. 6*d*.)

e.g., long hatpins imperilling one's eyes in buses and other crowded meeting places—comes as a surprise. The picture she draws of the life of a housemaid or a footman in a tall house before the days of electricity, central heating, and constant hot water makes one marvel that there should be such a thing to-day as a domestic servant problem. And the description of a London season forty years ago proves conclusively that the modern girl must be a pretty miserable specimen—pale, neurotic, jumpy, yet never submitted to a quarter of the strain borne by her grandmother. Finally, will the proper authorities take note of Miss Hood's suggestion that some of the more picturesque names of London thoroughfares should be restored? Who would not choose to live in Gloucester Road if it recovered its old name of Hogmire Lane? And who would shop anywhere else if Sloane Street were once more known as Bloody Bridge?

PATTERNS FOR THE HOME

How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.

358.

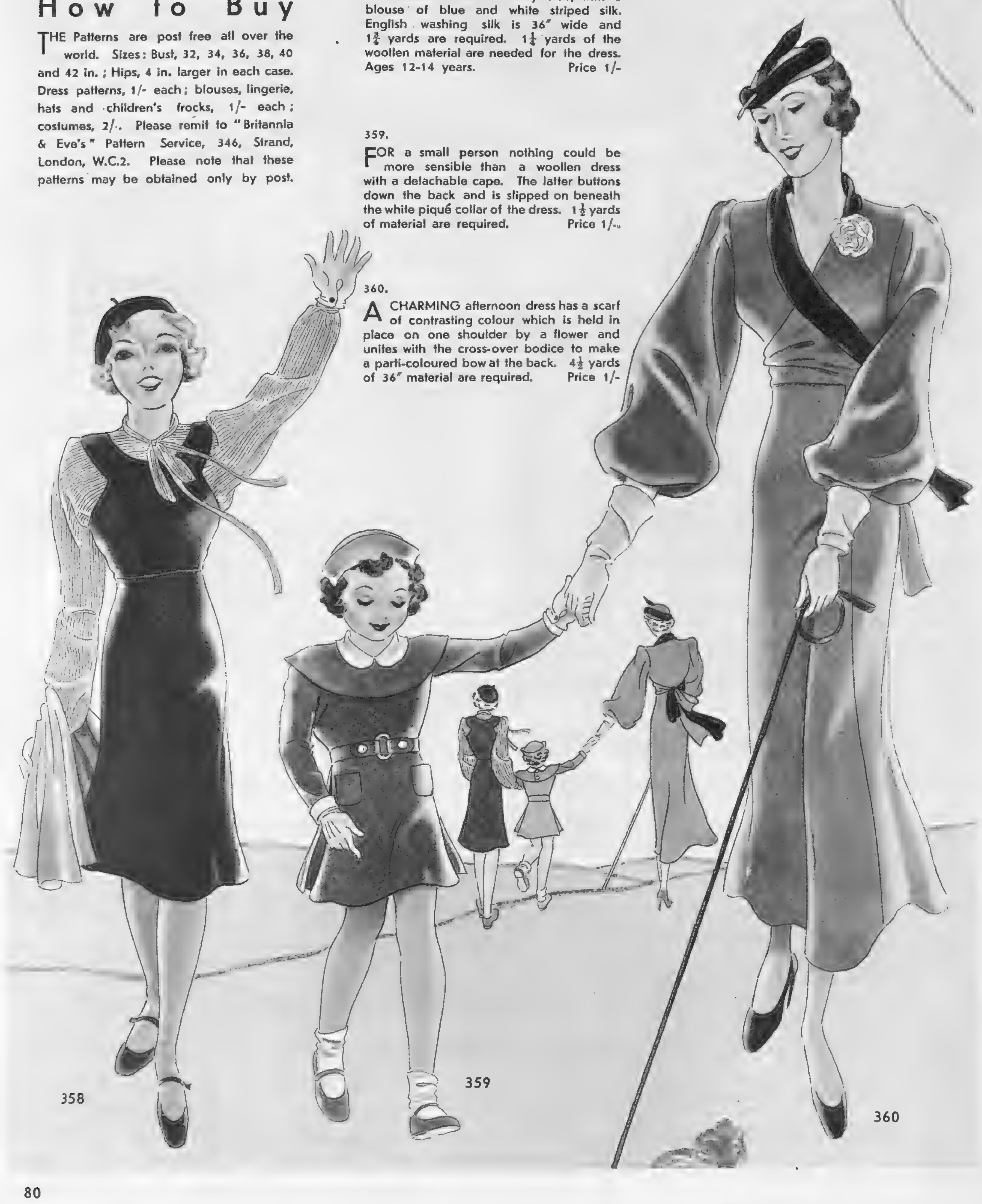
A WELCOME version of the pinafore dress is made of navy blue, with a blouse of blue and white striped silk. English washing silk is 36" wide and 1¾ yards are required. 1¼ yards of the woollen material are needed for the dress. Ages 12-14 years. Price 1/-

359.

FOR a small person nothing could be more sensible than a woollen dress with a detachable cape. The latter buttons down the back and is slipped on beneath the white piqué collar of the dress. 1½ yards of material are required. Price 1/-

360.

A CHARMING afternoon dress has a scarf of contrasting colour which is held in place on one shoulder by a flower and unites with the cross-over bodice to make a parti-coloured bow at the back. 4½ yards of 36" material are required. Price 1/-



DRESSMAKER

361.

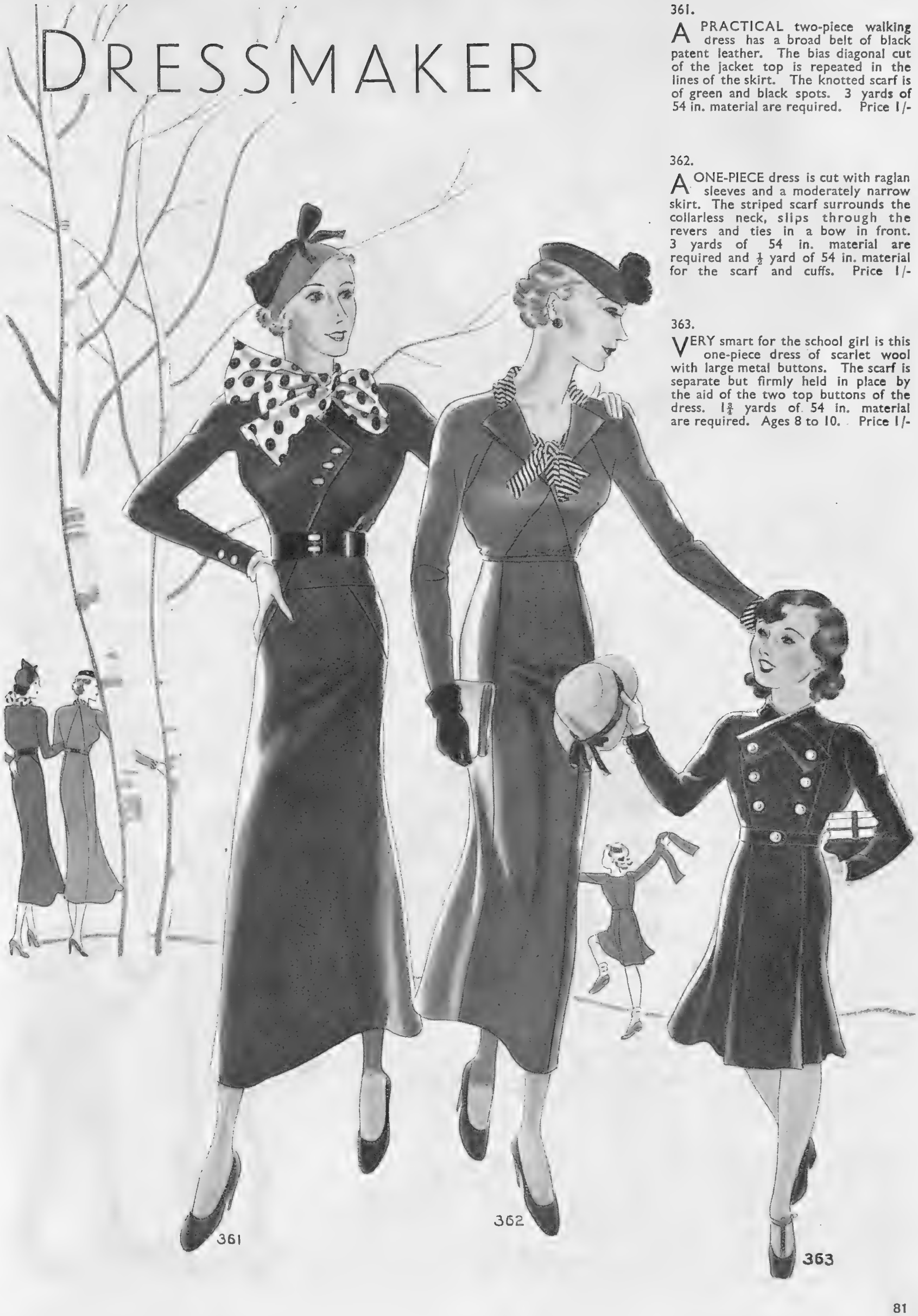
A PRACTICAL two-piece walking dress has a broad belt of black patent leather. The bias diagonal cut of the jacket top is repeated in the lines of the skirt. The knotted scarf is of green and black spots. 3 yards of 54 in. material are required. Price 1/-

362.

A ONE-PIECE dress is cut with raglan sleeves and a moderately narrow skirt. The striped scarf surrounds the collarless neck, slips through the revers and ties in a bow in front. 3 yards of 54 in. material are required and ½ yard of 54 in. material for the scarf and cuffs. Price 1/-

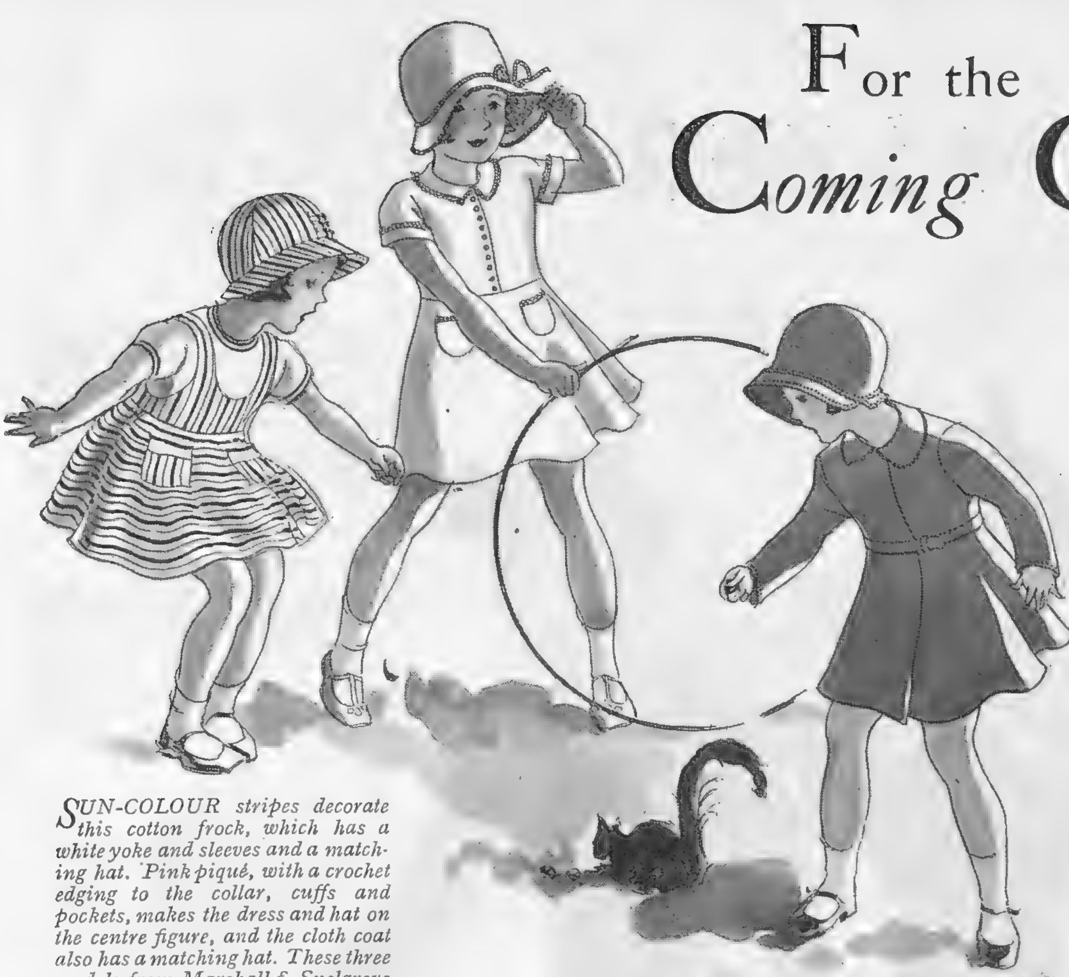
363.

VERY smart for the school girl is this one-piece dress of scarlet wool with large metal buttons. The scarf is separate but firmly held in place by the aid of the two top buttons of the dress. 1¾ yards of 54 in. material are required. Ages 8 to 10. Price 1/-



For the Coming Generation

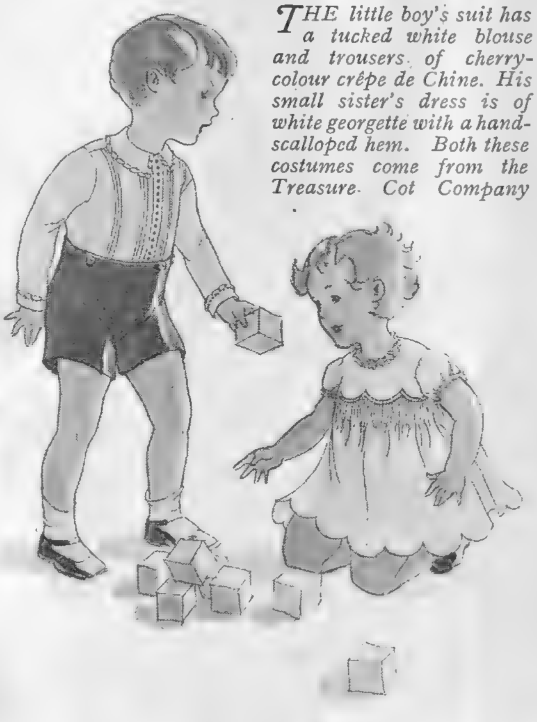
A general outline of a baby's budget and some suggestions for her elder sister



SUN-COLOUR stripes decorate this cotton frock, which has a white yoke and sleeves and a matching hat. Pink piqué, with a crochet edging to the collar, cuffs and pockets, makes the dress and hat on the centre figure, and the cloth coat also has a matching hat. These three models from Marshall & Snelgrove

THE young woman who is just starting upon the important career of motherhood cannot do better than visit the premises of the Treasure Cot Company, which is devoted entirely to the needs of the expectant mother and her children.

Layettes vary in price from about £13 to £25, according to one's taste and means: a typical one comes to approximately £22. The list begins with three each of the following: binders, long flannels and night flannels (slip-through-and-tie-up Chilprufe flannel binders are the most practical), and four each of vests, day-gowns and nightgowns. Two dozen of Terry and Harrington squares must be bought, and for the christening and other red-letter days the newcomer requires three special robes and slips.



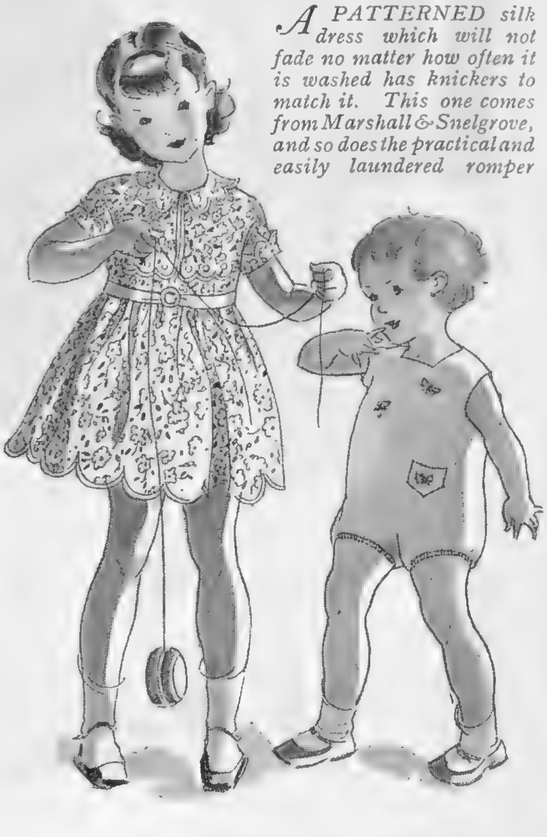
THE little boy's suit has a tucked white blouse and trousers of cherry-colour crêpe de Chine. His small sister's dress is of white georgette with a hand-scalloped hem. Both these costumes come from the Treasure Cot Company

Openwork shawls should be carefully avoided, because the tiny fingers might get caught and badly wrenched, but fringeless Shetland house- and head-shawls and a woolly coatee and bootees are necessary protections against draughts and chilly breezes. Finally, a hamper provides a means of keeping baby-clothes tidy and at hand; a decorative one lined with pink can be obtained for £4 13s. 6d. The Treasure Cot Company also specialises in layettes for the tropics, for maternity wear, and in clothes for elder children.

The small girl of two or three will require for her spring wardrobe four each of the following: wool vests and knickers, white batiste and flannel petticoats, and three pairs of Kumfy stays and white lawn knickers to complete her underwear. Morley's and Chilprufe socks are smart and hard-wearing in white or beige at 2s. 8d. and 1s. 5d. She will need a smart but sensible coat and hat such as that sketched above, and at least one dress and matching drawers of washing silk, and two of strong fadeless cotton or piqué with drawers and possibly a hat of the same material. For nursery wear she will want two or three rompers and a woollen jumper suit to wear beneath on chilly spring days. Leggings are always necessary in our uncertain climate, but many modern mothers prefer whipcord riding breeches, which look very dashing, can withstand the hardest wear and are obtainable for less than 10s.

Bed-time can be made more attractive by a woollen dressing-gown trimmed with white rabbits and by little felt slippers similarly decorated, but nightgowns, of which at least four are necessary, should be of untrimmed Chilprufe.

The choice of more elaborate dresses for parties or dancing classes is an individual one, but happily for the nurseless mother simplicity is fashionable, and the be-ruffled nets and satins of one's childhood are now replaced by the most attractive, but also most practical cotton frocks. These are absolutely fadeless and almost as hardy as the rag-book of the owner.



A PATTERNED silk dress which will not fade no matter how often it is washed has knickers to match it. This one comes from Marshall & Snelgrove, and so does the practical and easily laundered romper

The Modern Baby's Parent Problems

The changed life of the young mother of to-day has presented the modern baby with quite a number of new problems

By Len Chaloner

IN bygone days—in the case of his father, for example—the young mother had spent months of retirement before baby's arrival, with a patient and industrious preparing of the most elaborately detailed layette : tuck after tuck, frill after frill and petticoat after petticoat.

After his arrival, if his mother had been lucky enough to stand the weariness of this unnatural nine months, she had endeavoured to nurse him, often at all hours of the day and night. If he was not so fortunate, then in all likelihood a series of various foods and milk mixtures was tried on him for short periods with varying degrees of success or failure until one of them managed to produce for him a gain in weight. His adventurous and uncertain days could be cited for many pages.

To-day, however, everything is changed, infinitely for the better as a rule, but it *has* changed, and so new plans must be developed on sound principles to meet these altered conditions. Before he is born the modern baby's mother leads a normal life of wide interests and moderate activity, going about her home and continuing her social and business life. She may enjoy a little sewing or knitting, but baby's trousseau has become proportionately simplified and scientifically designed. He will wear at most one petticoat beneath his frock, or even be designated a "woolly" baby, without petticoats at all. In any case, gone are the unhealthy tight binders, the starched frills at the neck, and the elaborate bonnets that invariably tilted at rakish angles and gave him an appearance reminiscent of Old King Cole.

But the whole question of baby's diet—an even more vital matter for his well-being—has changed.

If his mother to-day leads a social or professional life, there is no longer need to wean baby. One bottle feed of a first-rate dried milk, such as Cow and Gate, can be given without the slightest disturbance or discord with the natural food, and allows the mother freedom from home for six or eight hours at a stretch. This compromise is infinitely better than weaning at a few weeks. The arrangement suggested is also better than any other, since if the feed is an evening one there can be no question of the freshness or the purity of the milk, while it is so simple that its preparation can be entrusted safely to a young nurse, as it only requires the addition of boiled water.

The whole question of artificial feeding is one on which the mother will naturally take the advice of her doctor or maternity nurse, but if the mother is trying to nurse her baby herself and finds on getting about again that the strain is a considerable one and that baby is not getting a full ration, it is far better for both parties if she makes up her mind not to worry (the greatest enemy to successful feeding), and gives her baby a small supplementary bottle feed, which can be quickly and safely prepared at any hour according to his needs, and in perfect proportions in a very small quantity.

THERE is no question that for certain uses the dried milk of this type is desirable rather than an ordinary cow's milk mixture. At holiday seasons, too, many people light-heartedly travel with a young baby and expect him to digest the milk of the locality, which may be from different cattle and reliable or unreliable sources—even a much "heavier" milk than one to which he has been accustomed. The modern mother whose offspring escorts her on her travels no longer risks a sudden change of diet if he is fed artificially or partly artificially ; he carries his rations around with him in a tin.

There was a time when this type of feeding was deprecated owing to the high temperatures to which dried milk was submitted, and the fact that very few were proportioned to the chemical contents of natural or breast milk. The Cow and Gate food has no such drawbacks. It is prepared from the milk of short-horn herds under the most carefully observed and constantly tested conditions, and its chemical analysis shows it to be built up on scientific principles to bring it as closely as possible to the content of human milk.

Not merely are the herds examined, and the milk tested after milking under the most approved modern methods, in scrupulously clean stables, but the keen eye of the laboratory follows it through the various processes in the factory, to ensure not merely its purity but the high standard of food values essential to infant wellbeing.

The firm which has been described as producing this food for the normally healthy baby is also responsible for a specially prepared milk for the difficult child, so if baby does not thrive he should suggest to his mother that she ask her doctor about it.

For a little dinner party our table must receive careful consideration. Glass ornaments are both dignified and gay and flowers in a low glass bowl add colour to the scheme

Dinner Party DISHES . . .

By A. H. Adair

WHILE the menus of even quite formal dinner parties are becoming shorter, it is still very difficult to avoid having both soup and fish unless we serve something before the soup, such as oysters or smoked salmon—mixed hors d'œuvre definitely belong to luncheon and should not be served for dinner—but these are expensive and we do not always wish to be extravagant.

There is, however, one solution to this problem both simple and economical which, being rather unusual, is always welcome, and that is to serve a fish soup. There are many varieties, clear and thick, simple and elaborate, but the one we have chosen for our menu is a mixture, as it were, of them all.

MENU
Haddock Soup
Poulet Sauté Parmentier
Salad
Orange Custard
Cheese Wafers

Haddock Soup

Take a medium-sized smoked haddock and cut it up roughly into small pieces. Meanwhile peel and cut two potatoes, one onion, two leeks and a very small piece of garlic, adding also a bunch of parsley. Put these into a large saucepan in which you have melted some butter and the same quantity of olive oil. Fry for a few minutes, tossing all the time. Add the fish, salt and pepper and a pudding-spoonful of Vencatachellum's curry powder. Fry for two or three minutes, and then add boiling water, allowing for one-third of the liquid to disappear by evaporation—that is, if you are making soup for four people, put in six portions of boiling water. Bring to the boil and simmer very gently with the lid half on for one hour.

Half-way through this process remove some good pieces of haddock and keep them hot. Meanwhile put in a clean saucepan a tablespoonful of flour and the same quantity of butter; work this together over a slow fire to a smooth paste, cook for a few minutes and put it aside to cool. When the soup has cooked for one hour, pour it over the flour and butter through a fine strainer, squashing the potatoes and other things through the strainer. Stir well, bring to the boil, and then add the pieces of fish, from which you have removed skin and bones and which you have flaked into tiny pieces.

Now break the yolk of one egg into a cup, mix it well with a tablespoonful of milk, and just before serving pour it very slowly, and stirring all the time, into the soup, after which it must not boil.

The combination of the smoky flavour of haddock with the spicy taste of curry is a particularly happy one.

Poulet Sauté Parmentier

Take a tender chicken and cut it, raw, into good pieces: two wings, the legs divided into two, and pieces of breast. Cook these in butter, adding salt and pepper, turning them frequently, so that each piece is well cooked and delicately browned, and then put half an onion in, finely chopped. Meanwhile peel and cut into small cubes some raw potatoes and cook them also in butter until a deep golden brown. Add them to the chicken, and a port-glassful of white wine. If this is not possible you can make a stock with the carcase of the chicken; strain it, and add a teaspoonful of vinegar to it before pouring over the chicken. When the liquid has been added, add some chopped parsley and let the dish simmer gently with the lid on for ten minutes.

We should not serve a complicated salad with this dish, the best being a plain green salad made with whatever is in season, simply dressed with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

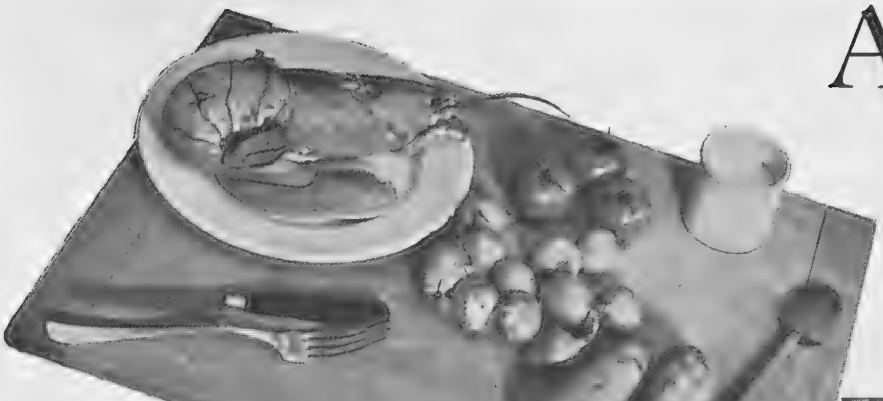
Orange Custard

Take some sweet oranges and peel carefully with a sharp knife; remove all pith and white matter, and cut the oranges into very thin slices, taking out all pips. Put the slices of orange into a serving dish, sprinkle with soft sugar and pour over a port-glassful of rum or brandy, sherry or port. Meanwhile make a good creamy custard; let it get almost cold and pour it over the oranges. Stand the dish in a cold place and serve, decorating the top with whipped cream flavoured with the same "drink" used for the oranges.

Cheese Wafers

Take a piece of stale Cheshire cheese, grate it and add the same quantity of grated Parmesan. Mix well together, adding a little salt and pepper. Butter some narrow ice-cream wafers, spread them with the mixture, cover with another buttered wafer—the buttered side of the top wafer down—and put these "sandwiches" into a hot oven for a few minutes so that they are thoroughly hot and crisp.

A Simple *Little* Luncheon



A LITTLE lobster goes a long way if we serve it curried, and curry is a dish which is never out of season

By A. H. Adair

MENU

Bouchées à la Russe

Lobster Curry

Mango Chutney, Rice

Compôte of Pears

BOUCHÉES à la Russe are quickly made and easy to serve. They make a most attractive hors d'œuvre dish for luncheon

ALTHOUGH it is certainly more agreeable to receive our friends at dinner time, a little luncheon party is not without charm.

The chief difficulty in entertaining one's friends to lunch lies in the fact that most people are so busy that they cannot devote much time to preparation. But if we choose simple dishes which can be prepared well in advance, and which do not require an elaborate service, we can provide a meal which will be just as good of its kind as the most carefully planned dinner.

The menu which is given here has been chosen as an example of a quickly prepared meal, the dishes for which may be started beforehand. The little pastry cases for the hors d'œuvre we buy from a pastrycook; the main part of the curry can, in fact, should, be started the day before, and the sweet also is made several hours in advance. This leaves us with only the rice to cook at the last minute.

Bouchées à la Russe

For this hors d'œuvre we should have some very small pastry cases of the flaky type, but dry biscuits or toast may be substituted. The filling can be varied according to the state of the larder and can be made of Russian salade—a mixture of cooked vegetables such as peas, beans, carrots, etc., cut into small cubes and mixed with mayonnaise sauce; filleted anchovies and herrings can also be used, mixed with cold boiled potatoes and seasoned also with mayonnaise. Left-over cold chicken and ham, trimmed, cut in small pieces, and dressed with oil, vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper, are also very good; or some crisply fried bacon, chopped finely and mixed with tomato sauce and sprinkled with grated cheese, is another good combination.

Fill the pastry cases or spread the biscuits or toast—the two latter should be buttered—with whatever mixture we have chosen, dispose them in the middle of a flat dish, arrange some lettuce leaves round the edges and sprinkle with a little chopped beetroot.

Lobster Curry

In making curry the most important thing is the choice of ingredients, and it would be impossible to make a good curry with a bad powder. The other essential point is to cook the powder very well.

With regard to the powder itself we cannot go wrong, for the secret of a good curry undoubtedly lies in the use of Vencatachellum's powder.

For lobster curry first fry some onions—the same quantity of onions as you have of lobster flesh—which we have peeled and chopped, in butter or bacon fat. Cook them slowly at first, so that they are really soft, then increase the heat, allowing the onions to become a deep brown colour. Add the same quantity of tomatoes, peeled and cut up. Cook together for a few minutes and add salt and the curry powder—the quantity being a matter of taste. Let this mixture simmer gently for at least an hour, adding more fat if necessary, and then pour over a teacupful of boiling water. Boil until the water has disappeared, and repeat this process as often as possible, finishing by adding water, which must not evaporate. We can now leave the curry overnight. Half an hour before serving take the flesh from the shell and claws of cooked lobster, cut it into neat pieces, fry them for a few minutes in butter and add them to the curry. Mix well together, moisten the curry with a little milk, and when it is thoroughly hot serve with plainly cooked rice and sweet mango chutney, which is also prepared by Vencatachellum's.

Compôte of Pears

Choose some good firm pears of medium size which have each a little stalk showing, peel them carefully, leaving the stalk attached. Place the pears in a large saucepan with vanilla and a piece of lemon peel, cover with cold water, add sugar, bring to the boil and simmer gently until the pears are quite soft, but without letting them break.

Put one-quarter of the juice into a small saucepan, leaving the pears to cool in the rest of the juice in the large saucepan with the lid on.

Add, for every teacupful of juice, two heaped tablespoonfuls of soft sugar to the small saucepan, and boil until you have a thick syrup. Let this become tepid—and meanwhile remove the pears, draining off all juice. Place them, upright, in a dish and pour over, slowly, the syrup so that it completely coats each pear. Serve very cold with cream.

Does What *we* Like do *us* Good?

By J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc.

An attractively served meal of appetising dishes will stimulate the process of digestion

A COMPARISON of the work carried out by various parts of the body with the work of the corresponding parts of an engine or other mechanical device is so useful, and in many cases so apt, that the body is usually described as the human machine. This view tends to lose sight of the fact that the body is a living organism, and writers on diet topics almost invariably assume that regular stoking with the right kind of fuel—that is, food—will always ensure smooth and efficient working of the machine.

It is, however, a mistake to regard the stomach simply as a food-hopper. Although the food factor is undoubtedly of supreme importance both in building up a healthy body and keeping it in good health, it is impossible to lay down a number of hard-and-fast rules which can be universally applied, and to say that any variations from these rules will be followed by undesirable or dangerous results. With every individual there is a personal equation which must be taken into account, and unless allowance is made for this personal equation a diet which modern science suggests is theoretically perfect may fail in its purpose.

It takes two to make a meal—the food and the person eating it—and in many cases the second member of the duet may be by far the more important. In other words, eating is a psychological as well as a material process, and this fact should never be forgotten.

To understand why this is so it is necessary to know a little of what happens to food after it has been eaten—that is, of the story of digestion. It is usually assumed that the process of digestion is quite a mechanical one, and that the act of swallowing is the only voluntary part of the process. This is, however, not quite correct. Before food materials can be absorbed into the blood stream they must be broken down and simplified, and this simplification is effected by a large number of digestive juices produced from glands situated in the mouth, stomach and other parts of the digestive system.

The production of these various digestive juices is governed by a double control, of which the first is a psychic and the second a mechanical one. The psychic factor is far more important than the mechanical factor during the early stages of digestion. Its influence is greatest in the mouth, where saliva is produced. It is weaker, but still quite important, in the stomach, where the production of large quantities of gastric juice is essential unless digestion is to be delayed, and it is non-existent in the later stages of digestion.

It is obvious, therefore, that anything which influences the psychic factor will also have an important effect on the digestion. If the psychic factor is stimulated good digestion will result, whereas if it is not encouraged the initial stage of digestion may be delayed and, indeed, a good deal of discomfort and pain may be experienced. Indigestion need not mean that an unwise or unsuitable meal has been eaten; it may simply mean that the stomach was not in the right mood to deal with the food.

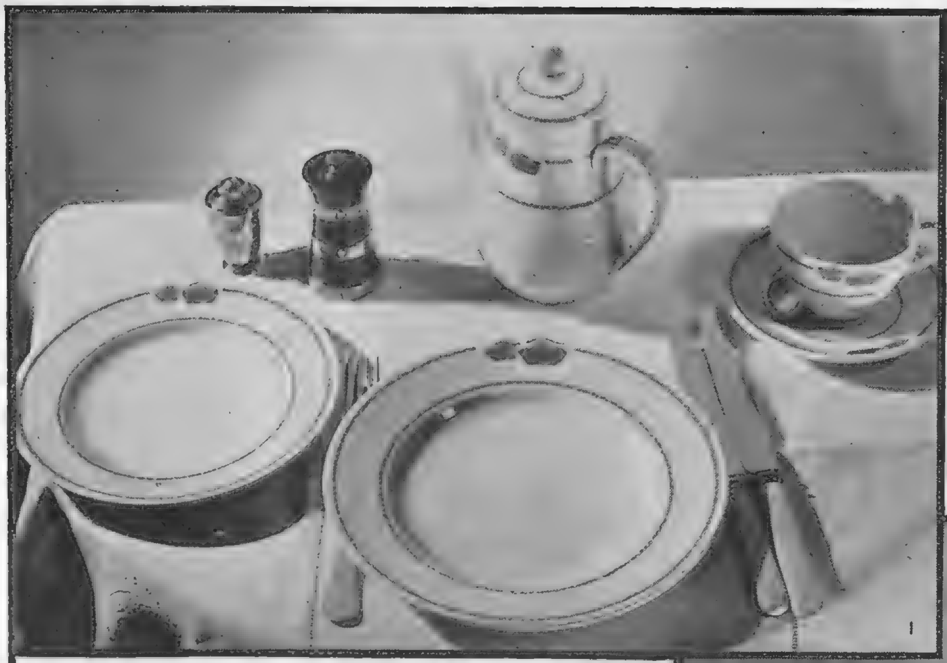
THE psychic factor as an influence in the production of saliva is well known. To use a popular expression, everyone knows that the sight, smell or sometimes even the thought of a well-liked dish makes the mouth water. The salivary glands begin to work overtime even before any food reaches the mouth. The same is also true of the glands in the lining of the stomach from which the gastric juice is produced. A meal which consists of well-liked dishes, attractively served, has a definite appeal which induces a feeling of well-being and satisfaction, and promotes a healthy flow of gastric juice. In these circumstances the stomach can dispose quite easily of even a comparatively heavy meal.

It is, therefore, true to say that food which is liked is more easily digested than food which is disliked or, in other words, as a general working rule it may be assumed that what we like does us good.

It should perhaps be added that good digestion cannot be expected if anxiety or worry is allowed to intrude at meal times, and that a liking for any food must not be made an excuse for indulging in any form of gluttony.

What I have bought this Month

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2 Stamps must be enclosed for a reply.



Charlotte
BRAND
Frankfurter Sausages
Charlotte
Charlotte
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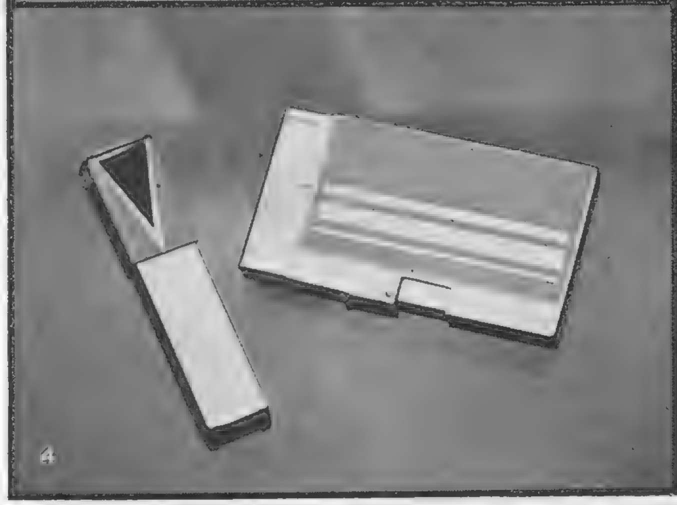
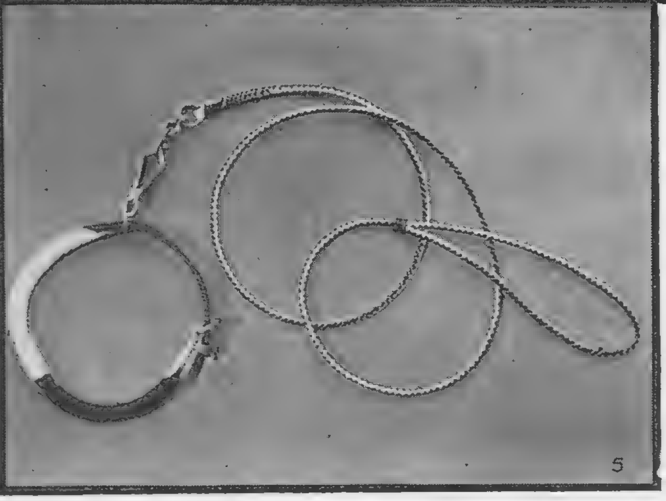




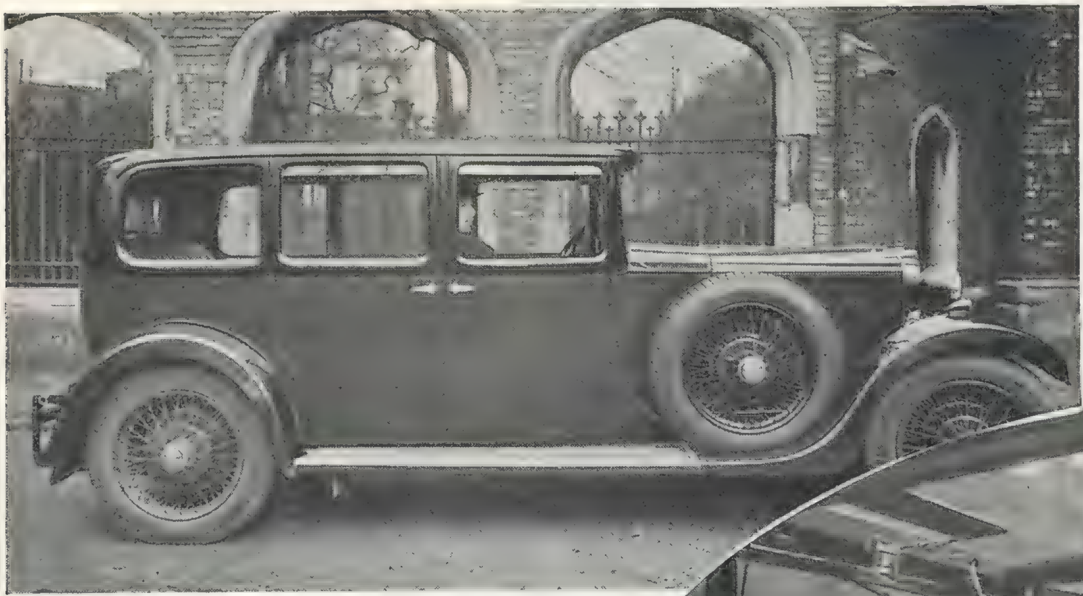
1. *SPODE has been sought after for over a hundred and fifty years by connoisseurs of china. The modern spirit has inspired the breakfast service seen above, called the Royal Jasmine. It is decorated with green and orange crowns and costs 36/9 for 29 pieces*

2. *A GREAT help to every cocktail-hostess are these new English-made delicatessen. Traditional Frankfurter sausages in small cocktail size are 1/9 for a glass of eighteen. A tin of six big pairs costs 3/3. Pâté de foie gras is sold at 9d. for a 4-oz. tin, and a delicious ready-mixed beef salad at 1/9*

3. *MILK tastes twice as good when it is drunk out of a cup decorated with a picture, for the old stories enliven the meal and delight the child. A Spode nursery-rhyme set consisting of a cup, saucer, and plate costs 2/3*

4. *A TELESCOPIC lip-stick is a most useful discovery; it is easily refilled and looks smart in chromium plate and lacquer of various colours. Price 7/6. The accompanying lighter is held by its users to be infallible. It costs 9/6*

5. *THE little extra touch that means real chic is given by a lead for the dog to match its mistress's suit. This collar and lead of plaited leather are made in various new colours, and cost 18/9*



THE "Sixteen" Sunbeam is a thoroughly substantial and comfortable car, with the added virtues of graceful and attractive "lines" and a genuinely lively road performance secured without fussiness

THE driving position is extremely comfortable, all the controls being well arranged

An Attractive Car of Medium Size

The 16 h.p. Sunbeam

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is an interesting attribute of the English motorist that, however difficult the times may be, he is always in the market for a good car, provided that it really is worth the money asked for it. Thus, even at the present time, makers of high quality cars, although no doubt "feeling the draught" to a certain extent, are not by any means as despondent as one might expect. The Sunbeam company is one which is cheerfully carrying on, and producing high grade cars for the more discriminating type of purchaser.

Although many cars of the same approximate horse-power are available at £100–£200 less, it would not be fair to describe the 16 h.p. Sunbeam saloon, which I have recently been testing, as an expensive motor-car. £695 is quite a lot of money; but there are not many motorists who would deny, after driving it, that this car gives a very full £695 worth of value. Its performance, on paper, although thoroughly good, is not in any way spectacular, but it does its work with an ease and pleasantness that are exceedingly attractive to the driver.

Thus, as regards speed, the maximum is rather less than 70 m.p.h. ("65 plus" is what I jotted down). Nowadays this is not really out of the common; but, for all that, I was able on one occasion to cover a certain stretch of road, including a good deal of traffic, in what I considered exceptionally good time. The fact was that the general "feel" of the car had given me unusual confidence, and I was therefore able to make the fullest possible use of its actual performance.

THE engine, in the latest "Sixteen" models, has been somewhat increased in size and power. Although the original designation is retained, it is now rated at 18·2 h.p., and pays a £19 tax. Running at rather high speeds, it is exceedingly lively, but at the same time very smooth in operation and exceptionally silent. Its comfortable cruising speed, therefore, is relatively high, and at 50, and even 60, m.p.h. there is no trace of vibration or any suggestion of excessive "revving."

The gearbox is a new development, having synchro-mesh third and top gears. The top gear ratio is rather low, even by modern standards; but the result is remarkable flexibility and power of acceleration, and the usual disadvantages, thanks to the ultra-smooth engine, apparently do not arise. Third gear is an excellent one, being capable of 50 m.p.h., and changes between these two gears are, of course, absolutely effortless and silent.

The springing is very good, and the steering very light and definite. The whole car, moreover, is well "balanced," so that good road-holding qualities are assured. This, in fact, is one of the prime virtues of the Sunbeam, as of one or two other cars which have had the advantage of a road-racing ancestry. It "sits down" on the road in a highly satisfactory manner, corners exceptionally well, and instils into the driver a firm belief in its good behaviour under all conditions.

THE steering arrangements are interesting, in that the steering has been geared unusually low. The result, generally, is very pleasing, and most drivers will appreciate the substantial amount of self-centring action. In traffic, on the other hand, it is necessary to make several turns of the wheel before full lock can be obtained. This disadvantage is, no doubt, outweighed by advantages, but it deserves, perhaps, to be recorded.

The four-wheel brakes are excellent, being very powerful and admirably smooth. They are of the hydraulic type, which seems to be coming into favour very generally indeed. A good hydraulic brake is certainly very hard to beat, since all four brake shoes are compensated automatically, and the action is perfectly progressive. The Sunbeam hand brake, as a safeguard, operates mechanically on the rear wheels, and is, unlike some modern hand brakes, thoroughly effective when required.

The coachwork is roomy and extremely comfortable, and the equipment is remarkably complete. An unusual and good feature is the provision of two spare wheels. It is rare nowadays, but not unknown, to have two punctures in a single run. The Sunbeam company, at any rate, does not leave anything to chance, and, built on this principle, the new "Sixteen" deserves to be a popular and successful model.

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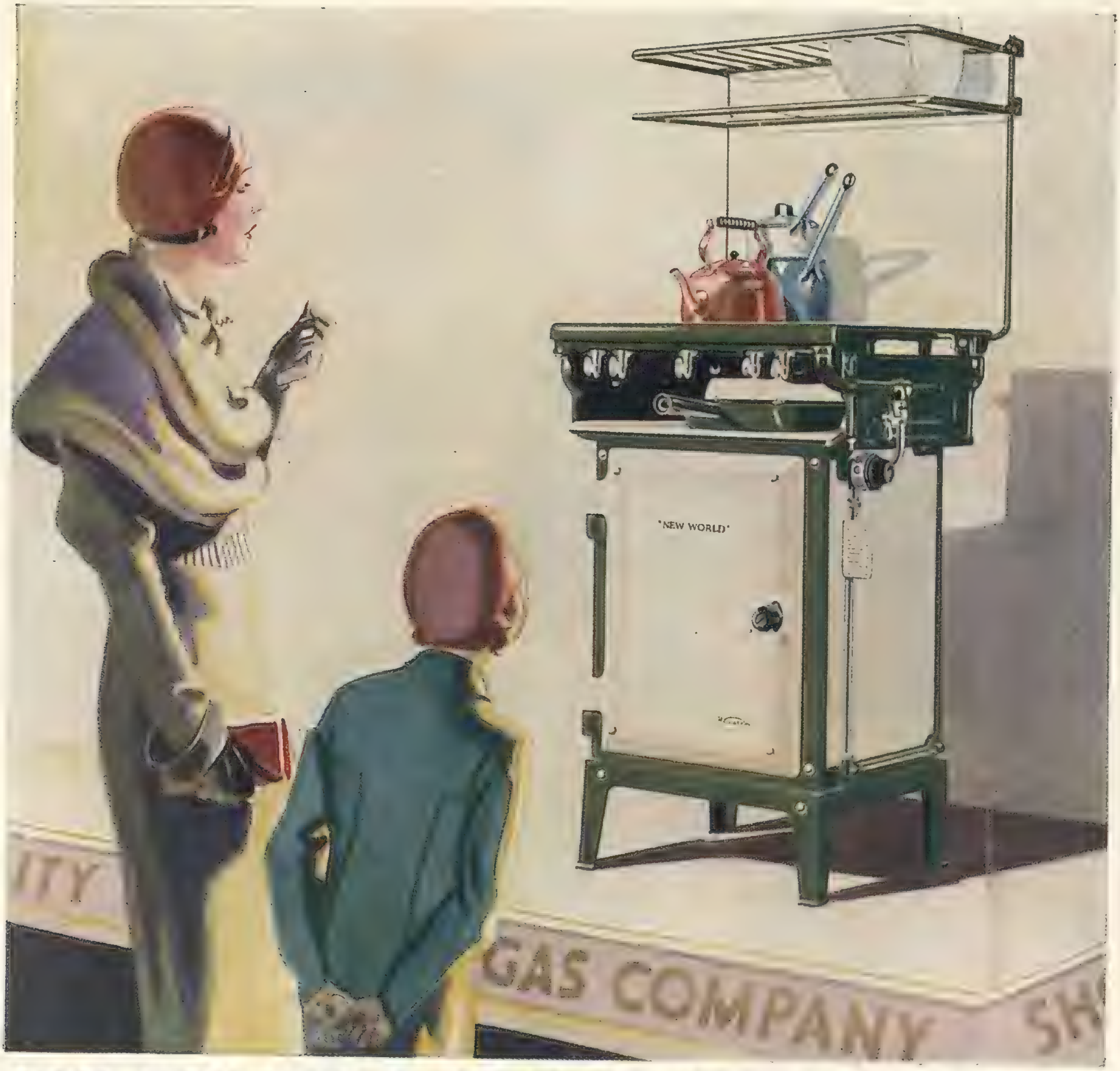
C.F.H.



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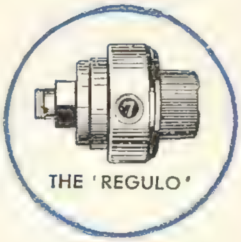

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On the Instrument Board

Details—but Important

A NEAT arrangement of instruments. Smokers will appreciate the conveniently placed lighter (*Humber*)

ANOTHER compact grouping of the instruments, allowing space for a large cubby-hole on either side (*Vauxhall "Cadet"*)

By The Earl of Cardigan

I SUPPOSE that, of all the different parts of which a motor vehicle is composed, few escape public attention more completely than those which are grouped on the instrument board. As a whole, the instruments are sufficiently conspicuous, but individually none of them is vital; and thus they are generally overlooked. They are studied, perhaps, by a few people like myself, but even so, for want of space, they seldom find their way into a motoring article. "Instruments neatly grouped" one may say of some new car; and that, in most cases, is that.

Nevertheless, there is much on the instrument board that is interesting. The speedometer, for instance, is worth knowing. Nowadays most speedometers are reasonably accurate, but this was not always so. A few years ago it used to be very common to find a speedometer deliberately "geared up" 10, 15, or even 20 per cent. A recorded speed of 65 m.p.h. might be equivalent to a true speed of only 50 m.p.h.!

This practice, I am glad to say, was always most prevalent among the cars of foreign make. The speedometers fitted by any reputable English firm could be trusted, then as now, to give at least a reasonably truthful reading. A slight degree of error is not always avoidable, so that one cannot quarrel with inaccuracies under 5 per cent.

Generally, a good speedometer may be taken as being accurate over the middle part of its range. It may be uncertain at very low speeds and it is likely to be "fast" at very high speeds. The latter phenomenon may be due to slight wheelspin; but the fact remains that an instrument which is perfectly truthful at, say, 40 m.p.h. may be expected to give a somewhat optimistic reading at speeds of 60 m.p.h. and over.

All cars fit speedometers; but it is very rarely now, alas, that one sees a "rev-counter" as a standard fitting! This is a pity, since, in many ways, a rev-counter is more informative than a speedometer. Thus, when one is told, with a new car, not to exceed 30 m.p.h., the speedometer does not give any guidance as to what speed is permissible in third or second gear. If one was told, however, not to exceed 2,000 r.p.m., the rev-counter could be consulted at any moment and in any gear.

Similarly, with a rev-counter one can note the most comfortable, or the most efficient, speed of any engine. One may find, for instance, that a certain engine loses efficiency below 1,500 r.p.m. This, then, is the engine speed at which to change down from one gear to another in climbing a hill. Again, an ideal engine speed may be found at, say, 2,500 r.p.m., and this can be maintained irrespective of the gear employed.

PERSONALLY, if I were designing an instrument board, I would always discard the conventional clock in favour of a rev-counter. Most drivers, after all, possess a watch; very few have a natural ear for engine speeds.

Incidentally, one of the most useful instruments which I ever possessed was a speedometer and rev-counter combined. Four hands, I remember, moved round the dial, one of which merely represented the road speed of the car. Each of the other hands represented one of the gears and showed what the engine speed and road speed would be if the appropriate gear were engaged.

More than this, when one of the gear hands coincided exactly with the road speed hand, it was an indication that the gear concerned either was, or at that moment could be, engaged. Such was the degree of accuracy achieved that, if a gear change was made at the precise moment indicated, it was quite unnecessary to use the clutch. I wonder if this instrument, which was a real mine of information, is still being made?

AMONG the instruments commonly fitted, the oil pressure gauge is one which deserves more attention than it usually receives. Motorists, I fear, seldom study their oil pressure; although airmen, to whom the reliable running of an engine is a matter of rather more vital importance, treat the oil pressure gauge with great respect. Apart from giving warning when the oil is not circulating satisfactorily, this instrument is also valuable in showing, by an unduly high pressure, when an engine is to be regarded as

(*Continued on page 117*)

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Films

(*Continued from page 75*)

sequences are the most economical: Charles Laughton's silent progress upstairs and through doors to the sanctum of the head of the firm in which he has been an unconsidered unit, in order to express his newly acquired economic independence by means of a petty and insulting gesture, and the brief study of a woman of the town, almost as silent, showing how she inaugurates her acquisition of wealth by leaving the low "dive" which she habituates, taking the most luxurious suite in an hotel and going to bed alone.

All of which goes to show that one touch of realism makes the whole world kin, but does not make cohesive a film with seven directors and a posse of stars.

Over-emphasis ruined the essential humanity of "Rain," the age-old story of the battle between conversion and corruption, the flesh and the spirit.

"Der Träumende Mund" (The Dreaming Mouth), a German film shown by the Film Society and proposed for a London "booking," suffers from slow and ponderous treatment and the middle age and avoirdupois of the two male protagonists, but the photography is inspired, the sound recording faultless, and the acting of Elizabeth Bergner, who has exceptional beauty of line and movement, is a revelation of what can be done by naturalistic and sensitive interpretation independently of all the "properties" and exaggerated make-up with which Joan Crawford and her producers seek to emphasise and succeed in obscuring dramatic power. (See "Rain," if there is nothing more interesting in the programme.)

ELISSA LANDI and Fredric March as they appear in the new Paramount film, "The Sign of the Cross"

Books

(*Continued from page 79*)

that map, I thought his manner a little too spacious; but we won't say any more about that.) I am not sure that, in his avowed intention to make a work of art, he has chosen the best of all forms for that art to take. I am not sure that it is possible, in one book, to make the best of the two worlds of biography and fiction. But, with this personal reservation, I commend the volume warmly to your unhurried notice.

Everybody knows the children's stories of the lady who was known as E. Nesbit, but few people outside the writing profession, and not all those in it, are aware of the extent of the personal influence which she radiated. To speak plainly, indeed, I think that *E. Nesbit*, by Doris Langley Moore (Benn, 15s.), will surprise everyone outside her immediate circle. She was an extraordinary woman, and the most brilliant men of letters, from Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. E. M. Forster to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Noel Coward, recognised her worth. Their appreciation was given to the woman, to the writer, and to the Fabian Socialist. She achieved a really extraordinary position for herself, and the people who think of her vaguely as merely one of many purveyors of fiction for the young will be astonished at the strength of the justification of this biography.

One more chapter in the life of the most simple and enigmatic of women is contained in *An Amazing Journey* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.). The author of this book is the pianist, Maurice Dumesnil, who acted as musical director to Isadora Duncan during her South American tour in 1916; and it is to this tour, dismissed in a few pages by Isadora in her autobiography, that M. Dumesnil devotes his large volume. He is probably right in his contention that, at some time during this period of her life, something happened to the dancer, some change took place in her nature, and he may possibly be right in his further contention that the first signs of this change appeared during the South American tour. His opinion merits consideration, but not blind acceptance, for he never, as his pages show, understood the woman whose dances he accompanied and admired. For his failure he is not to blame. She was often inexplicable, unless we are content to use the vague word "genius" and thrust all the responsibility on to that. Still, a book about Isadora which credits her with no greatness save as a rouser of audiences to enthusiasm cannot be considered a satisfactory book. M. Dumesnil is always interesting, and frequently indiscreet; but that is all.

Each recipe in *Eat, Drink and be Merry in Maryland*, compiled by Frederick Stieff and illustrated by Edwin Tunis (Putnam, 16s.), has been obtained at its source and not lifted from any previous publication, unless such publication is over a hundred years old. Thus appear 500 recipes from famous old manor houses, inns and taverns—from "Cornwallys Cross Manor," from "Hampton," "Melfield," "Readbourne," "Gross Coate." The 100 marginal drawings by Edwin Tunis illustrate either a famous spot in Maryland or a quotation pertinent to the recipe sharing the page. *Eat, Drink and be Merry in Maryland* is not just another cook book. It is, rather, a unique American Domestic History; the record of a romantic tradition in fine living.

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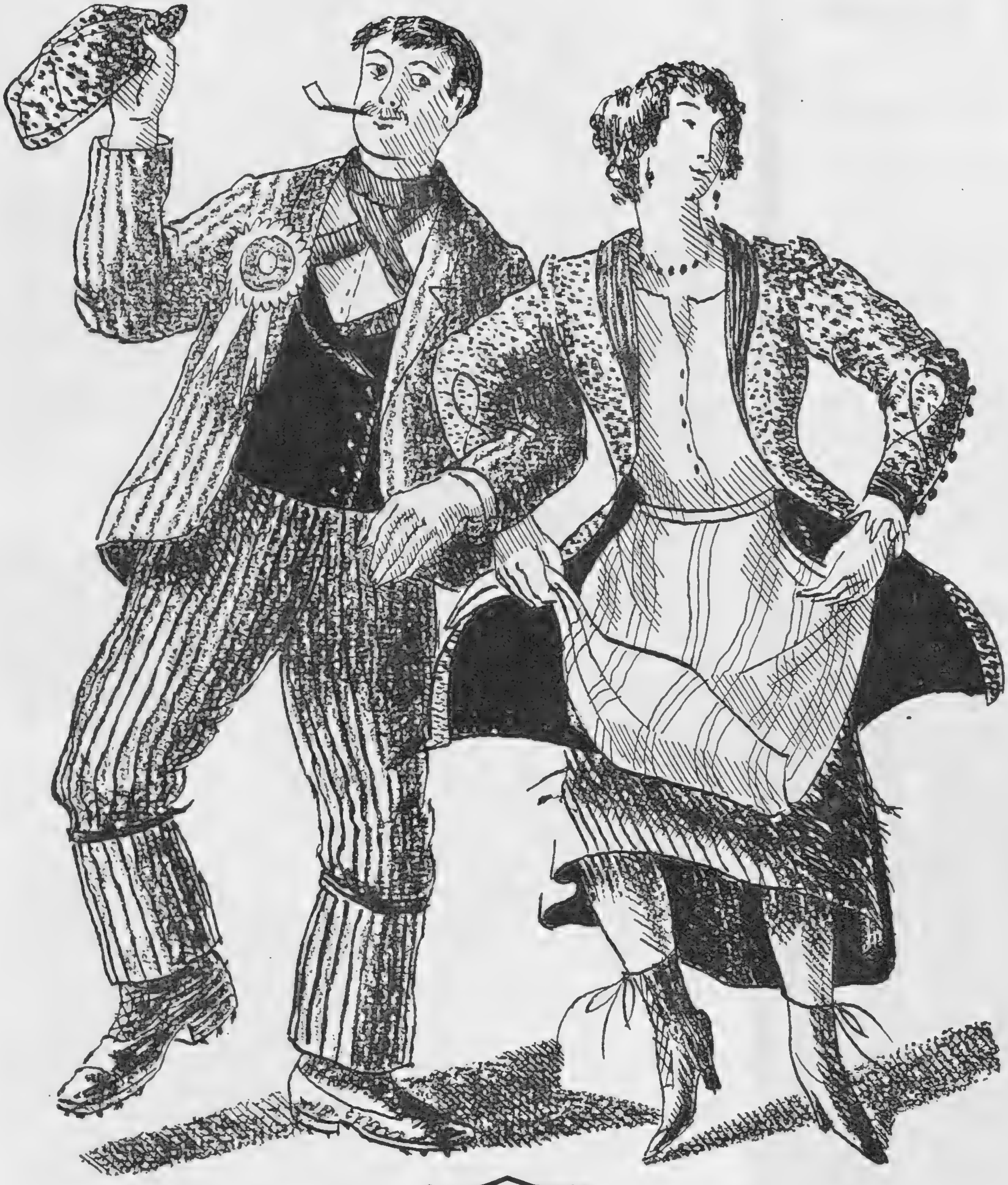

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The Carpet Seller of Kandahar

(*Continued from page* 53)

"Go quickly to the southward, friend. I would I came with you."

"Who are you that free me, and who is he that is left in the prison?"

"That man is one Yussuf," his deliverer whispered, "a man who would serve two masters. I—well, I *once* sold carpets in Kandahar—now I'm Grand Vizier of a land that suffers sadly. It is enough—begone." Inkerleigh climbed on to his camel. His hand was pressed in a way that was known to but few men, and those were of a certain school near a castle called Windsor.

"Best o' luck!" Colonel Fortanerie's lips were close to his ear. "We're winning."

"What about you and—your daughter?"

"Oh, she of the star-eyes!" Fortanerie spoke in the vernacular again. "We are beloved of the gods—and there is much to do. The Red One is not captured yet—and Yussuf must die in your stead—for he sold his master. *Jeldi jao.*"

The camels rose and the cavalcade padded off slowly in the soft sand.

Inkerleigh looked back, and the white-robed figure at the foot of the fort wall raised both hands to his forehead and bowed his head in farewell.

Inkerleigh asked no questions and gave no orders. His party were well mounted and the trotting camels made a circuit of the town and hit the southward caravan route well clear of the surrounding villages. By midday he estimated that they had crossed the frontier and were in Persian territory.

As they approached a well one of his escort drew in beside him.

"Salaam, sahib. We halt for drink."

Inkerleigh started and peered into the smiling face of a girl who rode as a man and carried a rifle across her saddle's pommel. It was the voice that had spoken in the serai after his capture.

"You! What do you here?"

"I'm part of your escort, sahib. May not the daughter of a Persian Carpet Seller revisit the land of her fathers?"

Inkerleigh stared at her and decided that her name was fitting. Her great eyes shone brilliantly yet softly in a small brown face tinged with red; her lips were delicate yet full, and their clean-cut redness was of that crinkled softness that men find irresistible. But a wisp of black hair showed from beneath the full turban of the hillman. Their passage through the air pressed the shapeless shirt against her body, outlining its slim grace and the curves of budding womanhood.

"O Star-Eyes, it is not good for women to travel away from their family in this land. Your father should not have allowed you to come."

"My father allowed! He knows not of this journey. I came because—because I thought I would——"

"Ah! A woman's reason, Star-Eyes. If your father has not given you permission, you will return after we have rested our beasts. Your father is a great man—one to be obeyed."

"So he often saith, sahib. A man's measure of himself is often at fault—he sees only the great shadow that the sinking sun casts, and saith 'Behold, I am little less than the gods.'"

"You are of our blood, O Star-Eyes, yet you talk as those of the country. You must go back to your father."

"I will not. I will travel with you until I reach the land of the English—I would see the 'ladees' that my father tells me of."

"Hell!" muttered Inkerleigh. "This is the very devil." He watched the girl unload her camel. She strode among the men with a self-assurance that was certainly not that of the women of the East.

As they sat in the shade of the sparse palm trees she returned, and they ate the baked biscuit of the country. She would talk of the business of Inkerleigh's journey, of the Spy's Club, and of the capture of Red Roy. Inkerleigh was at first loath to discuss the matter, but found that she was cognisant of all the details, and obviously in her father's confidence. He found himself quietly enjoying the company of this girl, this daughter of a carpet seller, who yet had the blood of a line of western fighting men in her veins.

They made detours around the villages on the route, in order to avoid questions from the curious. By night they journeyed southward down the caravan route picked out by heaps of bones of animals and men. The Englishman and the girl jogged along beside each other beneath the star-hung sky like old comrades-in-arms.

One night Inkerleigh was endeavouring to explain the ordinary lives of white women, a subject about which Star-Eyes was extremely curious, when they were interrupted by a shout from one of the escort.

They looked behind. The morning light just disclosed the black dots and dust of an approaching caravan. Men approached on trotting camels from the eastward, and another cry drew their attention to a second party closing in on them from the west.

"They are *badmashes*" (bad men), cried the girl.

"Aye, and they are many. How far is the next well?" asked Inkerleigh.

"Six *koss*" (twelve miles), replied someone.

"We will ride for it. It is better to fight near water than in the sand," said Inkerleigh.

"Well spoken, sahib."

The cavalcade spurred on their camels, but the choice of battlefield was not to be left to them. Before they had gone far bullets began to spatter up the sand around them. The two columns were intent on heading them off the beaten route.

The girl turned in her saddle and fired. A man toppled from a running camel.

"*Shabash!*" shouted Inkerleigh. He tried to emulate her, but found that the jolting of his mount made it impossible to take careful aim. As the attackers drew near their fire began to have effect.

First a camel pitched on its nose and his rider rolled over like a shot rabbit. They stopped to pick him up, and another of the escort was shot dead.

"Stay, stay! we will fight here," shouted Inkerleigh.

"Not so, sahib. Onward to the water. Come," cried the girl. The halted party turned with one accord and fired a volley to the right and another volley to the left before remounting. The enemies' camels skidded, raising great clouds of sand, and men fell headlong from their high seats.

Inkerleigh had brought down his man, and he hesitated behind his kneeling camel for another shot. He fired, but as he did so his camel rose on its hind legs and sank back dead, great bubbles of blood and foam dripping from its gaping mouth.

The girl had held back her animal and now swung to his side.

"Come," she cried, and helped him up behind her. They rode blindly into the dust raised by their escort. Inkerleigh found himself pressing forward against the girl's slim body as the bullets whistled by them.

Suddenly the camel stumbled and they were pitched forward on its straining neck.

"It is no good," gasped Inkerleigh. "You ride and I will run beside"

"Stay, sahib, stay!" She half-turned and held him. "This camel is the best of all; he will carry us both."

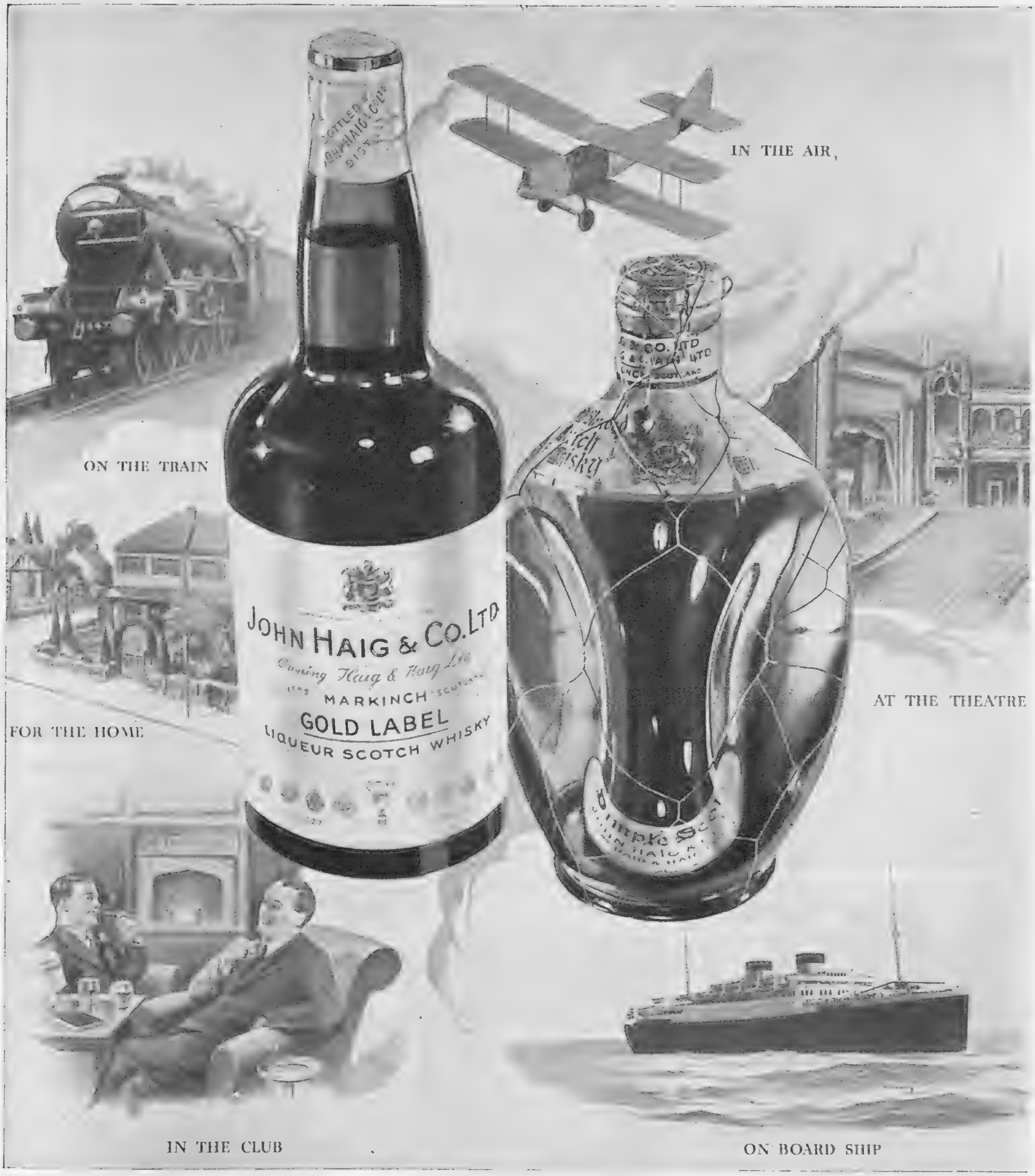
The dust thickened, and they rode into the rest of the party, who had slackened speed.

"All is well. Onward!" shouted Inkerleigh.

As he spoke the man beside him dropped with the stifled gurgle that means a bullet in the vitals. Inkerleigh caught the riderless camel's rope and swung himself across into the saddle.

(*Continued on page* 96)

Don't be vague—ask for Haig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THE morning light showed the palms of the well in the distance, and the three parties raced toward it, knowing that those who got there first would have cover and water—two great advantages. They ceased to fire at each other, concentrating on urging their beasts to the utmost effort.

The three converging trails of flying sand seemed to be equidistant from the well. They each raced madly for the means of maintaining life. A following breeze carried their dust forward with them and they rode blindly through the choking cloud. Occasionally Inkerleigh got a glimpse of one or other of the enemy columns.

"Allah is great!" he shouted. "Mahmud is his prophet!"

The camels of Inkerleigh's party proved themselves the best, for they slowly drew out from between the other two. Foot by foot they gained on them. When the attackers saw that they would not forestall their enemies, they drew rein and poured a concentrated fire into them.

Bullets spattered the sand up below them; they whistled past their heads and occasionally found a bed of flesh with a soft "blop." They flung themselves off their beasts amid the palms and sank on the ground behind their blowing camels.

The attackers circled widely for a while, but realised that they fought at a disadvantage and drew off to organise an attack.

"Four men are with Allah, and also five camels are dead," announced Star-Eyes. "It is well, sahib. A good fight." Her face shone and her dark eyes glowed with excitement.

"Aye, little girl—it was a good fight. The gods were on our side."

Star-Eyes nodded nonchalantly as if this could be taken for granted.

"We will rest, sahib, and then talk. They will not attack yet."

"Who are they, Star-Eyes? They are well mounted for *badmashes*."

"They are enemies of the Sirdar, O sahib. Not robbers—they come to kill us."

"H'm—you speak truth."

Inkerleigh assured himself that look-outs were posted and then settled himself to review the situation. He found no consolation in his thoughts. If these men had come especially to attack his party, it was obvious that they knew his mission—they might even know his nationality. What object could there be in putting him out of the way, except perhaps revenge, unless they were out to prove the falseness of the second rendezvous he had given for Red Roy and Fatik? He feared for Star-Eyes.

"She must go back. I will divide the party and send her back to Askabad." He spoke aloud to assure himself that the decision was made. He would miss the company of the beautiful girl, but he could not let her remain. Her father doubtless knew something of her whereabouts by now, but perhaps did not know that they were harried by enemies.

There was no need to keep up his disguise now; he lay with his head resting on a heap of sand, whistling discordantly "Old Soldiers Never Die."

As the light failed the camping escort stirred themselves, and he saw a flickering fire in the desert on the route they had traversed to the northward.

"The enemies' camp! They wait for us to leave the well. If we get away now we can use all the darkness. O ho!" he shouted.

A man stood before him. "The woman—where is she?" Inkerleigh asked. He was surprised that Star-Eyes was not in evidence.

"O sahib—she is not here. While we slept she went."

"Whither, son of an owl? Why did you not tell me?"

He hurried round among his followers, but could find no trace of the girl: he upbraided the sentries, who swore they knew nothing of her movements.

"Shaitan burn you, you sons of monkeys! Go, find the woman." He suddenly knew how much Star-Eyes was to him.

"He who invokes Shaitan will suffer in Jehennan." The voice was low and bubbled with laughter, for Star-Eyes quoted the sacred writings.

"Where have you been, little girl? I—I lost you." She pouted as she stood before him.

"I go where I would—*sahib.*" There was much mock humility in the final word. "But I have important *khubbar.* The *badmashes* are men of Askabad and the man Yussuf is with them."

"Yussuf—hell! He was to die for me. Does that mean that——" Inkerleigh stopped. He feared for the Carpet Seller; for if Yussuf was free, the Vizier's scheme must be known.

"He may have escaped—or he may have been freed. I do not know."

"But—what of your father—if Yussuf is free? It is known that the exchange was made!"

"Maybe." Star-Eyes shrugged her shoulders. "My father is a man not taken unawares. Who knows—perhaps he freed him?"

This possibility was beyond the simple mind of Inkerleigh; he turned to things he could understand—the proper conduct of war.

"You will return to Askabad, Star-Eyes, with half the escort. I will give battle to Yussuf—for it is necessary that his mouth be closed if Red Roy is to make his meeting with—Fatik, and if your father is to remain—in power. It is my order."

"You speak as one who is ruler of many. Half this company is useless. I will not go back to my father—but *we* will defeat Yussuf and his *badmashes.* I have spoken. It is *my* order." She mimicked Inkerleigh's manner.

THE Englishman looked down into her face and was forced to smile. "O girl, if you say so, so shall it be. We will away to the southward and race Yussuf to the frontier—maybe we will draw him into a trap."

They pressed onward all night, but bad luck seemed to follow them, for two camels sickened and had to be killed before the dawn. Inkerleigh wondered if the well had been poisoned; he could not persuade himself that Yussuf would break the greatest law of war in the desert. As he mounted after the despatch of the second camel, Star-Eyes drew alongside.

"Yussuf and his men are nearing—but they are few in number."

"How know you this thing, O girl?"

"An ear to the sand knows much, O sahib. Was it not taught you in your seminary?"

Inkerleigh smiled. "Perhaps Yussuf his camels die, Star-Eyes. Can you tell me of what they die?"

"Nay, sahib—but later I will tell thee."

The clump of palms that was a well was silhouetted against the sky, and as the sun rose high Inkerleigh viewed it with pleasure. Many camels carried double loads and behind them the cloud of sand raised by Yussuf's party rose to heaven.

"*Asti—asti—khubbardar*" (slowly, slowly with care), cried Star-Eyes; she put her hand on his bridle and pointed towards the well. Inkerleigh could see nothing unusual.

"What do you see, O girl?"

"I saw the sun shine on metal, sahib. There are men at the well."

"Travellers, perhaps—we will enlist them in our cause. For all who journey in this land are armed."

"Not so, sahib—they are enemies. That is why but few follow there." She waved towards the sand cloud to the northward.

"Ah—so Yussuf has sent men ahead. Girl, you are wise among women." Inkerleigh gathered his party around him and Star-Eyes spoke to them. What would they do now? The enemy were divided; they might be attacked separately. The party at the well were in a strong position, while those in the open were at least their equal in numbers. Inkerleigh could not get to the water; he had

(*Continued on page* 98)

ELECTRIC TABLE LAMPS

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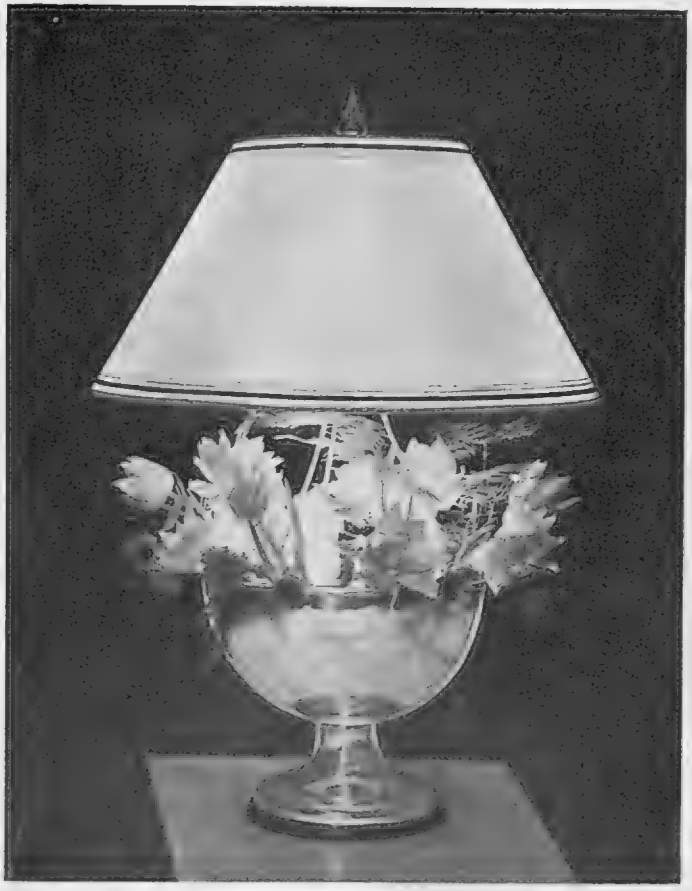

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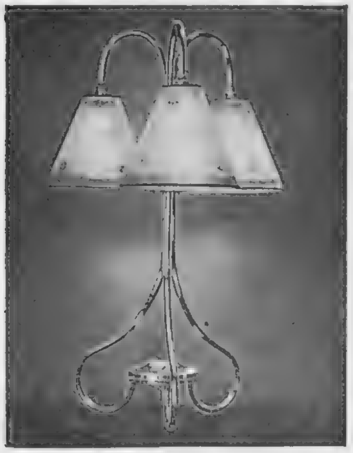

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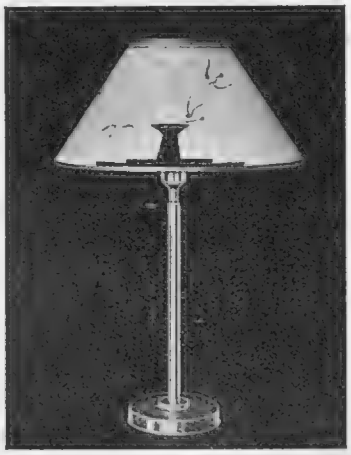

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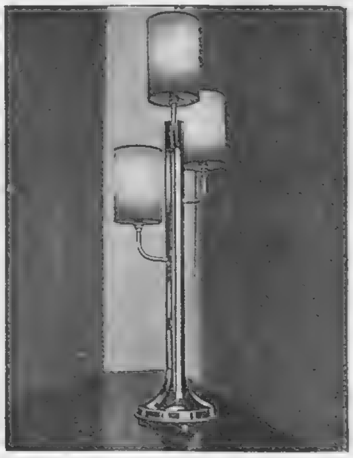


This distinguished lamp of clean modern lines is heavily built and 27 inches in height. Shades tinted to any colour. Costs complete but - - **44/7**

«

enough for a few days—but suppose this manœuvre was repeated? Yussuf had him in a cleft stick if already others had gone ahead. He heard the word "*Baman*" spoken by the girl. Baman—that was a village to the southward! They would do a double-day's journey to Baman; they would buy camels there and go onward.

"How far is Baman?"

"It is many *koss*, sahib. We have not enough water. Where we can go those men can go. Already perhaps men have gone to the next well. I talk to the men. Be silent awhile."

INKERLEIGH would have laughed but for the seriousness of their position. He was the one to receive orders: the blood of the Carpet Seller would be obeyed. He heard murmurs of assent from the men, and the girl turned to him.

"It is this way, sahib. You must get to Chaman first—before Yussuf, lest he warns the Red One. If we can silence Yussuf before, it is better. Yussuf is intent on encompassing your death now, but perhaps he will find it difficult—then he will hurry to Chaman. Is it not so?"

"It is so, Star-Eyes. But here are we with little water and but few camels, and they——"

"I know. But why do we follow the wells to the southward? Why do we not travel to the east through the land of the Afghan?"

"It is the shortest way; but, O girl, it is much covered with water—the lakes of Seistan lie between us and the Indian frontier. They are salt—they will not keep men alive."

"It is well spoken—but men can heat water—and the salt is left. We will turn to the eastward—a man here knows of a way through the water. Our camels, they will die, but we will go on—and maybe Yussuf will follow. If he does, Allah will deliver him into our hands."

"It is a good plan, O girl." Inkerleigh's thoughts were interrupted by a rifle bullet that whistled by his head.

"Come. We will go."

The cavalcade swung away from the trampled trade route; the bullets from Yussuf's party spattered up the sand round their camels' pads; but the enemy were taken by surprise by this manœuvre and the firing soon ceased. Those who had followed continued towards the well.

Inkerleigh rode all through the day, for water was too short to risk a halt and a possible attack; three camels succumbed and they were left in the desert with their festoon of hawks. By daybreak they were too weary to continue; Inkerleigh caught himself falling asleep as he rode and the girl was unwontedly silent.

"We will camp, O Star-Eyes."

"Well spoken, sahib—and we will measure the water. I fear we can tarry but a little time."

Star-Eyes went among the men and anon returned to report.

"One water-skin is broken and there is but one remaining—and that one is but half-full." She spoke seriously.

"Water the camels then—and take your fill. Let the men drink." Inkerleigh's mouth was gritty with fine sand, his throat was parched and his eyes burned in their sockets; he longed for a drink.

"You are the son of an owl," she whispered. "The camels need not water; we will drink and after a time travel onwards."

The Englishman accepted the water gladly. He questioned Star-Eyes as to their whereabouts, but was not reassured by her answers. The guide talked without decision of water within two days' journey, and proposed that they should force-march to it in one day.

IT was a weary party that plodded through the sand towards the rising sun: daylight brought no relief or sign of water. They followed no trail, and to Inkerleigh it seemed that they changed direction often for no particular reason.

For two days and nights they travelled with halts of but a few hours. The sun beat down cruelly, and Inkerleigh felt it striking through his turban and loose cotton shirt. By mid-day on the second day his tongue and lips were so swollen that he could hardly articulate.

"O Star-Eyes," he spoke in a hoarse whisper, "the guide has lost the way. We must find water—or we perish."

"It is so," whispered the girl; she did not raise her head, for she feared to show her suffering. "It is so—but we can do naught but go onwards. It is the will of Allah."

The girl's presence and her steadfastness whipped up Inkerleigh's languishing power of endurance. He forced his aching eyes into focus, to see nothing but the undulating sand that stretched to the horizon.

As daylight failed they drew up to despatch a dying camel and, seemingly by mutual consent, rested. Inkerleigh squatted beside Star-Eyes, but did not attempt to speak to her. She rested her forehead against her arm; her face was hidden.

The cool of the evening was a relief and Inkerleigh dozed fitfully for a while. He was awakened by a hoarse cry.

Star-Eyes sprang up and faced the east. A breeze fanned her face, a hot, heavy breeze.

The men scurried around their camels and loaded them up; the girl came to Inkerleigh and touched his arm.

"Water," she whispered. "They smell water."

The humid air was proof of the presence of water, but no one knew how distant it was. They mounted and their camels showed by a renewed burst of energy that they, too, knew of the proximity of the precious liquid. The nature of the country gradually changed, became harder, for it was coated with a white crust of salt; the few tufts of camel thorn gave place to a rank grass.

The dank smell of standing water came to Inkerleigh's nostrils and soon they came to a black pool which reflected the stars. A few rushes grew beside it. The camels sniffed the water and turned aside.

"My God," Inkerleigh croaked. "It is salt."

The men busied themselves with making fires and brazen vessels soon boiled over them. The men brought the first vessel that had caught the condensed steam to Inkerleigh. Star-Eyes and he damped their fingers against its sides and passed them over their swollen, cracked lips.

It took long to satisfy their thirst, and then they slept as only those who have just escaped death sleep, with that heavy slumber of over-strained body, nerves and mind.

AT daybreak they mounted; Inkerleigh rode behind the girl again, for each camel carried a double load. As the day wore on, it became necessary to travel very slowly, for the beasts slipped in the black slime. The poor animals grunted in pain as they were forced onwards upon a terrain that nature did not intend them to use. One by one they sprawled down into the mire, splitting themselves open as their legs were forced apart.

It was a sickening sight to see fine animals go to their deaths, and Inkerleigh was glad when the last camel's throat was cut. They pushed forward in single file through the breast-high grass, the arid smell of decay around them. Sometimes they stumbled and halted to drag one of their party out of the sucking black morass. At last fatigue and the heat of the day forced them to halt.

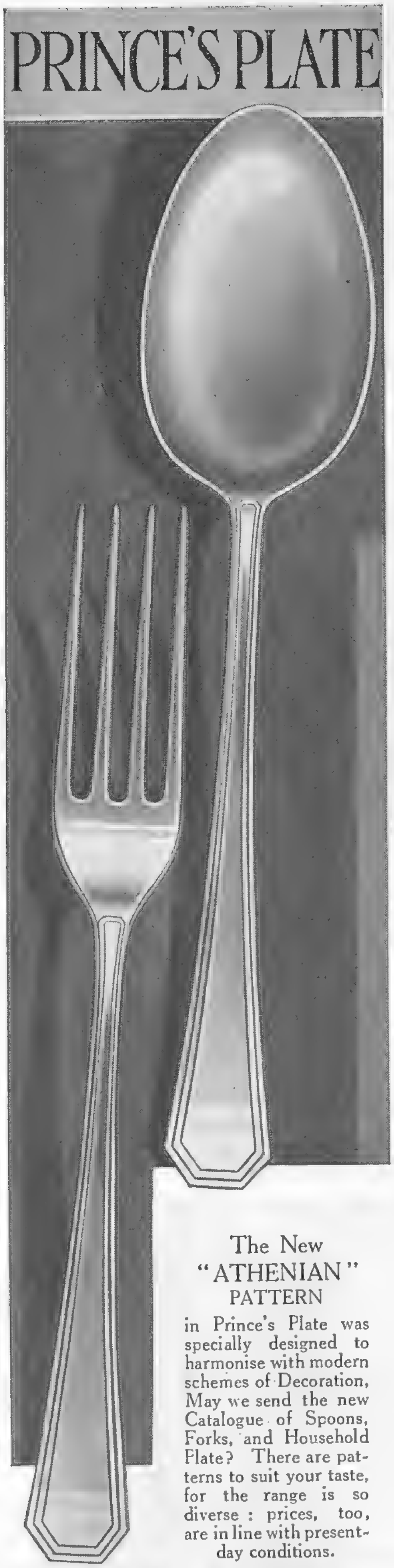
"It is two days' journey to the dry land, sahib. We will rest here; to-night we go on and do a double *paroo* [day's journey], then there are villages."

"What of the villagers—are they friendly?"

"They are as friendly as anyone is friendly—friendly if the visitor is armed and strong. They are Afghans, men of your country, O Abdul the Durani."

"You know too much, girl. I am not a Durani when among Duranis." Inkerleigh smiled.

(*Continued on page* 100)



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Thanks to the whole wheat in

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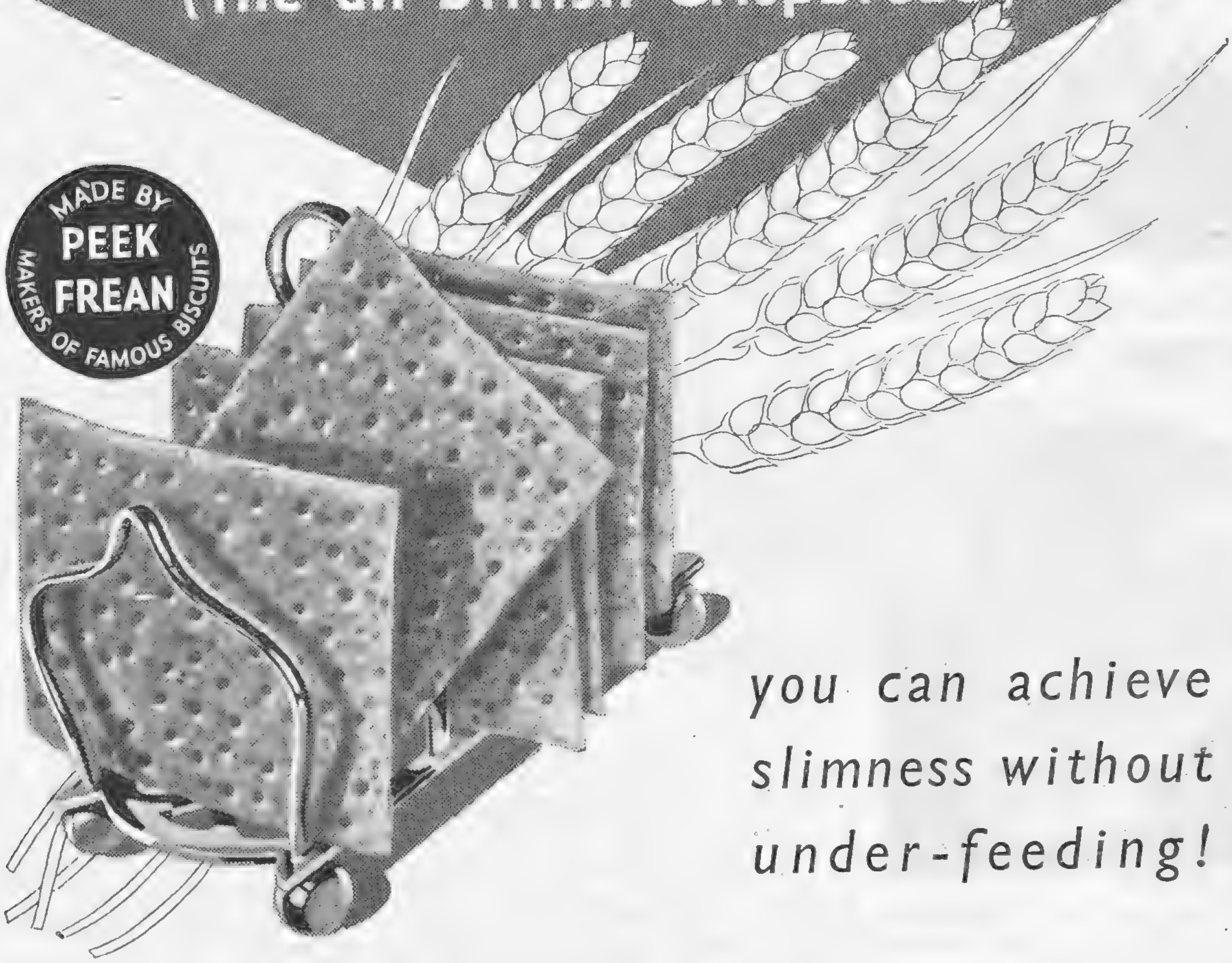
(the all British Crispbread) —



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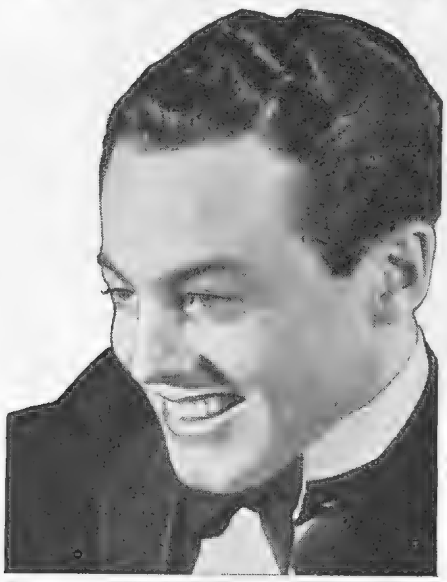

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Jim's a man's man, but he's popular with women, too. Jim's always fresh and clean—careful about himself. For Jim bathes regularly with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Wright's protective, cleansing, skin-soothing and toning properties are not empty claims but scientific facts. Thus, from replies received by the independent National Institute of Industrial Psychology to letters sent to thousands of doctors, Wright's is used more often by the medical profession than any other brand of toilet soap. For years, too, it has been, with mothers, the safeguard of their children's tender skin. Why not give your skin an invigorating holiday from cheap soaps, injurious colouring matter, scents and all irritants? Bathe regularly for a week with Wright's, then go back to some other—*if you can!*

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

They were about to start their journey in the evening when a cry startled them. Inkerleigh dragged Star-Eyes down beside him in the rank grass as a shot rang out, and a man screamed in pain.

"Be still," whispered the girl as he half rose, pushing his rifle up through the grass. He could see nothing between the heavy bowed seed pods, but wherever grass moved in the still air rifle bullets combed through that place. Cries around him told the tale of many men's passage, but he could not tell who were friends and who were enemies. He fired at a rifle muzzle that pointed his way and was rewarded by hearing a voice calling upon Allah. He sank back to find that the girl had left his side.

Frantically he squirmed round, and a bullet cut a furrow through the beard on his cheek.

The position was desperate, and he cursed himself for not seeing that a proper guard was maintained. Where was Star-Eyes? He decided to shout to his men to gather and rush the enemy, but before he had fully risen a hand grasped his ankle and he was thrown to the ground.

He grappled his man in the sodden undergrowth. They rolled over and over, each seeking for the other's throat; each fearing the sudden sting of the pressed knife. Inkerleigh found his head being forced backwards into the oozing mire; he looked upwards into the grinning face of Yussuf! He made one gigantic effort as he recognised his enemy; he forced his knee into the Pathan's belly and flung his man off. As he sprang gasping to his feet he was thrown to the ground again by someone dragging him backwards.

A voice whispered in his ear. "Owl and son of an owl—keep down!" Star-Eyes had gone again ere he could speak. He wormed his way round searching for Yussuf, but only succeeded in surprising another man. They struggled for a while, and Inkerleigh was in sore straits when a curse was torn from him in English. His enemy freed him and leapt away with a muttered apology.

The firing ceased, but the noise of men in mortal combat still continued on all sides—sharp cries that spoke of the knife thrust, gurgling sounds that told of brown talons around the windpipe, and the sobs of men whose life was being pressed out of them by wrestling arms.

And red-necked carrion birds with bloody beaks circled overhead.

The sounds gradually grew less and finally died; suddenly the cry of a heron pierced the silence. Other herons replied, and men rose up in the grass. Mud-covered, bloody men gathered around a voluble girl.

"Is all well with you, Star-Eyes?"

"I am well, sahib. We are victorious. They are fools who fight with rifles in this country. I sent out our men with the knife—it is a thing they can use. Yussuf is English trained—his men fought with the rifle and they have lost."

"I fought with Yussuf—where is he?"

"He is not here—there are many dead, but Yussuf is not among them, sahib. I had speech with one of their number who is now with Allah; he told me a story of Yussuf that explains much. The Vizier of the old Emir is jealous of my father his power. Yussuf knew of this and sent this man a message from the prison. The old Vizier knew that the story of Yussuf would not be called truth without other things; he freed Yussuf that he might obtain proof. The evidence was to be the head of one Abdul—it was to go with those others on the Great Gate."

Inkerleigh's lips formed as if to whistle, but no sound came. A man approached and spoke rapidly to the girl.

"It is well. There are three goat-skins of good water but half a *koss* distant. It was theirs, but they have no need of it."

THE ragged remnant of the escort refreshed themselves and tended their wounds; from the evidences of the ground, Star-Eyes decided that the enemy had been exterminated but for Yussuf; and she wondered if he was dead and his body lying in the water.

Inkerleigh decided that the best course of action was to push on with all speed to Chaman. If Yussuf was alive, he would attempt to race them to Red Roy, to warn him and to prepare a reception for Inkerleigh's party.

Star-Eyes and Inkerleigh journeyed through Afghanistan without unusual incident; the girl's knowledge of the country made their path easy.

It was twenty days after Inkerleigh had bidden the Carpet Seller farewell that they saw the brown fort of Spin Baldak on the Kandahar-Quetta caravan route.

As they approached Spin Baldak, they noticed that the fort was *en fête*. Hundreds of pikes stood on the battlements; each carried a pennant of brilliant hue. Outside the fort walls men camped in groups and arms glittered in the sun.

Star-Eyes sent a man forward to glean news of what was toward; he returned and confirmed their hopes.

"Roy the Conqueror holds Durbar in Spin Baldak; but yesterday he came," announced the girl, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "Tell me, do English women live in those houses with many windows at Chaman? Do they go unveiled and naked as the pictures show?"

"They go unveiled, O girl—but not naked."

Inkerleigh spoke without much thought, for he was preoccupied. What was happening at Chaman? Why was all still beyond that line of barbed wire that was the frontier of India? If Red Roy was in Spin Baldak the time was ripe for a master stroke! The cantonment seemed to sleep in the sun; a sentry stood beside the barbed wire and the flag hung lazily over the Commandant's house. Where was the might of Britain? Her enemy stood at her gates and flaunted his power, but she slept against her background of hills.

Inkerleigh turned towards the desert and saw the sand raised by a lonely rider on the Kandahar track. The little cloud held his eyes; he looked away, but was irresistibly drawn back to it.

The girl noticed his glance and saw its objective.

"That is Yussuf—he comes to warn Red Roy!" she cried.

Inkerleigh was startled. The man who was the centre of the sand cloud was his enemy and the intentness of that enemy's hatred had drawn the Englishman's gaze and held it. He kicked his camel to its feet.

He rode straight at the approaching man, but he was seen and the other turned aside. It was not Yussuf's object to fight with the Englishman until Red Roy had been warned of the plot to capture him.

The two riders rode neck and neck towards the fort; Inkerleigh saw that he must trust to his rifle to stop his man, but he doubted his ability to shoot accurately when mounted and moving.

He fired wildly at Yussuf and missed, but it brought his enemy to battle. The hillman drew rein and returned the fire.

It was a duel to the death, and it was visible to many men of the East; if those of the West saw they could not know its import. Star-Eyes watched with a calm intentness as she stood leaning on her rifle; she had enough of the East in her to believe that the end would be as ordained by Allah.

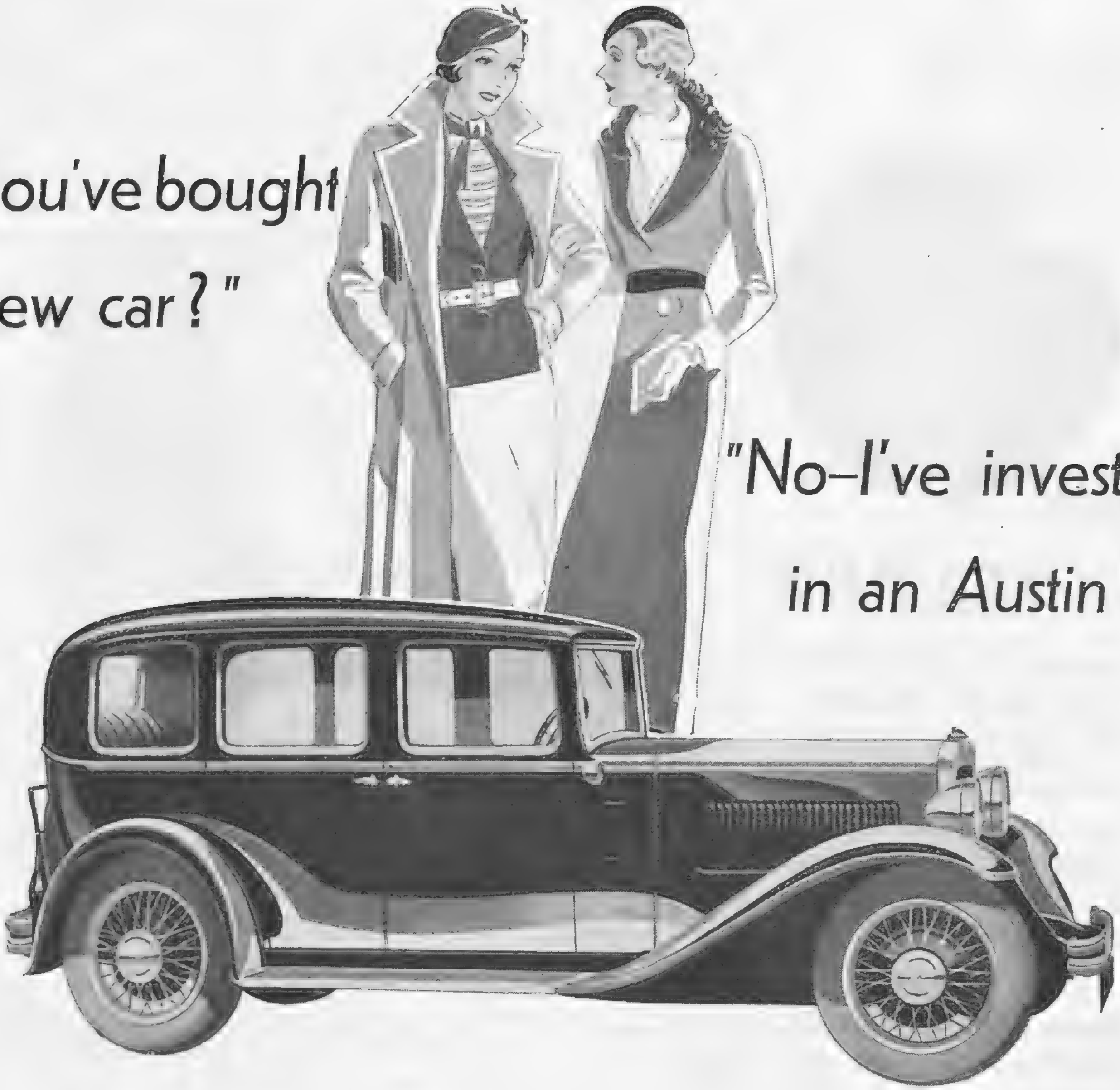
Inkerleigh's camel pitched forward with a bullet in his heart and the Englishman jumped clear and flung himself down behind the warm body.

His aim was steady and Yussuf toppled from his high seat.

"Allah! Mahmud! Allah!" The chanted cry rolled across the plain, rose to a scream, a scream which suddenly ceased as life left the body.

The sound had hardly died before the drone of aeroplanes rose from behind the hills to the southward. A triple-headed spear of shining metal flew (*Continued on page* 102)

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN


"So you've bought a new car?"
"No–I've invested in an Austin!"

"You've been reading the advertisements."

"But I haven't."

"Oh, yes—'buying a car, but investing in an Austin'—don't say you haven't."

"No, I haven't. I simply took the advice of a man I know. He's had his Austin five years if a day. And he says it cost him a third less than he thought he'd paid for it."

"Sorry, I'm dull. Say it again."

"Well, he said, *'you don't know what a car really costs till you've had it quite a time.'* He works it out like this—'Maintenance, repairs and so on have only cost me such and such an amount. And when I come to sell it again, I'll get such and such an amount more than I would if I'd bought any other car but an Austin—even if I wait another year.' The result of his sum gives him the actual cost of his car. He reckons he's spent so little on that Austin, and Austins re-sell so easily and well, that it's the best investment of all his born days.—I'm giving him a vote of thanks, and investing likewise!"

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- *A spacious 4-5 seater. Selected hide upholstery.*
- *Pytchley sliding roof.*
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- *11.9 h.p. 4-cylinder engine developing 24 b.h.p. Engine insulation at 3 points by rubber bushes.*
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- *Triplex glass throughout, chromium finish, Dunlop tyres.*
- *Price at works* **£198**

Saloon with fixed roof	**£178**
Open Road Tourer	**£168**
Two-Seater - -	**£168**

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month.

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms and Service Station for the 7 & 10 h.p. models: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station for the 20, 16, 12 & Light 12/4 h.p. models: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

over their summits and, simultaneously, cavalry burst forth from the sleeping cantonment of Chaman.

INKERLEIGH and Star-Eyes stood together and watched the encirclement of Spin Baldak. The aeroplanes made a wide girdle overhead ensuring that no one left the fort.

The little group stood silent, for there was much to see; those in the fort marched out and a new flag was raised on the mud embattlements. No shot was fired and no arm raised.

"Well, Star-Eyes, that is that—as people say in other places."

"It is done, O sahib. Farewell."

"But, Star-Eyes, you must meet your people. You must cross the frontier with me and——"

"I am of English blood, O sahib, but I am not English. I will go back to my father—maybe he has work for me."

Captain Inkerleigh hesitated: he could find no words. His eyes may have spoken though his voice was silent as he gazed into the girl's star-like eyes, at her rich red lips.

He drew himself to his full height, brought his feet together sharply and saluted.

END

The Old Woman *Who* Knew

(*Continued from page 45*)

at the bottom seemed eternities away from the ones at the top.

There were no harps. There were no trumpets. There were no wings. And there was no throne. But, right at the end of it, there seemed to be a goodness so infinite that I trembled, I shuddered, and yet I hoped, with awe, at the very thought of it.

Then around me there started argument.

"How it can be proved?" a voice was saying.

And I saw a man with an intellectual brow, with a cultured face, with an aspect that seemed to express all the education of the earth, uttering a protest.

"How can you prove that I have lived before?" it said. "I demand scientific proof of such an amazing statement. I have no knowledge of having lived. I am a scientist, and I demand that all statements shall be proved."

"But I remember," said another voice. "I knew you on the earth."

The speaker was another man almost of the same type. "Don't you remember?"

"I remember nothing of the sort," said the first voice. "I demand concrete facts, not assertions."

And there was another man who seemed like a minister of some sort. He, too, was arguing.

"I was one of the righteous," he said; "and, therefore, when I die, I am going to heaven. As I am not in heaven I cannot be dead."

And all around me was wrangling and argument.

Although I had not moved, I had come to a place where discussion seemed to have been going on for an eternity.

People were telling other people that they were dead, but the others would not believe.

THEN, again, the scene changed. I was in a place where people were perfectly satisfied, and yet were never content. I saw a miser counting gold, and yet very angry because there was more than he could count.

I saw an orator addressing a large crowd, and yet cross because they applauded him so much.

I saw an artist so efficient with his brush that he finished too quickly all the things he had to paint.

And I saw men eating horribly, greedily and without ceasing, trying to keep pace with all the food that was being brought in, dish after dish, tray after tray, meal after meal.

It was a place where all desire seemed to be killed because there was too much. Then I came through a place of tears, and this seemed to be the worst place of all. For there were people who sought to tell their friends, whom they had left behind, that there was nothing to worry about.

They were happy, but they were unhappy because they could not tell others how happy they were.

They seemed to be mourning for friends who were still on the earth—mourning in the sense that they knew those on earth were mourning.

They could see their relatives and their friends, very near to them in an earth life, weeping sad tears because they had gone, and they themselves were weeping because, although they were with their friends, whom they had left behind, their friends did not know it, or would not be told.

IN the middle of all this a small grey-haired woman was talking. Her face was red, her eyes gleamed, her whole being gave out a sense of joyous exultation.

"I have spoken to my son," she said. "He saw me. He heard my voice. I told him how happy I was. He understands, he knows."

And then there arose a sound of argument all around.

"Do not be silly," said another voice. "How can you communicate with the earth world? You first have to prove that there is one."

"I do not have to prove anything," said the little woman, beaming with her joy. "I know. As for you, why should I prove anything to one who will not understand?"

"But science says——" began another voice.

"I do not know what science says," she replied, "and I do not care. When I was on the earth I learned that those who were said to be dead were not dead. I read how Someone had once told his followers: 'I shall be with you always until the end of the world,' and I knew that what was true of Him could be true of everybody. I know that in God's mighty purpose there was no such thing as death.

"I know that prayer and knowledge, together, can conquer everything. And when they told me I was dying, and I saw the weeping all around me, I said, 'I will come back and tell you.' And I have been back.

"It does not matter what you say about it. It did not matter on the earth what you said. You denied it, then. You have forgotten. You deny it now. People like you would always deny.

"You might just as well deny an earthquake, or a thunderclap, or the setting of the sun, or the rising of the moon. A blind man denies the light because he has never seen it . . . ."

And then I remembered . . .

On the earth I had heard arguments just like that one. But they concerned the future. Now they concerned the past.

ALL that seemed to happen years ago, except that, as there is no time, there are no years.

I used to live in a world where people said that death was the end. Now those same people say that death was the beginning.

And they argue about it, so that there is no ceasing of talk and wrangling. They want everything proved.

Every now and then I see the old woman.

"I have been talking to my son on the earth," she says. "One day he will join me."

And the learned people mock at her and say that she is mad!

END

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COLD
AWAY

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5 steps forward with Cyclax

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The clever nineteen-thirties . . . they know and adore Cyclax . . . For Cyclax has worked these three marvels for women. It has brought back comparative youth to those skins which had aged too rapidly . . . it has watched over lovely women and kept their loveliness untouched . . . it has gone below the surface of skin blemishes. Yet how simple and sane Cyclax is . . . look at these five easy stepping-stones to increased loveliness.

• Before you go to bed

Paint Special Lotion on the face. As the second coat dries, smooth it in with your fingers, outlining lashes, lips, eyebrows. Then to bed. Whilst you sleep, the Cyclax Special Lotion will skirmish deep down in your pores, attacking the buried acids and carrying them away to the surface.

• When you wake–

massage gently with Skin Food. This will keep the skin soft and will loosen the Special Lotion, making it ready to be washed away, together with the burden of mischief it has dislodged. And now for your bath.

• After the bath

when the steam has loosened Lotion and Skin Food, wash your face with warm water and Cyclax soap The fine lather of this pure soap has a gentle duty to exert on every precious pore. A touch of Braceine in your cool rinse—it's much surer and kinder than an ice-pack.

• Before your mirror

your face now confronts you confidently. Every tiny pore is clean and unashamed. With your finger-tips apply the powder base (Sunburn Lotion for dry skins, Blended for greasy), dry your face gently with old damask, rouge delicately, then dust the slightest film of powder.

• And in the future

keep those simple Cyclax rules faithfully. In the day time cleanse the skin with "Cleansing Lotion." Use the Special Lotion three nights running to begin with—till the skin is really sweetly clean again—then once a week. Other nights alternate Skin Food and Complexion Milk.

But to be fair to your own skin do send for the booklet "The Art of Being Lovely." Every woman who receives it loves it.

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The cunningly placed pleats allow complete freedom of movement, but there is no unbecoming or tiresome fullness to hinder the wearer or spoil the trim elegance of her tailored silhouette.

It is made in all colours and patterned in fine stripes. An extra collar is provided with every garment.

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Obtainable from best-class Stores.

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and at Morley House, Regent Street, London.
Wholesale and Shipping only.

Strange Chapters *in* History

(*Continued from page* 41)

a dream, an infernal dream, and as the steadiness of her knees began to give way, she bade him go.

Was it possible that in life everything were nothing but a silly prejudice? How could the love of Anubis have been the love of a young cad who had treated her like a common courtesan? And she had advertised all over Rome the miracle of which she had been the heroine, she who was now the victim of the vilest plot! And the respectability of the priest? And the power of the Gods? All prejudices, all falling to ashes together with all the divinity, all the faith, all the trust—all, all fatally bound in the circle of relentless, ironic, razing Fate. . . .

She must needs tell Saturninus, for she could not live with the load of a lie on her conscience; and to certain people of high principle, silence is the equivalent of a deliberate untruth. Moreover, she must needs avenge the outrage she had suffered, and with more tears than words Paolina poured out every incident of the hideous discovery. Instantly, her denunciation of the crime reached the Emperor Tiberius. An inquiry was ordered, followed by the bombshell of the culprits' arrest.

A scandal involving the name of Paolina was such an outstanding thing that Rome spoke of nothing else. Tiberius was personally interested in the matter to the extent that it was he who cross-examined the accused.

Every attempt at rescue proved useless; the injury had been too deep. An exemplary verdict should show to the outside world what it meant to conspire against the honour of a patrician of Rome.

According to human powers, the verdict was such that the stain was satisfactorily expunged.

A few days later, a poor wretch, once the venerable minister of Isis, a man whose word was considered as gospel, was roughly pushed forward in the open by the sinister group of executioners. A cold shudder went down his spine at the sight of something lying on the ground. Two crosses: one for Ide, but the other for him. Speedily the grim operation of the crucifixion proceeded, but Ide—the humble Ide, who had sacrificed herself for the love of her master and in gratitude for the memory of his father, who had made of her a free woman—Ide was not trembling, nor had she anything to be ashamed of. What she had done was not for gold. She, the humble Ide, had engaged in a battle of wits against a powerful aristocrat, and she had won. The rest was nothing . . . and, with a faint smile on her pale lips, the faithful servant passed away.

Tiberius spared the life of Decius Mundus; since the crime he had committed was done out of the passion of love—even in Rome the *crime passionnel* was recognised!—but in his banishment from Rome he was sentenced to a living death.

Another severe blow struck the community of the Egyptian creed. By order of the Emperor, the Temple of Isis was demolished. For weeks a tireless crowd of slaves was employed in shattering, dismembering, and destroying the beautiful temple. As the work proceeded, it was difficult to recognise certain familiar corners of which the principal feature was the mysterious twilight, corners which now stood roofless in the relentless light of the sun. One by one the stout columns, blazoned with their sacred hieroglyphics, fell under the pitiless axe until everything was reduced to a ruin of annihilation where none could tell which were the *cloaca* and which the emblem of godhead.

While the carts bore to a dump the relics of the pulverised temple, another cart was making for the river, where a crowd was waiting to see the last Imperial order carried out. A little scaffold projecting out on the river had been purposely constructed. The cart stopped near it, and with the help of ropes the majestic statue of Isis was pulled along the platform right to the end, and then —one . . . two . . . three, and the heavy mass, slowly turning face downwards, fell in the river. A vertical splash of dirty yellow water reached the nearest spectator, and Isis had disappeared from the Faith of the World for ever.

It is difficult at the present age to conceive what exile must have meant for a man used to the great life of Rome. Rome was the only metropolis in the world, and the destination of the exiled was invariably a barren country. Looking back, Rome appeared in all its grandeur of white marble temples; the glittering gold of the statue of Victory atop of the columns; the Palatine, Janiculum, the familiar pinnacles of the Capitol, the enormous extension of the endless city ceaselessly stretching farther and farther across the plain.

Farewell to Rome, to life, to luxury, to love, to honour, to future, to ambition, to glory. Above all, farewell to Paolina.

Vale.

"Samson and Delilah" of Islington

(*Continued from page* 31)

watched them depart in a straggling procession to Dobney's.

Price had triumphed. He maintained his supremacy as the leading horseman of Islington, even though the rival show was not defeated yet. Dingley held on to Sampson's horses until their owner was ready to submit. Then a Mr. Coningham, who would vault over two horses as they jumped the bar, or play a march on a flute as he stood on their backs, became the chief attraction of the Jubilee Gardens, while the fallen favourite acted as his servant. Day after day Sampson drudged at his task. Life seemed a burden until there was a gentle touch on his arm. "I was wrong to be unforgiving," said the voice he loved above all others in the world, and after that Mr. and Mrs. Sampson were Coningham's assistants until the debt was paid off.

True love was his consolation for the many misfortunes he had to bear, while Price, waxing wealthier and wealthier, retired with thousands. "Old Sampson," as he was now invariably called, went to Southwark and enjoyed great popularity at a shabby little ale-house called the Dog and Duck, after the pastime of duck-hunting for which the district had long been noted. But the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens used his power as a magistrate for the county to deprive the inn of its licence, and Old Sampson had to move on to Tottenham Court Road. Though he announced "the grandest feats of horsemanship that were ever attempted" at the riding-school he established here, he had to close down and hire himself out to any showman that would have him.

Of The Three Hats there is no more to be said. But when the fashion for horsemanship vanished from Islington, Dobney's was changed by a parson into a boarding school. It failed, and the old enthusiasm was rekindled for a spell when a certain Daniel Wildman arrived in 1772 to exhibit bees on horseback. While balancing himself with one foot in the saddle and the other on the horse's neck, he let the swarm cover his head and face; he would also stand on the saddle with the bridle in his mouth and fire a pistol as the signal for one part of the bees to march over a table and the other part to swarm in the air before returning to their hive. But the success he won was only a pale echo of the glamour that shone in Islington when the light dragoon presented to his Grace the Duke of York and an admiring public the fresh beauty and athletic daring of the First Equestrienne. From the evil night Sampson was shorn of honour at Bagnigge Wells, Fortune began to avert her face from Islington's greens.

End

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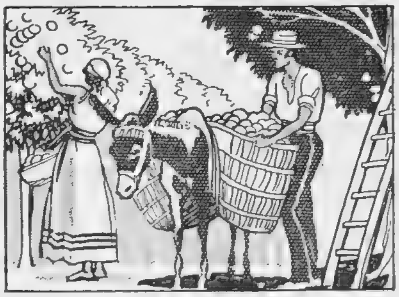
Because January is the month in which the Seville oranges arrive in this country. No other oranges can give the true marmalade flavour, and therefore Hartleys use *only* the genuine Seville. Nothing else goes into the jar except pure sugar.

If you would like to make a convincing test of the superiority of a real Seville orange marmalade, don't wait until your present jar is finished. Get a jar of Hartley's now and taste them side by side.



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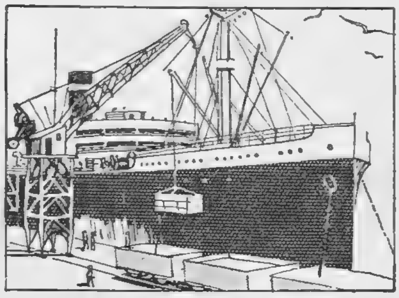

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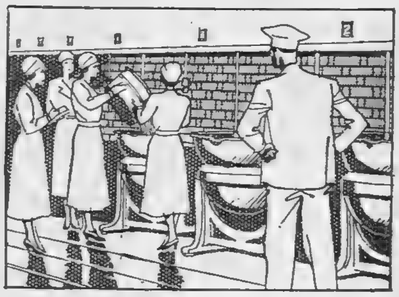

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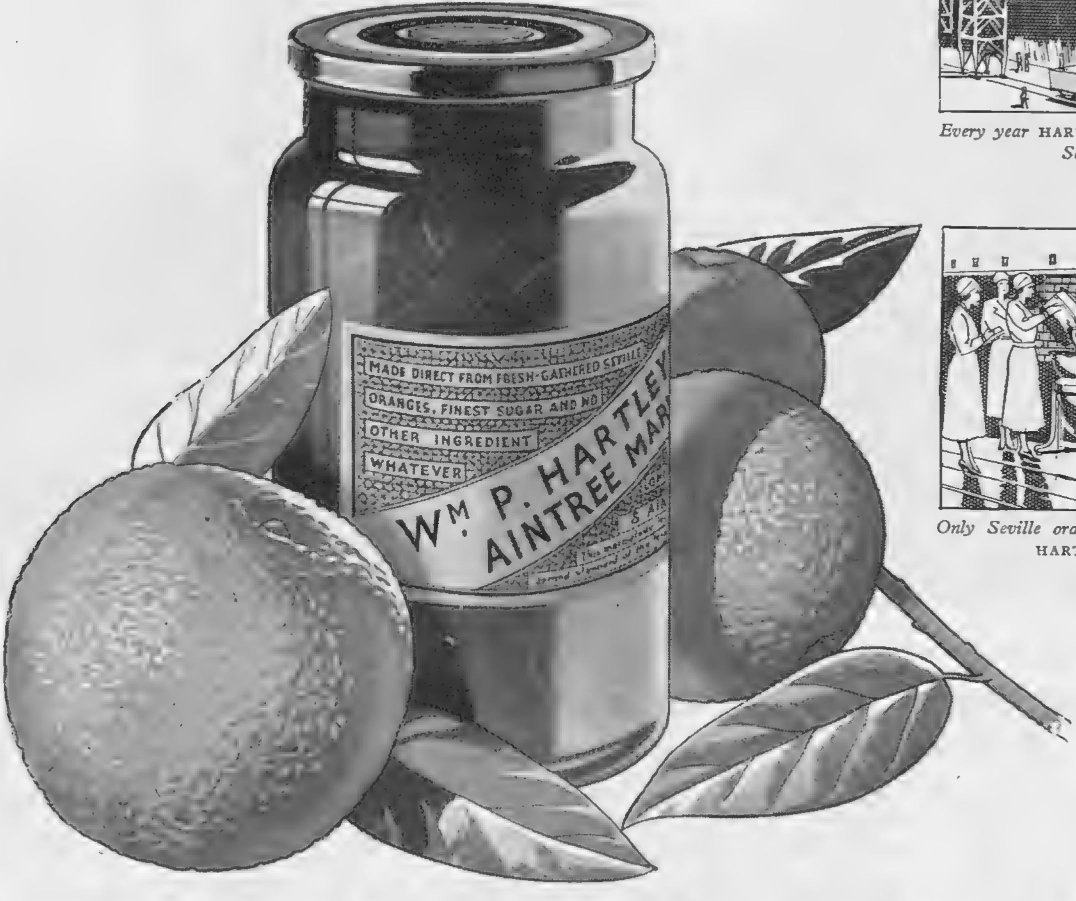
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HARTLEY'S

AINTREE MARMALADE

M1

A Hundred Years Hence

(*Continued from page 15*)

path. Perhaps before another twenty years are past the literature of our time will all be cast in the Huxleyian mould; scientific speculation based on scientific fiction; electrons, æons, atoms, sex determination by means of gauges, gadgets and gimcracks; test tubes from which to select your various grades of human and spiritual relationships; television gone mad with coloured photographs of mental reactions—who knows? It is all so new and mysterious, and we are all so eagerly appreciative of the discoveries animadverted upon by young Mr. Huxley that I am almost prone to proclaim him as a sort of literary Newton who simply must be properly placed in the Hall of Fame.

Then there are the playwrights. Not many of them now, I am afraid. Noel Coward, Lonsdale, Somerset Maugham, Shaw. Of these undoubtedly Somerset Maugham, a playwright of real excellence. I do not include Pinero, who is really a Victorian dramatist of the Oscar Wilde, Henry Arthur Jones era. They will have their undoubted place. But Maugham certainly. Coward and Lonsdale are the Congreve and Sheridan of their time; Coward in particular, as the nearest thing to the Admirable Crichton that we can devise; a young man of infinite variety.

Actors? There are none now as there were in the Edwardian period. We have to-day no Irving, Tree, Wyndham, Hare, Alexander, Ellen Terry, Mary Moore. Why? I suppose it is because the actor manager has given way to the more or less impersonal producer who contributes only mass production and scenery and drill mastery to the making of the Art. There is, of course, C. B. Cochran, who is impersonal and not an actor. I should say that a hundred years hence people will talk of Cochran just as now we talk traditionally of Barnum, something big and outstanding in the entertainment line. I have known Cochran now from Side Shows to Spectacle, from Fat Men and Human Skeleton in the Circus to "The Miracle" at the Lyceum, and always there was Cochran the great showman whose name will survive.

As for the musicians, we will not emblazon the pages of history with great artists of the nineteen-thirties. I wonder if Irving Berlin with his negro Blues and the croonings of camp-meetings has killed the great composers? I see no Liszt, no Wagner, no Bach, not even an Elgar among them. There are two young men, William Walton and Constant Lambert, whose symphonies and incidental music may well keep them alive through the decades. They are as English as was Purcell in the Elizabethan days.

WE shall do well with our painters and sculptors. There is the incomparable Augustus John. Nothing will dim his greatness. He may from this moment on produce day by day the most atrocious daubs and paint hideous phantasmagoria on canvas or on pavement, but the work of the past painted by Augustus John will surely give pleasure and instruction to those who follow us a hundred years or more from now. I ought to be careful in what I say in this connection, for I remember writing in a similar strain some twenty years ago with reference to the late Mr. Sargent, R.A., and also previous to that about the late Lord Leighton, P.R.A. I compared Sargent to Velasquez and Leighton to the classical painters of Italy. Well, one does these things when one is younger and more enthusiastic. The cracks in Sargent's glamorous escutcheon are almost irreparable, whereas whenever one now mentions the work of Lord Leighton one immediately has visions of Victorian tea parties, Royal Academy respectability and muffins and crumpets.

But with all this before me I shall insist on Augustus John as a definite 2033 figure of greatness. If he had never done anything else his recent magnificent portrait of Lord D'Abernon in the Academy should be sufficient to give him the place he deserves.

Alongside John I shall place the late Sir William Orpen, the most human little genius I have ever known. Next, in order, to be still a bit controversial, I shall go to the other extreme and drag forth Mr. Richard Sickert, the most impressionable of impressionists since Whistler or Degas, a veritable bag of tricks who surprises the world month by month not only with his amazing brushwork but with his aphorisms and his eruditions.

Certainly, if impressionist pictures are not to go up in smoke, and I see no sign of that, the cult of Sickertism will grow and grow and so surely land him alongside John and Orpen with the Immortals.

Add to this group another *bizarre* but compelling art creature—Epstein. Most of us have exhausted ourselves in expletives, pro and con, in connection with this large, rotund, unreal realist with the atmosphere of Banshee and werewolves and bats and the sharpness of right angles; some of us grow hysterical for him and others go into contortions of rage against him. Yet, there is Rima in the Park slowly but surely established as a British institution by this strange stonecutter from Wisconsin; there are the ribaldry and pathos combined called "Night" and "Morning" plastered against the walls of Lord Ashfield's Underground Palace in Westminster, and there is that black squeegee called "Genesis," which the late Mrs. Bossom purchased amid a cyclone of publicity—all testifying to the amazing quality of this shirt-sleeved sculptor who will be talked about a hundred years hence as the man who made England sit up and look.

DOWN at Westminster where the Statesmen grow, what about them? Are there among them any Pitts or Disraelis? Any Palmerstons, Melbournes, Castlereaghs, Gladstones? This is 1933. Ramsay MacDonald must necessarily go down on the list of those who will be quoted in 2033, if any, for the fact that he was the first Labour Prime Minister. It may be possible, too, that our successors will quote him as a shining example of the leader of a bloodless revolution taking on all the colour and semblance by way of ceremonials and dress and demeanour of those whom he replaced in power; of the son of the cottage stepping airily and graciously into the palace at Chequers and presiding over it as if to the manner born. Someone with a gifted imagination will perhaps in the course of years write a play or a film on the Log Cabin to White House idea, and so immortalise Mr. MacDonald, who, when all is said and done, has done nothing that should disqualify him for at least a couple of hundred years. I should think that perhaps Mr. Baldwin may just squeeze through as an example of eminent nineteen thirty-three respectability and sonorous diction, something on the lines of the late W. H. Smith, the eminent newsagent, "Old Morality," of whom Gilbert and Sullivan said:—

Stick close to your desk
And never go to sea
And you may be ruler of the Queen's Navee.

Yes, Mr. Baldwin, like Charles Peace and Mr. Spurgeon and Joe Lyons and the Gluckssteins, has done something in his time to be worth remembering, so we will not pass him.

I think, too, that the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, with his carefully devised method of handling his aspirates, his well-cut evening clothes, his fierce advocacy of Empire, and his never-failing originality of method either in controversy or compromise, will well represent our era in the next century.

It would be a fatal omission to leave out the man who was—and may be again—namely, Lloyd George. He is really not of nineteen hundred and thirty-three, and his place in history is as certain as the tides, a place made in the face of any contradiction during the war. Lloyd George will figure for ever as the greatest Briton of his time. Whatever he may have done before, even to flying disguised as a policeman from a hostile political meeting at Birmingham, or later to his petulant petty political vendetta against the National Government of to-day, no one can or will attempt to take from him the justly earned reward which is his as the greatest War Minister of the Great War.

Our great scientists have a good chance. I make much of Dr. Banting, who has saved thousands of lives with his wonderful insulin cure for diabetes. Before this young man so modestly produced his discovery there was practically no hope for diabetic subjects. Banting, like Jenner and Hunter and Harvey and Pasteur and Curie, will last. The 1933 scientists, Eddington, Julian Huxley, J. B. S. Haldane and Rutherford, are at the height of their power. Here we have just had Lord Rutherford splitting the atom; an achievement of the most astonishing import. Lord Rutherford is certainly entitled to his place in history. But if he can split the atom he can perhaps do things even more sensational. From splitting the atom to splitting the world in two may be no great step.

Will history dispute the right of Morris the motor manufacturer or Austin, his colleague, to a place in the chosen gallery of Fame? Do we to-day recall the names of any great industrialists of a hundred years ago? We all know about Cagliostro and his wonderful career of charlatanism, but we could not say who were the captains of industry or who it was beyond Wren and Inigo Jones that built the great palaces of other days. I would like to put down for consideration an architect, none other than Sir Edwin Lutyens, who was responsible for the Cenotaph in Whitehall, for the modern Delhi and the new British Embassy in Washington, all of them works of outstanding merit from my point of view, but then a hundred years hence the Cenotaph may itself represent unscientific sentiment and the great halls of Delhi may be turned into dancing places for which Lutyens may mean nothing. But Lutyens has personality as well as art. Unlike Mr. Baldwin, he smokes a pipe at a public dinner without ostentation, and as an R.A. he makes such bad jokes as almost to give them distinction; wherefore he may be considered to be truly a great man.

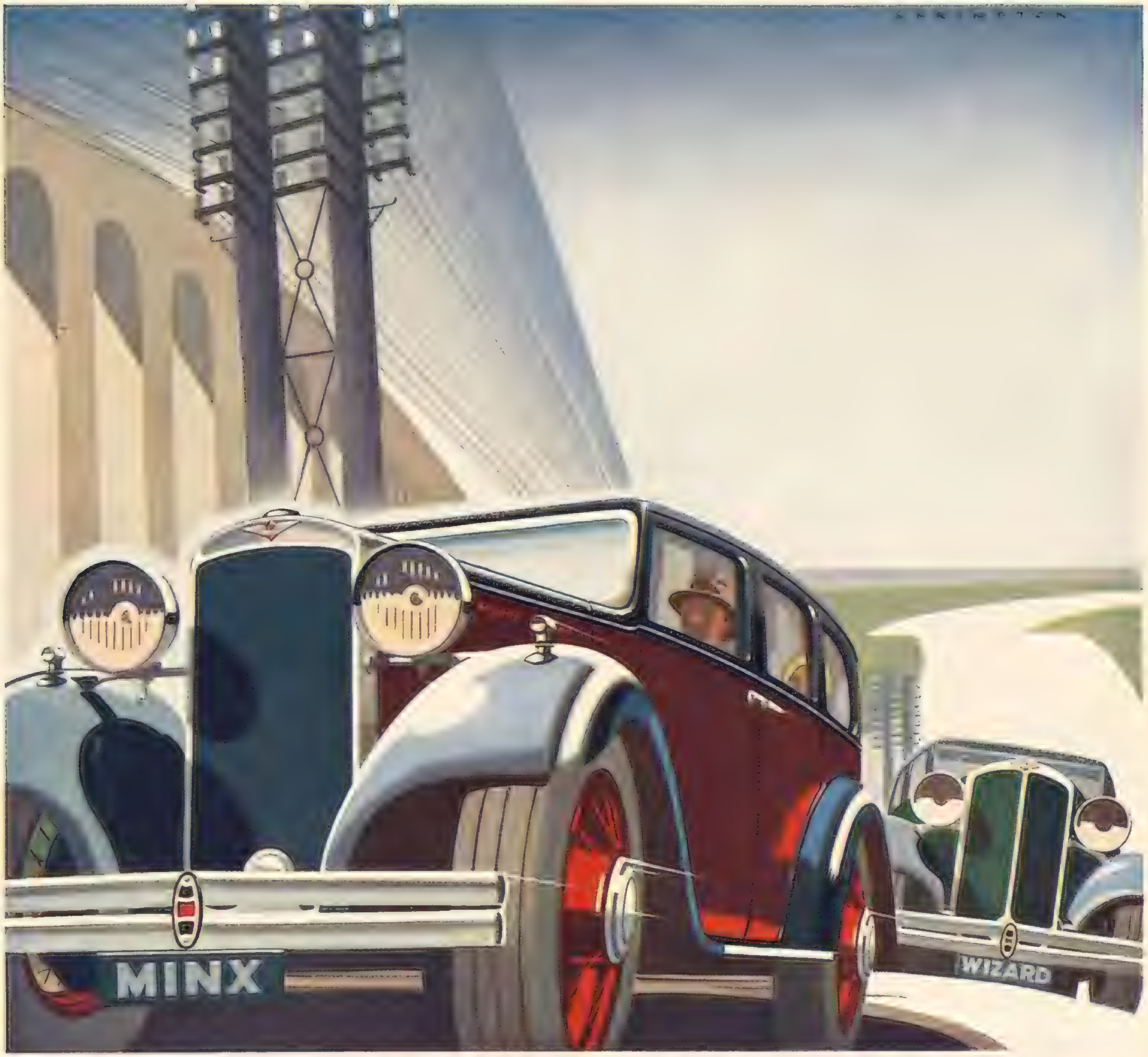
I think Mr. Selfridge may well come into the list of probables. He is a pre-1933 subject, but so perennially fresh and new that he may be included with the younger men. He stands for Romance in Commerce. He has put poetry on the Bargain Counter and Idealism into the Ready-to-Wear industry. He is a first-nighter in every direction, anxious to show that life offers new performances every day. Selfridge has turned miles of petty shop streets into business thoroughfares. He has revitalised the London of the middle and later ages, and is therefore as potent a figure for London as was Haussmann when he stripped Paris of its slums and gave it its great Boulevards.

I think, too, I would add a modest little claim for the Earl of Lonsdale. His cigar and his smile will carry him on into 2033.

The *Manchester Guardian*—Brave Horatius at the Bridge—in defending its tottering Free Trade edifice, conferred on Lord Beaverbrook the title of "Pedlar of Dreams." If Beaverbrook survives the hundred years, and there is every cause to believe that he will, it will not be as a purveyor of dreams or as a weaver of fairy webs, but as a master purveyor of Empire facts. It is certain that the figure of Joseph Chamberlain will emerge in History not as the Radical King-hater or the man who fought Oom Paul Kruger, as Colonial Secretary, but as the "visionary" who pointed the way to the promised land out of the quagmire of Cobdenism. This being so, it is certain that History will accord to his 1933 successor its full meed of appreciation and credit. Even beyond that he will be remembered long as the man who broke up the Asquith coalition government and led forth Bonar Law.

There may be here and there an eminent nineteen-thirties candidate for posterity. Who knows? Who can tell? We all of us, or in any event the vast majority of us, will have been forgotten when 2033 comes round to take toll.

END



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T*he* Sun King

(*Continued from page 27*)

SUNDAY !

Off with the stiff collar, the business suit ; on with the old pants and the comfortable shirt, bluer than heaven ! Away, walking and running, to stretch the muscles again, on the four mile road to Körnwitz.

" Tina, come. We'll go to the river and swim all day ; it's warm still. I've sandwiches here so that we needn't trouble your mother. *Guten Morgen*, Frau Kreis. *Guten Morgen, mein Herr*."

" But, Max."

Tina was in a flowered muslin frock, silk stockings, good shoes. Her charming face was at once shy, embarrassed and expectant.

" But, Max."

She wanted him alone, not where other Sunday lovers were walking, not where happy pagan crowds were bathing and diving and calling : " Hullo, Tina ! Hullo, Max ! Come with us."

Her mother kindly helped her to explain :

" Ach, Max. Stay here with Tina. There is the garden and the orchard, and you can have the sitting-room all to yourselves. We must go to Mass." A maternal reproving look at his clothes. " We thought you would go with us . . . but you and Tina stay here. Such a lot she has to tell you of all she has been planning. And you have something to tell her too. Yes, Tina is feeling serious. She will want to hear if you pleased your uncle."

As soon as Frau Kreis and her husband left for the village church, Max was again dazzled by love. It was surprising—this change in Tina ; that she should not want to swim and dive, or climb the hills, or walk the forests ; but there was a new sweetness to it, exciting because so unfamiliar. And anyway, one could lie under the peach trees, in the open air.

But Tina was not only shyly expectant of love-making as she understood it ; she was very busy. She took him into the house and showed him the linen her mother had set aside for her, which she was hemming, and embroidering with initials, mounds and mounds of it ; and she had begun her trousseau. She was full of it all.

" If we are to be married this time next year," she blushed, " it will take us all our time to prepare, won't it ? I have to help here, you know, and I must get ready for our home in my spare time."

" Your spare time ! Your play time ! "

" I'd rather sew than play—now." She squeezed his hand. " And you, Max, you'd rather work than play now, wouldn't you ? It is wonderful. It is divine, isn't it, how love changes everything ? "

" Love changes everything ? "

She nodded, blushing.

" My grandmother has promised us a Meissen dinner service ! Has your mother said anything ? "

His mother had said a lot. It had entered one ear and left by the other. He strove to remember :

" She spoke of blankets . . . "

" I want an eiderdown as big as the one a girl in Körnwitz had when she married last year."

Then she wanted to sit with him on the sofa, the door shut, with no eye to see, and be flattered and kissed. It was a different Tina ; no longer a hoyden, but a woman.

But still it was enchanting sitting here by the open window, smells of orchard and garden coming in, sun shining on them, in each other's arms ; though of course, it would all have been lovelier on the wild hills.

" Now, Max," she murmured, looking divinely pretty, and mysteriously complacent, " tell me what your uncle will pay you."

" Twenty marks a week just at first—"

" *Ach, mein lieber*, but you will earn more than that ? "

She looked anxious.

" Oh yes, Tina. Soon, he promises, if I do well, it will be doubled, and then when we marry, trebled—"

" And then, Max, there is overtime ! "

" Yes, yes. Of course, I shall work overtime."

" Till we marry. After that I shall want you. Isn't love wonderful ? "

" It is so long till next summer," he sighed foolishly.

" It will pass ever so quickly," she murmured. " Now, Max, what shall you save every week ? "

" I have to pay my mother first for my new suit."

" Yes ! yes ! But after that ? "

" Half, Tina."

" It will never be enough for the furniture by next summer."

" Three-quarters, then, at least."

" At least." She kissed him. " You'll ask your uncle at once about the overtime ? "

" To-morrow."

" Isn't love wonderful ? "

" YES, we are always busy in the autumn ; the new box designs for Christmas presents ; the novelties," said Wilhelm Pöppelmann. " When I was a boy your age, I worked overtime for the joy of it ; for my pride ; for the esteem of my employers. However, this is a very, very different world now. You young people these days are greedy. And, as you are getting married, well, I suppose I must say, fifty pfennigs an hour for the overtime. You can make a mark and a half every night. Yes. I'll turn you on to the designing, as it is said, you have imagination."

" Thank you, uncle."

And never mind. There was still that holiday called Sunday. Though now, that was all the time left.

" Max ! " said Tina, shining-eyed, when she heard. " On Sundays you can bring your designing here ; I can help you ! Oh, this getting married will take us all our time," she laughed happily.

" But, Tina ! Before it gets too cold, we—we must swim ; we must walk miles and miles as we used to do ; the wild nuts will soon be ready. And the blackberries. Next Sunday then—all day—just you and I ? "

" Listen. Next Sunday we can't. My aunt is coming here to see you ; and she has already promised us an armchair. Isn't that nice ? We've got to think of the future, haven't we ? "

" Y-Y-Yes."

" And Max. Don't you think, for my sake, you could try to please my father and mother like I try to please yours ? "

" But don't I please them ? "

" Max. To please me by pleasing them : wear—wear your nice suit on Sundays. With a clean shirt—the striped one that you say you have. You see, they love me. They don't want people in Körnwitz saying Tina Kreis is marrying just some *wandervogel*."

" I will, *meine liebe*. I will."

" You do like sitting here with me, don't you ? "

" *Yes !* "

Just as she prophesied, the wise maiden, time flew—and yet it seemed, especially in the evenings of extra work, to toil by, labouring and groaning—and winter was upon them.

The fir trees were dark against the snow ; the stoves were going full blast ; the geese were on sale in the shops. Pöppelmann's big shop window, below his offices, showed gaudy with the novelty cigarette boxes that soon girls would give as presents to boys. The spires and domes of Dresden stood up like ornate yet delicate etchings against the clear wintry sky.

For two months before this consummation of Christmas Max Pöppelmann had not so much as paused once on the bridges over the river ; he had not dared to loiter and look down and see its changed seasonal splendour ; he had not lifted his eyes to the hills ; nor sauntered, royal with leisure, about his kingly possessions. In fact, he no longer had kingly possessions, any more than had his father and mother, or the Kreis family The imperial contour of the State museum, the rococo grandeur of the Japanese palace, the music rolling from the Court church at evening, the storied fabric of the Opera House, the great Zwinger, the winds, the water, the earth and the sky, no more belonged to him. He was a collector of pfennigs ; of chairs and tables ; of cutlery and beds ; of clean collars ; of Christmas presents—hardly achieved—for beloved Tina, for Frau Kreis and Herr Kreis ; of ideas for cigarette box lids ; and of Wilhelm Pöppelmann's esteem. These matters kept his eyes cast down in their pursuit.

But let's have one more soaring revolt—at Christmas, when it was of no use designing more box lids ; when there was holiday.

What a Christmas, white and cold ; snow like a carpet and frost like diamonds on the snow ! All the boys and girls—who need not be serious-minded—were out upon the hills ski-ing, bob-sleighing, skimming on their skates over every frozen sheet of water.

Suddenly :

" Tina ! Let us have a great day ! Tobogganning ! "

She was adoring a family teapot presented by her grandmother.

" I haven't a toboggan."

" There's my old toboggan . . . Ach, but it won't hold two ! I'll *buy* a toboggan ! "

" No ! No ! No ! No ! *No !* "

" All right, Tina."

" WELL, now you know what it is to feel like a man," said Uncle Wilhelm Pöppelmann, " now you feel what responsibility is, nephew. You have certainly undergone what one might call a real transformation. You have not done at all so badly all this winter, and I have been telling your good mother that really in my opinion she need have no more anxiety about you. You will be continuing the overtime work right up till the wedding day, I have no doubt. Well, I can provide it for you. It is not every young man lucky enough to have a successful uncle, is it ? But I'm very fond of my brother, your father, and I have been pleased to do what I do for his son. It is possible, too, that in time you will make a good business man, as any nice girl should expect her husband to be. It is possible that one day, Max, you may find yourself a man like me. Well, it will be the influence of good example, and I am not too modest to say it. Added, of course, to the influence of love. I am glad that you have had the good fortune to win a nice girl of such a respectable family. Love is a very wonderful thing."

" And now," said Wilhelm Pöppelmann, " I am going to entrust you with the responsibility of representing me with the Hausner firm over that little matter which I have already explained to you. We will see how you shape as a salesman. You'll do your best, I know, for Tina's sake. *Ach !* Love is a *very* wonderful thing."

So this was why, at last, for the first time in eight months, Max found himself outside the office in the early afternoon of one of the warmest days of April, with trees in bud, sun hot, and new life stirring. In his business suit—soon to be superseded by a wedding suit—with an impeccably clean collar girdling his pale neck, he walked out to interview the Hausner firm on the other side of the river.

And on the wide bridge for the first time in eight months he paused.

He stood and looked as if he had never seen all this beauty before. Behind him stretched the great terrace above the river ; before him he saw, dimmed by some mists of his mind, the high buildings of various ministries of state against the fair sky ; below him lay the river shore with, already, bathers upon it. And then the mists cleared, outlines grew bold, the sun blazed, there were trumpets in the little wind ; he saw with his old vision ; his heart lifted ; his pale cheeks flushed ; the whole world was crowned with light ; the Elbe held carnival. Were those gilded swans indeed the gondolas of Tosato the Italian, gliding before the castle of Augustus the Strong ? Was that the *crescendo* of the foreign music they used to play there—beat of kettle-drums deep and strong ? What was this lovely sound and traffic upon the tide ?

A train of barges,

(*Continued on page* 111)

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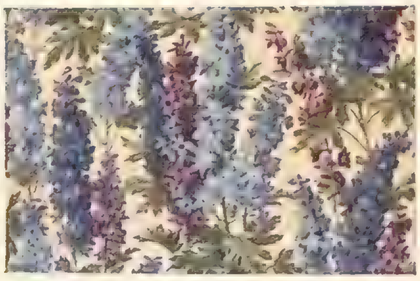

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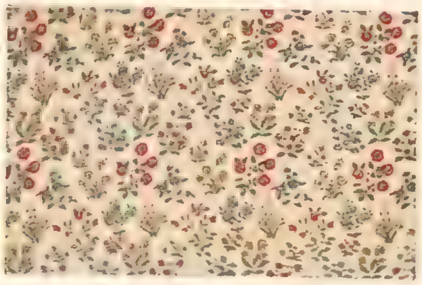

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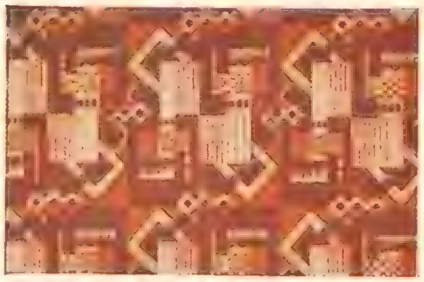

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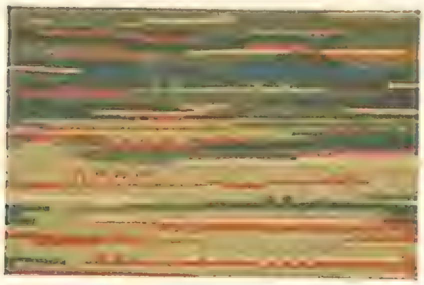

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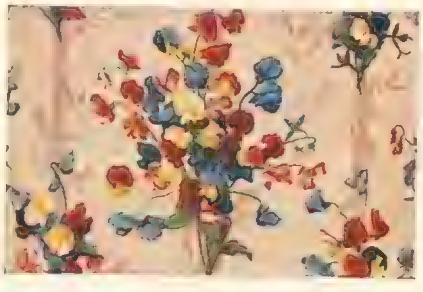

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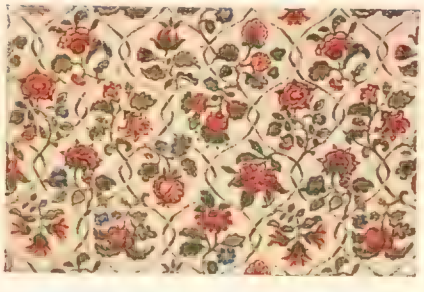

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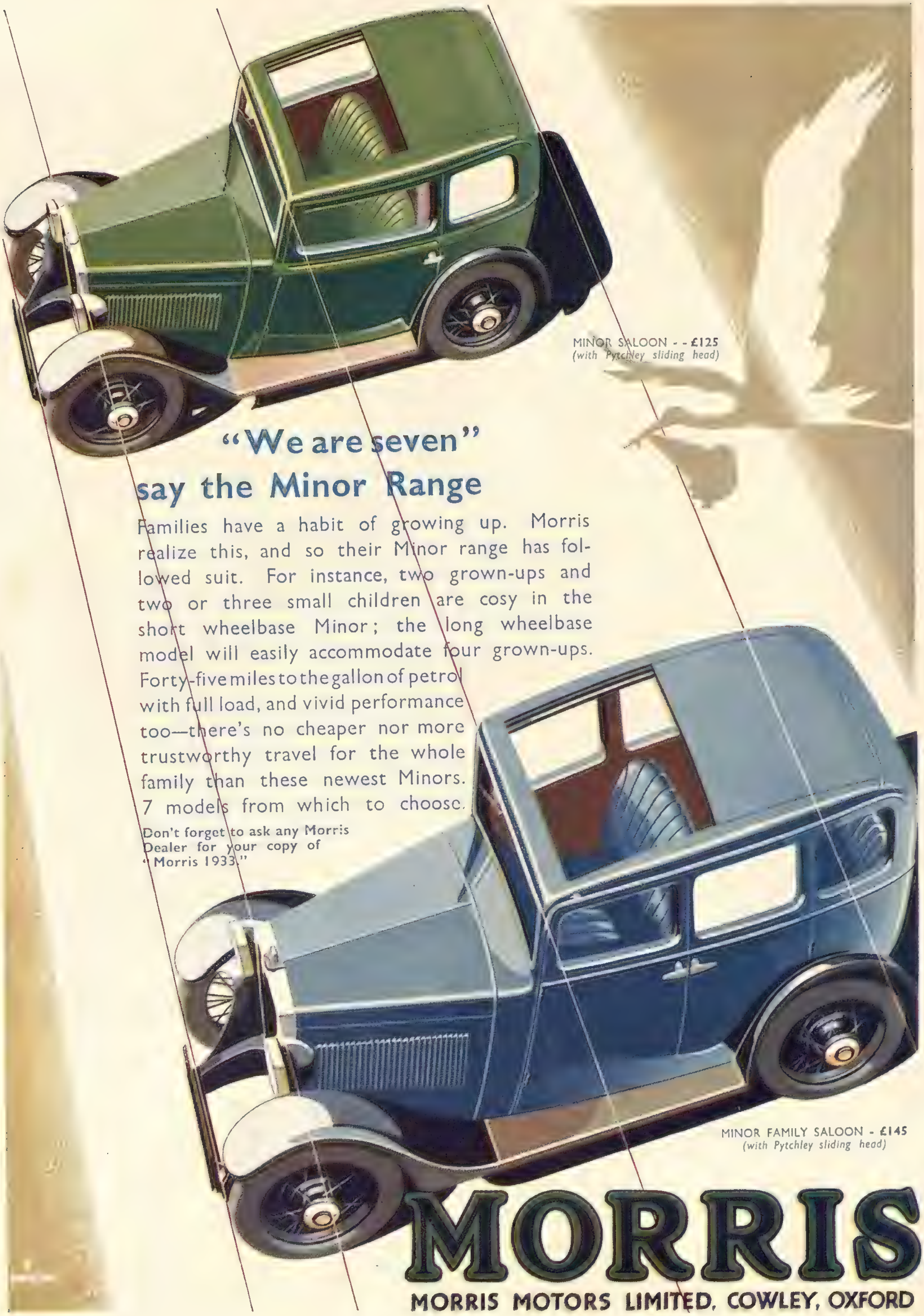

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slow, majestic, smoothly journeying; the bargemaster—yes, that dark gipsy!—leaning against the silent engine-house; behind him load upon load; a stout old man lazily handling a tiller. Otto!

The train of barges came very, very slowly nearer the bridge.

Then, staring with all his eyes, listening with all his ears, weeping with all his heart, Max Pöppelmann saw the old *Bootsmann* stagger and tumble headlong into the water.

Was it himself crying out: "Otto! Otto!" Himself, tidy young business man, emissary of Wilhelm Pöppelmann, rushing over the bridge, swerving left, plunging down in great strides to the shore, throwing off his hat, his shoes, tearing off his coat, his waistcoat, flinging them down; and so, running into the water?

Fast swimming brought him alongside the foremost barge, just as two bathers, already near, had dived and brought up the bundle that was the body of Otto, whose old heart had failed him at the very moment that Max Pöppelmann stood looking at him from the great bridge.

Max hurled himself aboard, and saw the bargemaster leaning down to the water, and with the help of an extra hand as gipsyish as himself, receiving Otto from the bathers.

He heard them saying together: "He's dead."

He saw Otto laid out, covered with a red blanket snatched off a clothes line where it had been drying; he saw ahead of the barges to the long stretch of river beyond the arches of the bridge. Then even as the barges floated beneath the bridge, officialdom came out after them in a launch and looked at Otto. Where had he lived save on the barge? Had he a home town? Yes, indeed, further up the Elbe. They were taking him there . . .

An immense simplicity informed all arrangements, and fell also like a magic mantle upon Max Pöppelmann.

No more tables and chairs, cutlery and beds to be bought. No more cigarette selling. No more Uncle Wilhelm. No more Tina.

"Who's this?" said the gipsy bargemaster, gutturally, staring into his face.

Max Pöppelmann was laughing again.

"You remember me, please? You will be a man short now. Take me!"

END

Of Good Appearance

(*Continued from page 21*)

perfectly well young men are being sent home from the East in droves," Peter answered calmly. "You're with McEuan and Wallace, and I dare say it's the same with you. I've got two pals who were selected by Wheelhouse and Company. Well, when the time came Wheelhouse and Company didn't want them, and my pals are left on the mat. You can't make your *bunderbust* if you're left on the mat."

"We may be cutting down staff," Mike Jardine answered pontifically, "but the real stuff never has to wait long for consideration."

Out of his sad knowledge, Peter replied: "There's just as much real stuff going as ever there was, but nobody wants it. You don't suppose I like my present occupation, do you? If it comes to that, I'm real stuff, but nobody except Lady Marchmand wants me, and I've got to live."

"Oh, quite, quite," Mike said sceptically, but his eyes registered contempt. He and Vera had played together as children. He knew perfectly well she would never have engaged a really virile young man for Peter's job because she herself had the fox-hunting brand of courage. Obviously, Peter must be the very ace of lounge lizards.

"I see your point," he went on grudgingly, "but we must remember that old tag about the survival of the fittest."

"Or those with the best recommendations and the biggest pull," suggested Peter. "Have some more port, won't you? Vera keeps a very good port."

SINCE Mike was home on leave they continued to make an invariable four, Vera and Peter, Kay and Mike. For Mike's sake they ran the gamut of London night life—restaurants, dance clubs, and night clubs. Vera remembered her flower-kissed youth, in which Mike had played his part, and took the broad view. Even if she was blasée, Mike must enjoy his leave. She didn't know Kay Watson from Eve, or rather she knew the Kay Watson type from A to Z, but Kay had excellent manners, and dressed delightfully, and no *burra sahib* on leave could have wished for a more delicious playfellow. Thus quite unconsciously they arrived at the night when the influence of Doris on Edwards reached its climax and Edwards decided to chip in with the boys.

It all worked simply and beautifully. Edwards, forsaking his direct route home from the fashionable dance club, drove through a quiet street; an example of the world's best sports car, stolen for the occasion, with an open body and three men besides the driver, roared up behind them and edged Vera's car into the pavement with a grinding of wing on wing. Out into the deserted street sprang the three men from the sports car, while the driver kept his engine running. One of them gave Edwards his clout in the jaw and the other two flung open the doors of Vera's car. The roof-lights shone down on the barrel of an automatic in one of the men's hand.

Vera and Kay in the back seat stared in fascination, stark with fright, and yet gloating subconsciously, as women do when it seems inevitable, over the prospect of bloodshed and sudden death. Mike, trained in the imperious East, where he had flung orders about for twenty years, ran true to the *burra sahib* tradition. He and Peter were sitting on the occasional seats, Mike nearer the bandit. He snapped out: "Come on, Stocks, if you've got the guts!" and flung himself straight at the man with the automatic.

The pistol cracked, a bullet went wide through the roof, Kay screamed, and Peter followed Mike. Mike was rolling on the ground in a life-or-death grapple with his man. Peter, with two men closing on him, hit the first straight on the chin, and he collapsed senseless. The other made a dash for the car with Peter at his heels. Peter closed with him at the car door, holding him by wrist and throat. The driver picked up a rubber truncheon, raised and brought it down with force on Peter's head just as Mike, arriving with the captured automatic, pushed it into the driver's face with the command: "Hands up!" The driver let in his clutch, and Mike shot him as calmly and accurately as though he were a pheasant or a rabbit. The sports car crashed into the railings of an area, a police car summoned by telephone by a startled householder raced up, and by and by they lifted Peter very gently and rushed him to hospital.

Much later, over a badly needed brandy and soda in Vera's drawing room, Mike said to her, speaking bluntly as a companion of her youth, and ignoring Kay for the moment:

"Vera, if that boy's seriously hurt I'll never forgive myself, because I treated him like dirt, and he fought like a lion. You've no business to turn a chap like that into a sort of tame cat, and you ought to be ashamed of it. Surely you could have found someone who'd have liked that kind of job?"

Vera only smiled with infinite understanding.

"You're back in the old days that have gone for ever, Mike. There aren't jobs for these boys, and they've got to live. It was different in your time. Can't you find him something to do? You said you'd come home to reorganise the London office."

Something Peter had said at their first meeting: "I've got to get a real job because it's important," came back to Mike. Probably a girl somewhere, and that's why Peter had ended, "but please don't tell Vera." Pity for a fella like Peter not to marry and transmit his fighting qualities to the next generation.

"Possibly," he answered at last. "I see you're still the same Vera in spite of your latter-day sophistication. Come on, Kay, you little reprobate. It's time you turned in with a couple of aspirins, and slept off all this excitement."

PETER, dressed in a suit bought by Vera, sat in the flat paid for by Vera, surrounded by fruit and flowers sent by Vera, feeling extremely shaky. The bandits had been brought up before the magistrate and remanded until Peter became well enough to give evidence. In the witness box he would describe himself as Vera's secretary, and he imagined a titter going round the young women in court. Then his front door clicked open and a servant announced Mike Jardine.

He stretched out a hand and wrung Peter's. It was their first meeting since the night when Edwards succumbed to the persuasion of Doris and chipped in with the boys. Mike had taken in the room at a glance: restrained almost to starkness as regarded Peter's personal effects, and Peter was smoking a pipe, not a scented cigarette. That profusion of flowers on a side-table would be from Vera; the dozen crimson carnations in a bowl on the writing-table beside the photograph of a girl with a wide deep brow and a serenely beautiful face would be from the girl. No doubt the photograph explained that remark of Peter's on the night when Mike first met him and they were alone: "You see I've got to get a real job because—well, because it's important, but for Heaven's sake don't tell Vera."

SUDDENLY Mike realised all that being Vera's secretary had meant to Peter in self-contempt. He felt respectful, remorseful, and happy that he had come with the real job for Peter all cut and dried.

"Glad you're up and about again," Mike began. "You put up a damn good show, Peter, and you had the thick end of the scrap because there were two of them against you and I couldn't lay my chap out for quite a while. Now, look here, do you feel fit enough to talk business?"

Peter smiled rather faintly.

"Yes, if there's any business to talk. As a matter of fact I thought you rather disapproved of me."

"We all make our mistakes," Mike told him drily. "Now listen: I've come back to reorganise our London headquarters. The East isn't what it was and London doesn't realise it. You need to go out after the Eastern buyer these days and tempt him instead of waiting for him to come to you. I've had a look round head office, and the young men there give me a pain in the neck. I want someone nearer their own age than I am to shove some guts into them, and be my personal assistant. You could do it if you liked; what I need is drive, and you've got it. I can teach you the technical side of the business as you go along. It'll be the toughest job you ever saw; the thing is, will you take it on?"

Peter's world went slightly dizzy, and through a mental fog he saw Mike sitting there, looking like a British possession overseas; solid, dominant and decisive. Something about these *burra sahibs* after all. They understand people at any rate.

He heard his own voice a long way off saying:

"I'll take it on like a shot if you think I'd be any use, and if I could marry on the salary. You see, I've got to earn enough to marry."

His eyes strayed to the photograph and Mike nodded, as though confirming an impression.

"A thousand a year to start. You'll earn twice that in time. Excuse me, but if that's the lady's photograph why not talk things over with her, and let's all three dine together one day? We rather like our young men to have wives like that girl on your writing-table."

(*Continued on page 112*)

When Mike had gone, Peter pulled himself together with an immense effort, staggered to the lift, descended to the ground floor, and demanded a taxi. At Selysette's he got out, staggered up the historic stairs and entered the famous salon. Stepping carefully across the parquet floor, he came upon Margaret displaying an evening frock for a group of sophisticated female clients. It occurred to him that a shock might do them good.

Therefore he walked up to Margaret, put his arms round her, kissed her in front of the shocked head *vendeuse* and said authoritatively:

"Darling, please take that frock off and put on your own things, and come out and talk to me. You'll never work here any more, because I'm going to be a *burra sahib* at a corking salary, and we shall marry at the earliest possible moment and live happily ever after."

END

Bank Holiday

(Continued from page 57)

"Whoopee!" Daisy encouraged.

At the setting of the sun they came to the village of Southend-on-Sea, and the tide was out.

"No mangroves?" asked Doktor Eckmann in surprise, regarding the mud.

"Tons of winkles," consoled Daisy.

The chariot disgorged them into a surging mass of natives, gay as themselves, decorated like them, noisily cheerful and full of animal spirits, and mostly addicted, apparently, to that excellent tonic water. The human tide swallowed them up. A pleasant experience to be swallowed up with Daisy in all that warm humanity. The Herr Doktor's nostrils were not critical; he only had a vague impression that something recalled the lower quarters of Swatow.

"Never seen nothin' like this before, 'ave you, Bert?"

"It astounds me."

"I thought so. Easy seen you ain't been round much. But this'll buck you up. Nice to feel we could be posh and go to the Palace, but I'm going to show you a real good time. Natural-like. Bank holidays are for that. You leave it to Daisy."

"That is just what I do." Doktor Eckmann gave her a hug: it was a custom. "Let us take another tonic water," he suggested, adding with perchance new guile learnt on the primrose path: "The quinine would be good if that there is fever from the mud."

"Hold 'ard," said Daisy. "We got a long night in front of us. I'll look after the ordering."

SHE took him to an inn and demanded two "Browns." The Herr Doktor, whose scanty experience had been gained in a land where drinks were otherwise, did not identify the liquid as beer, but since Daisy handed the glass to him its contents became nectar. As a characteristic drink the "Browns" interested him, and had he been in the mood for business he would have noted the name in a book.

He was not in the mood for business.

A deal of surging about followed—a kind of ceremonial procession in all directions without ceremony. In between times they ate standing up at open stalls and exchanging badinage with their neighbours. Profiting by her warning, Doktor Eckmann left most of this to the competent Daisy and confined himself to beaming on one and all. They were warm-hearted in response, laughing and hailing him with such cries as, "What-o, professor?"—which struck him as showing a singular perspicacity. He might have made inquiries into this odd second-sight had he not been so busy with the whelks. The fare brought back memories to Doktor Eckmann, who had once subsisted on shell-fish for three weeks when shipwrecked in the Malay Archipelago.

They rejoined the processions, Daisy alternately blowing on a paper trumpet and sucking a pink stick of sugar, which she referred to by the native name of "Rock," leading the Herr Doktor at first to believe it was a mineral quarried locally.

There were even more people now and many lights. Passing ships twinkled, but Doktor Eckmann had no desire to sail for any parts more foreign. Daisy, flushed and tousled, looked lovelier than ever. Like a Bacchante, thought the Herr Doktor—an innocent, fresh Bacchante whose ruby lips touched only the innocuous nectar known as "Browns."

"Nothing like the Southend air, Bert, old darling," she said when they had indulged in a tram-ride to the end of the pier and back. "Makes you feel fighting fit. I could push the tram off the rails."

"And gosh," said Doktor Eckmann, "together it is that we push the whole pier over, yes?"

He was proud of his jest in the dialect, and laughed loudly at it, Daisy with him. She was always laughing. Doktor Eckmann had not heard so much laughter since he could remember. It mounted to his head like wine.

Clouds swept in from the sea, bringing the inevitable Bank holiday downpour.

"Better get in where the wet's not just water. Leave it to Daisy."

UNDER cover of the umbrella—which Daisy had been inclined to mock—they found a tavern larger and noisier than the others. The big room was crowded to suffocation with revellers. The Herr Doktor felt quite at home, for the place suggested a Papuan long-house, being gloomy and full of dark wood and having a high, peaked roof. Also the young of the tribe were not admitted, but played in an outer lobby.

"Can't do any more 'Browns,'" said Daisy, fighting a way to the counter. "Better switch. Couple o' white ports, miss, when you get the chance."

The Herr Doktor was acquainted with a glass of port as a social matter preceding deep discussion with a member of the Eighty-Four. White port as a drink to be consumed in quantities standing up was another matter. He left it to Daisy, however. There was, he observed, a strong emotional impulse merely in the jostling crowd in that confined space. The same point had struck him at religious festivals in India.

In some way Daisy encountered a large party of friends, and invited them to meet Doc Bert. At first they were shy, wary and withdrawn, regarding him curiously, perhaps with antagonism, but when the Herr Doktor had smiled widely on them for a time and had paid for a round of drinks, they began to thaw and lost their timidity. The experience was not new to him. With primitive peoples it was a matter of establishing confidence by preserving a friendly passivity.

One, taking off his hat, jovially presented his head for inspection, saying, "'Ere y'are, Doc, read the old bumps!" Again he was startled by their uncanny insight—for Daisy had not mentioned his interests—but the skull was featureless.

Daisy interposed hotly, "Garn, he's the reg'lar article. Do you think a gent like 'im is the kind that reads yer perishin' bumps?"

They proved to be a nice people, very affable and social. They filled his glass for him, and he, experienced in the giving and receiving of presents as a usage, did not neglect to return the tribute.

"'E may be only a toff, Daisy," said an elderly woman wearing plumes like a Masai warrior, "but 'e's one of the lads. Blimey, got 'alf a mind to pinch him offer you."

"Just like to see you try, Mother Machree!" Daisy dared her, but she was delighted at

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the success of Bert, who grew more and more the boy friend as the night wore on.

Seemingly impromptu dances began, but Doktor Eckmann's trained eye detected the ritual note. He was drawn into them, coat-tails flying, large black hat tilted back, all unaware that he cut a fantastic figure. With his knowledge of the intricate steps of the Makus he found it very simple. You merely formed one of a circle—or a unit in two opposing lines—and putting your arms about your neighbour's stamped back and forth, raising the knees as high as possible, flinging back the head. At the same time songs were chanted and loud cries uttered. Occasionally the ladies freed their arms and raised their skirts in a gesture of abandon, which did not, however, outrage modesty, as they were well clad beneath.

Like the religious ceremonials of the Makus these dances, Doktor Eckmann decided, had a sexual significance. The rhythmic stamping and the close contact, together with the potent force of shared excitement, provided that, though there was nothing obviously sexual in the measures themselves. The corner of his mind still on duty read the gleam that came into the eyes of the dancers. So often before had he seen it that it was an old friend. Lacking a mirror, he did not observe that the old friend lodged also in him.

In accordance with the general practice in such rites they carried on until they panted from exhaustion. Then they drank again.

There was, as ever, a jester in this clan within the tribe. He was a young man like a restless ferret, who kept on knocking over glasses and wore a paper yachtsman's cap. After loudly demanding order, he began to sing:

Daisy, Daisy, give Doc your answer do,
He's half crazy all for the love of you . . .

They were rightly delighted at the happiness of this composition, and the Herr Doktor was both surprised and flattered. He had often had lays sung in his honour on festal occasions, but never one so apt and charming. He soon found himself swinging Daisy's hands to and fro in the midst of the shouting ring, the while singing the refrain with gusto and artfully changing the pronouns from the third to the first person singular.

"I'll give him his answer right enough!"

Daisy flung her arms about his neck, and the rest applauded. It was a good answer.

"You ain't 'alf got off, not 'alf you ain't," said the elderly woman who had been addressed as Mother Machree.

One of the priests of the temple—the Herr Doktor was seeing the place and the proceedings more and more with his professional eye—came and asked for less noise.

"We got our licence to think of," he said in reproach.

"Sorry, Gov'nor—we'll be good."

They were docile and tractable, well-behaved beneath their cheerful rowdiness. There were no brawls, and only passing spasms of ill-temper usually caused by the upsetting of a glass and immediately quelled by raillery. The Herr Doktor had seen more rancour at learned society meetings. In the treatise taking cloudy shape he would have to make a point of the fact that the Southenders were the best-natured people he had ever dwelt among, not excluding the Tahitians and the Balinese.

A RITUALISTIC bell sounded, evoking an urgent exhortation from the priests: "Last orders, please! Now then, gentlemen, almost time. Last orders, please!"

Doktor Eckmann insisted on paying. They toasted him, declaring, "Here's luck to you, old skate. Pity there aren't more like you."

The rounded periods of his speech of thanks were interrupted by a dimming of the lights and frenzied cries from the priests and he became a part of the greatest procession of the day which flocked in massed battalions up the hillside through rain which

(*Continued on page* 114)

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suggested that the monsoon had broken. Doktor Eckmann wished ardently that his seismologist friend could have been with them to investigate and record an extraordinary phenomenon. The hillside was agitated by continuous waves set up by an earthquake. The village was obviously constructed most ingeniously to withstand such visitations, for houses and even lamp-posts swayed gracefully to the undulations, and did not totter down in collapse. Doktor Eckmann, determining to learn the secret of such building and communicate it to the Japanese Government, with difficulty adjusted his gait to the tremors. All about him the tribesmen were doing the same. This puzzled him, for one would have expected them to be inured to the experience.

"This is where we just buzz off," said Daisy in his ear.

She drew him aside, and their clan went on over the waves and up the hill.

"Leave it to Daisy."

Much too late to do otherwise, even supposing he had contemplated such an absurdity as mutiny against so sweet a tyrant.

AT the top of the slope sat Queen Victoria, admonitory marble hand stretched out over the stream of merry Britons. The Herr Doktor paused in owl-eyed interest, believing he had chanced on a statue erected to Nature the Mother which would provide a valuable addition to his memoranda on the subject. His mood was sentimental as well as practical. He knew he had been closer to Nature the Mother that night than ever he had been in the wilderness. He salaamed, and began to address her in reverence and gratitude.

"Coo, you're a character!" laughed Daisy, who never stopped laughing now.

A large man in oilskins and a helmet approached Doktor Eckmann and said firmly but without heat: "Come along now, sir. A gent like you shouldn't be setting a bad example. Move along now, sir, and if you take my advice you'll get to bed."

"Ach," gasped the Herr Doktor, as one enlightened, "that is just what I would do. I have been trying to think him."

"Leave it to me," laughed Daisy—a merry and novel quip they both enjoyed.

The fresh air and the oscillations of the earth and the buildings and lights thereon began to take effect on him. He was weary after his hours of adventure and intense observation: he longed for that bed mentioned by the oracle in the helmet, he ached for it.

And he had his desire, for when he returned to consciousness he was in bed, albeit still dressed save for his boots. It was a large bed and a strange bed in a large, strange room. Also it was a bed of pain. He peered about blindly, and his head throbbed and burned just as it had when he was down with the fever in Mombasa. A swarm of questions, worse than malarial mosquitoes, plagued him. He lay miserable and comatose, wrestling with the problems of where, why and how. Without his glasses everything was fogged. He fumbled blindly and found them on the bedside table.

The scene cleared.

A young person in pink underclothes sat by the window gazing at the outer world with the rapt appreciation of a child on a first visit to the seaside. She looked now like a bud which, on top of the untimely rain, had suffered the attentions of a too ardent sun. There was a certain puffiness. And yet with it all she contrived to seem happy and carefree and vernal.

AFTER a considerable interval the Herr Doktor identified the young person in pink as Daisy, and the events of the previous day and night began to return to him. What had he done? demanded Sense, summoning up Shame and Fear. What hadn't he done! exulted that part of him buried beneath so much learning since the remote dear days at Berne. The word Ruin! echoed hollowly in the caverns of his soul, and with it chimed the strange war cry Whoopee! he had learnt from Daisy—a faint chime, perhaps, but insistent.

Torn thus, Doktor Eckmann groaned aloud.

Daisy swung about and turned on that ready, irresponsible smile.

"What cheer, Bert?" she inquired gaily. "Feeling a bit morning-afterish? Never mind, I'll get you a hair-of-the-dog in a bit, and we'll take it dead quiet to-day."

She came and perched on the end of the bed, regarding him in unconcealed amusement. Doktor Eckmann, who was not hypercritical about feminine beauty, having seen little of it in ten years and more, felt the pain in his head ease, but was still in great trepidation.

"Is it that we have slept here then?" he inquired more gutturally than usual.

"Where did you want to sleep? On the roof of the Kursaal?"

The Herr Doktor considered that alternative. "No," he said. "No, but——"

IN the clear light of morning, with no exotic, if innocent, beverages to help him, he viewed Daisy in alarm, in panic. A lovely young lady—the loveliest young lady he had ever known—but on the day after to-morrow he had to address the Institute and he knew very well the Eighty-Four would never approve of Daisy, nor, for that matter, would she approve of them. His life and hers lay worlds apart. Doktor Eckmann shivered. What were the marriage customs of Daisy's delightful but mysterious tribe? In the Trobriands, now, it would have been possible to settle the matter by the gift of a pig to the parents—but the Trobriands had no bearing on this issue.

"You also?" he inquired with a timid gesture at the bed.

"'Course. We're married. They'd take a lady's word for anything here."

"Married?" Again he shivered, so that it seemed the fever from Mombasa had returned more virulently.

"So far as the pub register goes anyway." She turned up her pert snub of nose. "A fine bridegroom you'd make. Snoring before I got your boots off. Well, I said you'd treat a girl different." She sniffed, but not unkindly. There was a twinkle about her face.

"Snoring?" echoed the Herr Doktor with relief, though still uncertain about the moral standards of Daisy's tribe.

"Comes to that," she relented, "I suppose it was a duet. This Southend air don't 'alf make you sleep!"

Doktor Eckmann had found the vital word.

"Compromised! It is not then that you consider I have compromised you, yes?"

"Dunno what it means," said Daisy. "You and your long words! But if you're frightened of blackmail or somethink, why, guess again. There's your money on the dressing-table, and the binge only cost you five quid, which is reasonable. I vote we go up to the Palace and have a posh day and then back to town to-night. I got the boy friend coming out to-morrow."

The Herr Doktor made weird cooing sounds of relief and thanks and adoration.

Daisy rose and strolling to him took his hot head in her cool hands and kissed him on that dome of brow.

"You're an old sport, Bert," she told him, "and I'm a young 'un. You oughtn't to be allowed out on your own all the same. Some fast piece might get a-hold of you, and then, oh boy! what a mess! I bet the beanfeast's done you more good than anythink ever happened. Sort of nice to be all different sometimes like you and I been. Coo, Bert, come to think of it, it's done me the power of good meself."

She held Doktor Eckbert Eckmann's head, so bulged with knowledge about *homo sapiens*, to her young breast, and her eyes, with the lines coming about them, were very tender, wiser than his, maternal.

END

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There is nothing mysterious about indigestion. Any doctor will tell you that almost all digestive trouble is due to excess stomach acid, which ferments food, generates painful gases, and attacks the delicate stomach-lining. Obviously, then, to get immediate relief, you need only counteract the stomach acidity: and for this purpose there is nothing to equal a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals or when discomfort is felt. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which can be obtained from any chemist for 1s. 3d. a package, speedily banishes indigestion by neutralising excess acid, stopping fermentation, and soothing and healing the inflamed stomach-lining. Doctors and hospitals use and recommend this common-sense remedy because, by acting directly upon the cause of the trouble, it invariably gives instant relief.

The New Companions

(*Continued from page 43*)

round Perpignan. They got 8 francs a day and 2 litres a head of purple wine; but rough living was cheap, and one could sleep out in the blessed nights.

It is astonishing what little money these people need. There's a film, *Man Braucht Kein Geld* (one doesn't need money), which, whatever its theme, could well be the motto of the New Companions. Consider, firstly, the complete absence of rent. Also, of course, of taxes. This dual absence, the lure of it, has impelled a big number on to the roads, particularly the more mature who have had jobs and lost them, probably never to get them again if they be much over forty. In this category also, alas, are many who have deserted wives and families. But to continue with money: some start out with funds, and apparently, if one have call on, say, £1 a month in spring and summer, and round out matters with free lodging for casual work, one can be in clover. £6 for six months! Yet that reserve can be everything; with meals either free or to be scrounged for a bagatelle. Others, again, may be fortunate enough occasionally to receive small sums from home. But this is not a frequent matter. On the contrary, many of the youthful fraternity have been as good as shown the door by their parents, themselves hopelessly hit.

Upon what can one spend money? Beer. Yes, certainly beer. Otherwise so much of our wayfarers' time is taken up with the uncosting sextette—lazing, scrounging, cooking, reading, smoking, sleeping. And passing on. On a fine day, in compact country, the roads can resemble that constant round-and-round mechanical procession of figures one takes pot shots at. They nearly all ask for lifts, feminines included, though I should say males at present outnumber females by fifty or sixty to one, if not more. There is always hope for work or adventure in the next town. Youth wants to get there with a minimum expenditure of physical energy. So it hails. But shall you stop? It is a tricky question. There's such a thing as blackmail. Also robbery with violence. While your insurance, should there be an accident, will not cover your passenger. It is hard to tell what you are up against, however Samaritanesque you may be feeling. Interspersed with the fine young blood of adventure are criminals and ne'er-do-weels, and perverts, riff-raff from every quarter now joining up in the guise of honest searchers after work.

You may experience a violent impulse to stop, you will feel an utter cad in passing on. That man there who has just given a hail is a dentist. Lots of professional men are perambulating their services consequent on the glut in the cities. One sees that 400 Budapest doctors average only one patient a week. They'll probably soon be moving out.

ANYTHING one has to sell—talents, studies, handicraft—is all for the good. Youth, having never had the chance to acquire specialisation, nine times out of ten offers brawn; youth to the fields and for building and roadmaking and tree-felling and public works vamped up for their benefit. Youth can also be very strong with the music. As strumming troubadour it wends its way, now playing in this inn, now passing on to the next. Some form of guitar or ukelele is as essential with vast numbers of our new nomads as are cooking and washing gadgets and a blanket. Often for a song food or lodging will be forthcoming, and what voices some of these youths can have, yodelling apart, and how good-looking they can be in their bronzed freshness, bringing the breath of cheer and shutting slap out slump!

These are the New Companions who, in striking up a freemasonry of the road, are for ever meeting kindred spirits and moving on with them—even as we used to in the War though without the moving on.

There is so much of the unexpected about this nomadism of which I write: that may be its principal plus side. That, and never being alone nowadays. Time was when lonely beggars tramped their weary way. Beggars still abound, but they are different beggars—if not on horseback, frequently in motor-cars. And it would be quite wrong to call 90 per cent. of our migrants "beggars" at all. Rather are they ready to work anywhere, anyhow, though with the qualification that they are not over-enthusiastic for permanent work, even if this be forthcoming. I refer here rather to the young who go to form the bulk of our company. Disillusioned and buffeted middle age is usually only too glad to stay put.

But with its juniors it is otherwise. The urge is to keep moving to see ever more of life, to seek fresh chances. For youth this business can, with luck and good weather, be much of a holiday now that succour is being organised and the whole thing recognised and companions abounding.

THE free and easy unions of the day are not absent from this story. That comes under the style "adventure." Nomadism in couples is gaining suffrages, notably in Germany, but it is still widely the exception, and for the reason that the staple facilities of the highway, food and a roof, will, as likely as not, not be forthcoming, especially if the country be austere or Catholic. I could write a deal about this moral side, but always believe in letting readers who understand these things—understand them. No doubt the new nomadism *is* fraught with considerable moral danger. One comes up with such weird people, much of the human gamut. And there's a general something in the air that hardly makes for stability—rather for looseness. The various ages, from fifteen to sixty, lumped together; a precociousness abroad that indubitably has derivatives in Communism.

However, I re-declare there's a plus side in so far as youth is concerned, at any rate. To me, the main misfortune of these times is that we can't give youth a start in life.

Behold this international youth unemployed in the cities in the winter. What does it do with itself all day long but idle about, and where a greater mischief breeder? In winter in cities one needs money for several things—cigarettes, cinemas, cafeterias. On the road in spring and summer and autumn one may become pilferer, smuggler, one may learn from contact with the criminal and Bad Companion, one may develop quite "red" and amoral notions (one does, I believe); yet in the scales on the other side are health and self-reliance, and something to occupy oneself with—in just keeping moving. And there's the good fellowship of the road, and the latter's varied happenings, be they luck or setbacks.

The internationalists can roam as far afield as Spain and Italy and Southern France, or up into Scandinavia; nor will the rate of exchange worry them in the least. "One doesn't require money." A passport is the main thing, and it is the fact that most frontier officials let the nomads pass because they look so like ordinary tourists.

The debit side of this tale is fairly obvious. The broken homes, the ceaseless quest of those getting on in life, the dossing in Salvation or kindred huts, the municipal soup, the hand of Ishmael because a man has little to offer save a broken spirit, the moving on, on, ever on, though hope is waning, the police interest, the eventual feeling of unwantedness, of beatenness, and suicide. Just now in Berlin they have got a whole suicide revue running.

Yet, even with the most pathetic cases, is it not better to be moving than hanging about the lonely city, for, as we know, few places can be lonelier than a big city? The road is not lonely. So much is certain, however stony and stiff its mileage. And, as I have suggested, this nomadism spreads out, projects the slump and its effects more reasonably. While the more people circulate and realise others' situations to-day, the more charitable and understanding of outlook may they become. Anyway, there it is. Perpetual motion. Knocking for work. Or singing for it. As you go.

IT is now established that some form of Leisure State is inevitable. Maybe this vagabondage of the younger generation is the start thereof. It is established that a day's work there never again can be for all, or anything like all. We may stand before the deluge or we may stand before the dawn. Or we may stand before each in succession. Whatever it is, machines and science have done their bit and produced, among other things, the roving quest set down here. Some may see the one eventual cure in the benign influence of birth control when this, as it is hoped, begins to operate thirty or forty or fifty years on. Others, visualising nearer, may incline to write "finis" to the slump with a fundamental reorganisation on something-like-Russia lines, since these do look fairly sure of being grafted on pretty widely one day—I said "something like." A more immediate matter may be that nations will in the meantime require increasingly to take into account, in their social programmes, all this roving for work and wayside dalliance with chance.

On *the* Instrument Board

(*Continued from page* 91)

"cold," and therefore to be treated carefully.

Moreover, there are smells *and* smells which emanate from an engine. Apart from the story, which I heard the other day, of the humorist who placed a kipper on the exhaust manifold of a friend's car—thereby creating an aroma which must have been startling and unique—a stray bit of rubber tubing, resting against a hot cylinder block, will often cause the driver needless anxiety. It is infinitely better to know, by a glance at the thermometer, exactly what the engine temperature is doing.

All sorts of "gadgets," of course, find their way on to the instrument board from time to time. Among these, an interesting newcomer is the device whereby the engine can be restarted automatically if it is accidentally stopped. This, undoubtedly, is most ingenious, although I am not convinced that it is particularly practical. If an engine should stall itself in traffic, as does occasionally happen, it is no very great labour to hold the clutch out while touching the self-starter.

I will not deny, however, that when I first came across this novelty I spent quite a lot of time—and a good deal of someone else's electricity—in playing with it. It certainly did its job in an effective and rather fascinating manner. Yes, there is quite a lot that is interesting, ingenious and original to be found, if one looks, on the instrument board.

This Month's Motoring Hint:
These New Gearboxes

I SOMETIMES wonder, when driving one of the many cars now fitted with "crash-proof" gearboxes, how the average owner reacts to this new acquisition. Does he treat such gears with the respect and care which he formerly gave to his old-fashioned gearbox?

I hope that he does, for no gear is improved by being "slammed in" in a violent manner. The shock and strain of such treatment, moreover, would eventually have a bad effect on the engine and transmission.

The best policy is to make ordinary, sensible gear changes, even when one knows that a "freak" change is possible. With synchromesh gearboxes, it is a mistake to rely entirely upon the special top and third gears. Second gear is also intended to be used, and there are occasions when it would be bad driving to neglect it.

If sensible gear-changing methods are employed, it should be possible to use second gear almost as readily as third. To be unable to achieve this is an admission that the driver is becoming too dependent on the aid of fool-proof mechanism.

Make teething-time easier

THAT first, eagerly expected little tooth is about to peep through. And baby wants something hard to suck and bite upon to help it to come through easily.

Instead of a bone ring or comforter—which often results in infection from germs and causes malformation of the mouth—give "Ovaltine" Rusks to baby. Crisp—but not too hard—they give just the assistance necessary to bring the little teeth easily through the gums, while they are made just the right size for his little hand. And they give that biting exercise which ensures sound, well-spaced teeth and correct jaw formation.

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R.S8

COMMON MISTAKES

about

CONSTIPATION

by a physician

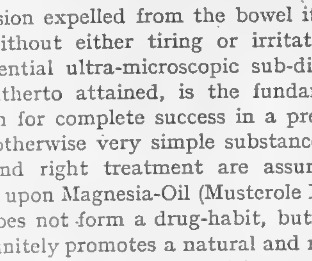
Probably more mistakes are made about Constipation and its treatment than about any other every-day recurrence. It is important that these mistakes should be corrected, as Constipation is easily the commonest complaint in this country, and sooner or later its neglect or wrong treatment exacts a penalty. Many mistakes are made as to the cause of Constipation, and it is frequently overlooked that almost any interruption in the daily routine of mind or body can bring about the complaint.

If mistakes are made as to the cause of Constipation, still greater mistakes are made as to its treatment. In the eager search for relief the patient does not pause to consider that "persuasion is better than force," and that laxatives which depend upon force for their effects (and most laxatives do) lead to ever-increasing doses and a drug-habit!

The Ideal Remedy

These mistakes of treatment cannot obtain if the remedy sought is M-O—or to give it its full name, Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand)—which is the result of a series of researches carried out for the purpose of producing a laxative from whose action force should be rigorously excluded. Attention was focussed primarily upon the *contents* of the intestine with the result that pure magnesia and pure liquid paraffin in a state of the most intimate sub-division expelled from the bowel its contents, without either tiring or irritating it. This essential ultra-microscopic sub-division, never hitherto attained, is the fundamental condition for complete success in a presentation of otherwise very simple substances.

Relief and right treatment are assured by insisting upon Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand) which does not form a drug-habit, but which very definitely promotes a natural and regular action . . . and that is why physicians prescribe and insist upon Magnesia-Oil (Musterole Brand) daily as the superlative remedy for constipation. Obtainable from all Chemists, price 2/9 and 5/-. Sole Distributors: THOS. CHRISTY & Co., 4/12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.



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John Bull Bites on Gold

(*Continued from page* 47)

described as His Majesty's Eastern African Dependencies. Two white men kneel beside a little stream threading a small ravine between banks of impenetrable forest. Their eyes pop. From the sandy bed of the little stream something is winking and winking at them. What is it? Can it be—it is—gold! They rise and survey the landscape. A giant tangle of forest cut by a tangle of ravines and broken by intermittent clearings cultivated by the natives of the Kavirondo reserve. Seven hundred square miles, and all over this stretch—gold!

Time: one month later. Scene: Same, but a bird's-eye view. You look down on a scene reminiscent of the rush of '98 without the snow. Men, white and black, working at sluices and crouching over streams with pans rocking monotonously in their hands. Women too, for the most part breeched and trousered. And up the railway and over the lake, and down the forest rides and through the jungle paths of the game preserves, charging dozing lions and scattering wildbuck, a never-ending stream of newcomers: settlers from hard-up sisal farm and impoverished tea plantation, embarrassed cattle ranch and clientless Nairobi office. Somewhat in advance of the big rush the Government geologist, Sir Albert Kitson. He ranges the field, interrogating, poking his nose into streams, knocking rocks with a little hammer, scanning quartz lumps flecked with yellow—and perhaps wishing he were on this job as a prospector instead of a Government official. He pens his report. A glowing document. Kakamega (as they call it, from the little trading station there) is a real goldfield. A great future awaits it.

Time: January, 1933. Scene: Whitehall with the lid off—another bird's-eye view. In the Colonial Secretary's chair now sits quite a different figure—Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, tall, rich, Tory. He examines a document from Kenya. The white legislature has voted to amend that 1930 Ordinance. The Governor has assented in the King's name. It is necessary to shift the natives to make way for the grant of leases and the development of a gold mining industry. The natives won't like it at first, but it will be like a nasty-tasting tonic—do 'em no end of good in the long run. "Of course," murmurs Sir Philip. "What are laws for, anyway, if not to be amended?" And he crosses over to Parliament and announces that the sanctity of that Passfield-inspired Ordinance is only "a technical point"; and, anyway, the natives will only be shifted temporarily, for the duration of a 21-year lease.

The curtain falls as I write (it is clearly not the end of this play) upon a frightful clamour, as the Archbishop of Canterbury, J. L. Garvin, J. M. Keynes, George Lansbury, Sir Walter Leyton, with a chorus of humanitarians, sentimentalists, Liberals, Socialists, missionaries, archdeacons, Oxford movements, Cambridge societies, "colour emotionalists," and others, try to grab this gold bone from the growling bull pup's jaws. They cannot see why, with £2,250,000,000 worth of gold already stored in the world, and the British Empire enormously accelerating production to break the gold corner established by France and America (who between them sit on £1,500,000,000 worth of the metal), John Bull has to go back on his word, and shift a crowd of Kenya natives off their maize patches in order to get at the yellow stuff underneath.

WHAT the Kenya gold will mean to the Imperial British remains to be seen. Alluvial gold is being taken out now. The wealth of the reefs has yet to be proved. The great gold rushes in the Cariboo and on the Klondyke turned out to be only spectacular flashes in the pan. Klondyke reached its peak in four years, when 870,000 ounces were taken out, and soon after was just an empty shell. The Canadians were so disillusioned that when the really big strike was made in 1911 at the Hollinger mine in the wilds of north Ontario, a rush did not follow. The men who knew grinned, and said it would blow up. But it did not blow up; and the Porcupine Group and the Kirkland Lake Group up there are now responsible for 80 per cent. of a Canadian gold output which has increased 400 per cent. in 20 years, and is still rising, as the Yukon and Nova Scotia stage a come-back under modern processes, the gigantic Hudson's Bay and Sherritt Gordon mines in Manitoba come into production, and prospectors strike deposits in Saskatchewan and range the almost unexplored wilds of the Canadian hinterland. To-day an unbroken chain of gold-producing provinces stretches from Quebec to the Pacific, adding to the vast British Empire output around £12,000,000 of gold a year. (Meantime, down south, poor old Uncle Sam sees his fields decline steadily from an output of £20,000,000 in 1915 to a trickle of £8,000,000 a year now.)

In South Africa the (*Continued on page* 120)

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* **Handwriting**

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

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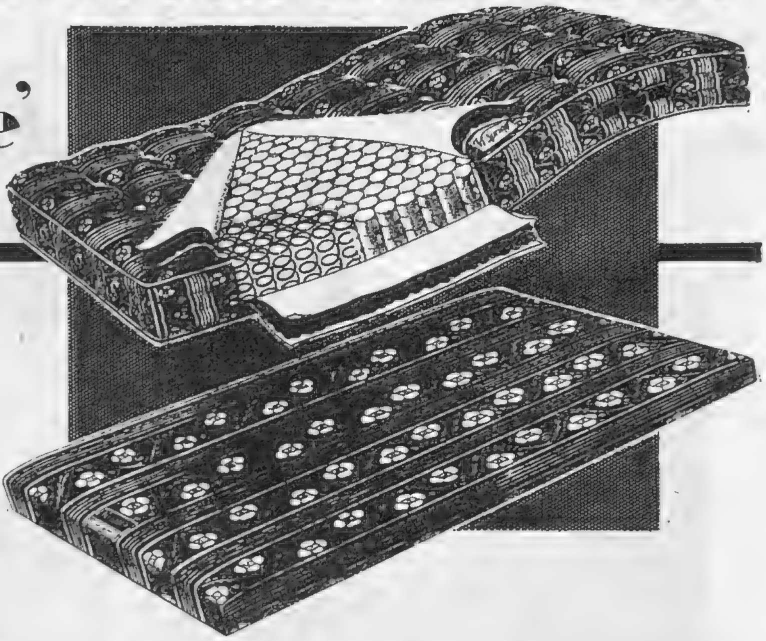

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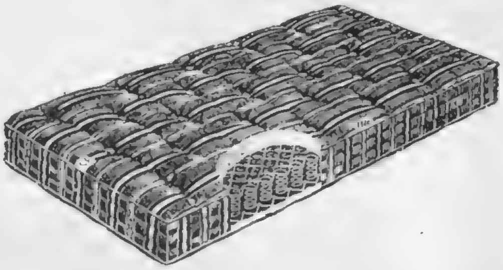

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FOR THE GUMS

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link of the currency to sterling is bringing in enormous low-grade ores which formerly could not be worked at a profit. Production and profits are soaring. What a field ! One mine alone, Modderfontein, the world's biggest, has yielded nearly £60,000,000 of gold to date, paid around £14,000,000 in dividends, and the Government draws £1,500,000 from it every year. They are going after the extension of the great main reef there, and the news indicates that they have found it.

In West Africa they have awakened to such effect that shares of a whole string of forgotten claims and mines have jumped from a few pence to as many shillings over the last few months.

In Western Australia there is a flare up reminiscent of the big boom of the 'nineties.

And in New Guinea, long the happy hunting ground of gold prospectors, the veterans are out again on the trails through the savage bush, over the granite blows, the ironstone hills and the mountain ranges, braving fevers and cannibals, tailing the gold up twisting streams into the heart of ranges in search of the mother lode. According to the calculation of Mr. Leslie Urquhart, the mining expert, one new deposit alone, situated in a spot so inaccessible that dredges and supplies have to be flown in by aeroplane, will soon be working at a profit of £200,000 a year.

ONE could go on and on, in the track of John Bull's pups chasing gold bones—and bringing plenty home, too—all over John's spacious lands, covering one-fourth of the habitable globe, and embracing one-fourth of the planet's population of 1,880 millions. And one could add that the late Joseph Kitchen, the renowned authority, estimated that since the British East India Company opened up trade between Europe and the East, India has sucked in over £600,000,000 in gold ; so that, if you allow for the £50,000,000 charmed forth during 1932 by the offer of more Indian rupees and British pounds than the gold hoarders have been able to get before for a gold ornament, bar, brick or coin, there is still a mighty pile left in that sub-continent, its prolific gold mines apart.

But when you are through, where are you ? Somewhere back where you started, which was at a large bulldog and a big litter of sturdy pups setting out to chase their own tails. Over 75 per cent. of the world's gold the Empire is producing, the broad stream flowing from the hoarders' coffers apart—and back in John Bull's central family coffer Mr. Norman weeps over a mere £120 million of yellow metal. More gold comes to London, the world's chief bullion market, than to any other centre, but out it goes again to buyers the world over, leaving John with not enough to spare for a June instalment of the American war debt.

It looked for a while as if John might "get wise" to a gold racket which has seen every empire and civilisation crash since empires and civilisations began. But he seems to be weakening again. The gold guardians are closing in, from Geneva, Paris, Washington, Brussels, Basle and Amsterdam, trying to herd him back with soft alluring whispers to the effect that the off-gold world in which he has been romping is really a lunatic asylum, and the gold house from which he broke loose so recently is (if he only knew it) the great world of the sane folk.

Has John been having a frolic in sanity ? Is it possible that he has been playing with the idea of selling them all the gold he can produce in a great hurry, and then departing, leaving them with the gold baby and their ponderous, useless stocks ?

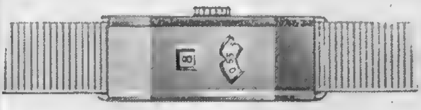
Useless speculations, when the world's leading alienists in this special field have not yet decided whether the age-old gold complex is a sign of a balanced mind or hereditary mania. Did I not say that this is really a subject for a Pirandello, a man who suspects that madmen are sane, and sane men mad ?

END

BY APPOINTMENT

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's "MODERN" WATCH

has revolutionized fashion in watches. Its success and popularity are due not only to its novel form and attractive appearance, but to the fact that it is so very practical. A most desirable gift that is sure to please.



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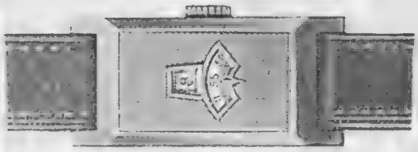

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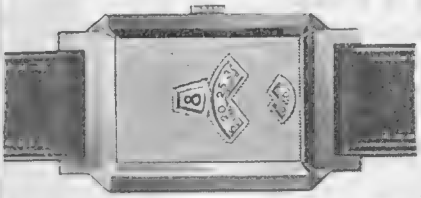

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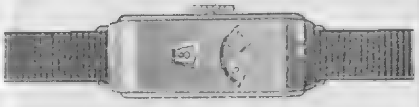

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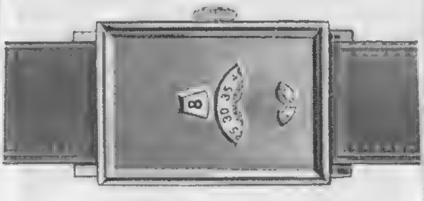

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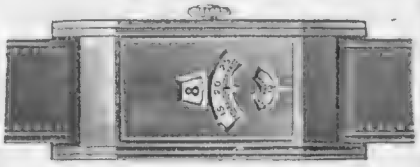

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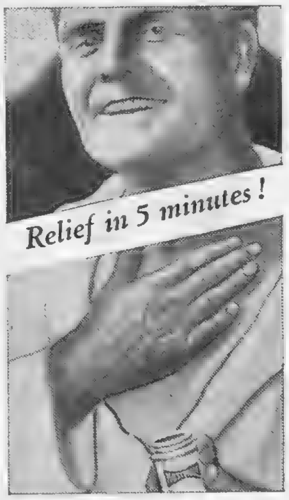
with a rub of your ointment"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"Late one foggy night, just about the time my annual Winter cough had started, I was about to leave a friend's house after a card party, when he gave me a jar of your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment.

"When I arrived home, I rubbed some of it on my chest. I could feel its tingling warmth doing me good there and then! Within a day or two my cough had completely vanished, and now, at the slightest sign of a cough, I kill it on the spot with a rub of your ointment."

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by
W-5
BRAND
TABLETS

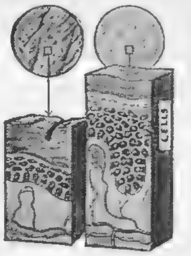
REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 brand tablets, which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.
Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

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From all Chemists.
Tubes 1/3, *double quantity* 2/-

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Russian Royalties *in* Exile

(*Continued from page* 23)

Yourievsky sang at the Coliseum on several occasions. But music hall life palled on her, and she now lives very quietly outside London.

THEN we come to the enterprising and princely family of the Galitzines. One of them married Colonel Zinovieff, who started as a taxicab driver in London, and now has a small garage where you can hire private cars. Prince Vladimir Galitzine runs that charming little antique shop in Berkeley Street. His brother—and this is perhaps most interesting of all—has just been allowed by the Bolsheviks to leave Russia after fifteen years of revolution. He has been starved, imprisoned, and exiled to Siberia. Strangely enough, it was while in exile that he met his present wife—the Countess Carloff—who had also been deported. They married in prison, and their children, who have returned with them to England, were actually born in the prison hospital. Of the other Galitzines, Prince Nicolas married an English wife and is quite well off. And the husband of Countess Kleinmichael, who is Princess Vladimir Galitzine's sister, is working with a British firm of dairy products.

THERE is no need to take up your carpets if you have a Hoover, because this vacuum cleaner beats, sweeps and cleans electrically. Step ladders can also be dispensed with, as the above illustration shows

Next door to Prince Vladimir Galitzine's shop in Berkeley Street is Marie Pierre. Marie Pierre is Princess Troubetzkoy, who, before her second marriage, was Princess Chavchavadze. Her son is that brilliant pianist, George Chavchavadze. George, knowing that there are far fewer good Russian pianists than Russian princes, never uses his title on the concert platform. He has risen to a point where he can charge fifty pounds an evening for playing at a private house. George was lucky. His family realised that he had musical talent far above the ordinary while he was still a child, and at the age of thirteen he was sent from Russia to become a pupil at the Leschetitzky School in Vienna, the most successful product of whom is undoubtedly Moisevitch. Now George gives musical concerts in Copenhagen, New York, Dublin, Paris, Ottawa, Bournemouth, and has filled the Queen's Hall to the full with a recital of his own. Brahms, Chopin, and the Russian composers are his favourites. His sister, Princess Maria Chavchavadze, works at the League of Nations at Geneva. She is a pretty girl, and does not visit London often enough. The other evening at dinner she was telling me that she is just finishing a novel on the theme of the young exiled royalists. " Any of us," she said, " who wants to work can achieve something, even though our ancestors were lazy for centuries. What I have noticed among the young people of my own age is a tremendous love of Russia. Even those who were born abroad are exceedingly patriotic and insist on learning and speaking Russian. Of course, I was too young to remember much about home before the Revolution. But this I can well remember—a feeling of tremendous fear among the grown-ups that something was going to happen. Actually we did not leave Russia for two years after the Revolution, and I had a rotten time as the only bourgeois girl in a Soviet school. I had awful fights and, you see, the mistress did not dare give bad marks to the other girls because their parents would have come round and raised a commotion."

Her mother, Princess Troubetzkoy, is a very good-looking woman—and a successful one too. " When I left Russia," she told me smilingly at tea one afternoon, " I had been only interested in art, singing, and poetry. My voice was not good enough for singing in public. The poetry I liked was all Russian. So that was useless. All that was left was an interest in art, and I took up painting on glass and lacquer work. In two years I sold three thousand five hundred pieces which I had done myself. I was painting from morning to midnight, and regiments of kindly reporters came and interrupted me to interview me. In 1923, just ten years ago, I started a dressmaker's shop, and it has gone very well. I employ nothing but English people. Is my title a help ? No, I don't think it is. Except among one's friends it is rather tiresome. On the one hand, you feel you have to live up to it. On the other hand, clients who would not mind being fitted by Mrs. Smith may sometimes not like to be fitted by a princess. At the moment the business is going very well, and yet, you know, money means very little to me, as long as I have enough to live on, and if I didn't have to work, I wouldn't."

" Oh, wouldn't you ? " said her daughter. " I tell you that she would really be lost without the shop to look after."

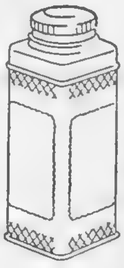
ANOTHER princely family is that of the Dolgoroukis. Prince Serge was attached to the late Empress Marie of Russia, and used to live in Copenhagen. Now that she is dead he sometimes comes from Paris, which is his headquarters, to Frogmore Cottage. Princess Mestchersky looks after Russian children and lives in the South of France. Count Pahlen makes kümmel in Paris, and Baron Rosen makes vodka at Reval in Esthonia. They both come of princely families whose headquarters used to be in the Baltic, and I like both their kümmel and their vodka. Of the others whom I have met, there are the former Princess Xenia of Russia, who married Mr. W. B. Leeds, and Princess Nina of Russia, who married Prince Paul Chavchavadze—the latter works in the Cunard offices in New York.

It was Mrs. Leeds who at first sponsored the woman who called herself the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia, and said that she had been rescued from the wholesale executions of her family by a Polish workman of the name of Tchaikowski, like the composer. The extraordinary thing was that many members of the former Imperial Court at first believed her story, and she went from Bucharest to Berlin, and thence to the United States, before finally, poor dear, her mind wandered a little and she is now in a nursing home for the mentally afflicted in Germany. To-day it is generally admitted that she was not who she thought she was, even by the former Princess Xenia of Russia. And yet a

(*Continued on page* 124)

the finishing touch

What a lot of things make up the woman a man knows. Her voice. Her hair. Her hands. Her figure. Other things too, not so profound but no less important in their way. The very powder, for instance, with which she sprinkles herself after the bath is vital, giving as it does the final touch and finish. And many women nowadays leave this in the safe-keeping of Johnson's Baby Powder, the softest powder in the world. The powder that was really made for babies, and which is the daintiest and best a sensitive and precious skin can have. The powder too that makes and keeps you sweet and lovely and alluring. Lending "atmosphere" and *chic*. Giving fragrance and delight.



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Size 4, for boys 8-10 yrs.
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„ 6, „ „ 12-14 „
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BEEF IN BRIEF

most interesting book has been written to bolster up her claim by M. Botkine, the son of the Imperial physician who was murdered with the Tsar and knew all the young generation of the Imperial family.

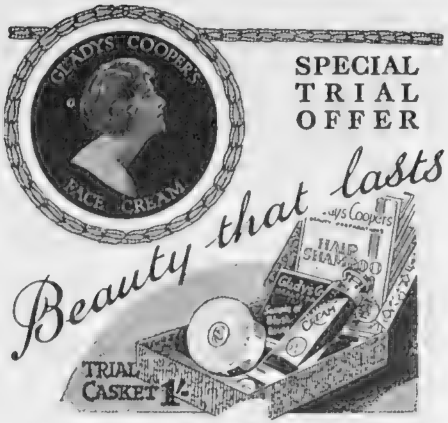
This unfortunate woman made no effort to trade on the fact that she passed as Russian royalty—which is quite the exception to the general rule of would-be princely adventurers. Only a few weeks ago there was that brazen East Side scallywag who called himself Prince Romanoff, and, despite the fact that the French treated him as he deserved, he managed to get back to the United States as a fellow passenger of Marylin Miller and Mr. Andrew Mellon, the American Ambassador in London. Mike whatever-his-name-was wisely kept clear of England. In London there is short shrift for adventurers, particularly those who pass stumer cheques. The authorities ask M. Eugene Sabline to check up on them, and that is that—or nearly always.

ON the whole, M. Sabline says that there have been fewer fake Russian princes in England than is generally imagined. "Of course, a number of people have tried it on," he said, "but they are caught out so soon that it does not really matter.

"In England nearly all the Russian Royalists have jobs," said M. Sabline. "You *must* have one to be able to live here. In Paris—the paradise of the poor man—it is not so necessary. Nearly all the Russians in England, except those of princely families, have naturalised themselves—in order to get jobs. On the whole, all of the Russian Royalties have settled down fairly happily to their new life. In the old days it was out of the question for a Prince to be a brewer or a flower shop manager, for example. He lived on the profit of his estates, which were run for him by his agent. He knew nothing of business. To-day he finds that the English are the most traditionally charitable, and that England is the most agreeable haven for a refugee, whether or not he has found some profession at which he can earn a livelihood."

The virtues of "Esse" anthracite stoves are very well known, but it is not every householder who realises that they are made in simple form as well as in costly patterns. The No. 1 "Solesse" stove, here illustrated, is the smallest of a great series. It burns the same walnut size anthracite or coke as the larger models and keeps alight continuously requiring to be refilled only twice daily. The decorated top swings to one side, exposing a flat top on which a kettle can be placed.

This "Solesse" stove, costing, in simple finish, only £2 15 0, is recommended for rooms up to 12 ft. square, and if the fuel used is boiler anthracite nuts, costing in London only 57s. 6d. per ton, the actual expenditure over a 24-hour day will not exceed twopence.



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HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO TEST THEM

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from infancy to old age,

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"Bevona" Tailored Overalls

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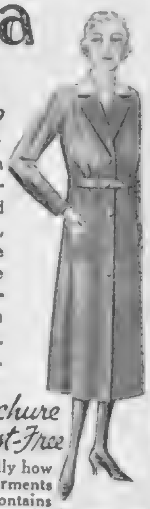

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This explains fully how these delightful garments are made and contains illustrative plates of the various charming styles available.

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NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890.

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Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, December 14th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition. — Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905. Hon. Mention: Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806.

Literature Competition.—Verses Suitable for a Christmas Card. Prize 10s. Awarded to B. Gardner, G.C.S. 5925. Hon. Mention: G. Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730; K. Holland, G.C.S. 5868; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Pleasance Warren, G.C.S. 4949. Hon. Mention: Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905; Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Fairy Tale. Prize 10s. Awarded to Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189. Hon. Mention: Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930; W. S. Harris, M.C.S. 3391.

Literature Competition.—Describe Entrance and Appearance of a Character in a Novel You Would Like to Write. Prize 10s. Awarded to Pat Low, M.C.S. 3389. Hon. Mention: E. Oliver Hall, M.C.S. 3333; Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150; Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042; Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Nursery Frieze. Prize 5s. Awarded to Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; Marit Guinness, A.C.S. 1530.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206. Hon. Mention: Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037.

Award of Prizes, January 2nd

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration for a Shakespearean Play. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356. Hon. Mention: Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603, and Zenobia Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958. Hon. Mention: Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846; Florence McCoy, G.C.S. 5845; Jem Russell, G.C.S. 5824.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905; Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Title Page for a Book of Modern Verse. Prize 10s. Awarded to Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276. Hon. Mention: Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Una Monk, M.C.S. 3392. Hon. Mention: Virginia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 3258; Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042; Anthony Hern, M.C.S. 3322.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Group of Three Objects. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536. Hon. Mention: Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462. Hon. Mention: Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516.

IF SO . . . .

" Did roses blow in Eden,
And were there nightingales?
And did the self-same dreaming moon
With silver paint the vales?

Was Eve dark-haired and lovely,
With skin like marble, white,
And were her eyes like Evelyn's eyes,
The velvet hue of night?

And was her voice like music,
Low-toned and soft and sweet,
Her words so wise that seraphs sat
And listened at her feet?

If so, I pity Adam,
And I can understand,
For sin and pain and death I'd take
From Evelyn's slender hand . . . ."

By Una Monk. Awarded Member's Literature Prize, January 2.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(March—April)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Design for Poster Advertising Cigarettes. No. II. Closing date, April 3rd. A Landscape Study. No. III. Closing date, April 17th. Design for Book Cover on some Flying Topic.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, April 3rd. An Appreciation of One of Shakespeare's Heroines. No. III. Closing date, April 17th. A Short Story.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Anything in Colours. No. II. Closing date, April 3rd. Anything White. No. III. Closing date, April 17th. Do-As-You-Like.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Illustration to a Well-known Poem. No. II. Closing date, April 3rd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, April 17th. A Poster Advertising a Charity Dance.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, April 3rd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, April 17th. A Short Poem.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. A Design for a Book Jacket. No. II. Closing date, April 3rd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, April 17th. Flowers in a Vase.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, March 15th. Letter Asking a Friend to Come to Stay With You. No. II. Closing date, April 3rd. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, April 17th. A Verse of Four Lines Concerning any Animal.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First prize, 10s. Second prize, 5s. Closing date, April 3rd. Subject left to competitor.

AT THE KING'S THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH, ON JAN. 16

Above and right: Salon "Cinderellas" behind the scenes with some of the principals in "The Babes in the Wood"

Below: Our dress circle group just before the rise of the curtain

42nd ANNUAL COMPETITIONS

Prize Awards

PIANOFORTE.—Associates.—Prize: Molly Sweeney. Hon. Mention: Margaret Pomfret, Joyce Garratt.

Members and Graduates.—Prize: Winifred Benemy. Hon. Mention: Miriam Datlow, Kay Holland.

ART. — Associates. — Prize: Penelope Burra. Hon. Mention: Rachel Cunningham.

Members. — Prize: May McFadyen. Hon. Mention: Joan Hunton, Stella Wyndham, Isabel Jackson.

Graduates. — Prize: Nora Reed. Hon. Mention: Sylvia Reed, Christabel Richens, Eveline Rhind.

LITERATURE.—Associates. — Prize: Beryl White. Hon. Mention: Moyra Hubbard.

Members. — Prize: Dora Malfatti. Hon. Mention: Mary Clack, Gwendoline Allen, Jean Lawes.

Graduates.—Prize: Dinoo S. Bastavala. Hon. Mention: Catherine Baldwin, Mary L. C. Roberts.

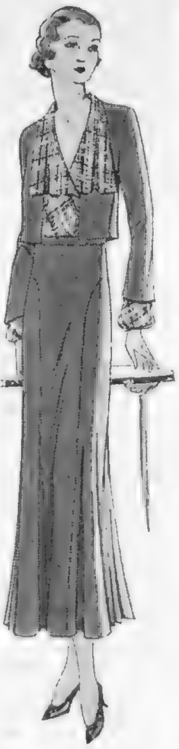
FRENCH.—Associates.—Prize: Marion Paton. Hon. Mention; Joan Cohen, Millicent Wood, Molly Heaney.

Graduates.—Prize: Trixie Ford. Hon. Mention: Winifred E. Brennand.

RECITATION, Section A.—*Associates.*—Prize: Betty Warwick. Hon. Mention: Tony Hayward, Jean Levy. Section B.—1st Prize: Kathleen Cleal; 2nd Prize:

(*Continued on page* 128)

MATERNITY FROCKS



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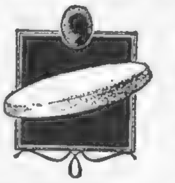

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Members and Graduates.—Prize: Sheila Douglas-Pennant. Hon. Mention: Phyllis M. White.

DANCING. — Associates. — Section A. Prize: Margaret Blake. Section B.—Prize: Désirée Carnell. Hon. Mention: Angela Lawson, Sylvia Manuel. Section C.—Jean Pattinson. Hon. Mention: Paddy Dawes, Patricia Lawson, Félicité M. Petters. Duets. Prize: Gabrielle and Biddy Carnell. Prize: Audrey Jones and Beryl Ellis.

MUSICAL COMEDY SINGING.—Associates.—Prize: Alison Petters. Hon. Mention: Pamela Mumford, Phyllis Wright. *Members*: Prize: Delphine Petters.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*December* 14)

Barbara Maile.—The interest of the reader becomes increasingly aroused towards the finish, which is as it should be. Earlier on one fails to see the importance of this character, and perhaps his significance might be stressed a little sooner.

Irene McCoy.—Your second line has a beat too many, and the rhythm of the whole is upset in consequence; otherwise a very pretty and suitable effort.

K. Holland.—A rather curious metre, but the opening is distinctly good and fresh. The finish isn't quite so satisfactory.

Olive Dockree.—A very fair plot, but this subject should have been tackled rather differently. It should have read as an actual page from the novel, not as a résumé of it.

Florence McCoy. — Rather ordinary in sentiment, but very neatly expressed. For a competition it is essential to break away from paths that are at all well worn.

Marit Guinness.—Unless the room were rather low these figures and birds might appear a bit spotty without being very significant. At the level of the eye the design is very pleasing.

Jessie Wilkes. — The second verse is much the better one, but with a little careful editing the first could easily be brought into line.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Rich and strong, rather lacking in daylight colour and a bit emphasised all over. Judicious softening would give repose and projection.

May W. Harrison.—Strong, but cut up by local emphasis, losing breadth in consequence. Don't let brown pigment substitute subtle darks. Better too flat than over-modelled.

Dahlia Anson.—Vivacious and decorative, but uncomfortable as to ground plane and relative proportion. With so much artistry early decision on such points is more than worth while.

Yvonne Earle.—A really wonderful bit of work, full of invention and delicate neatness. Is it unkind to say that the small script is best suited to the theme, and that a deeper subject would better harmonise with this form of elaboration? Still, congratulations. The needlework entry also does you the greatest credit, and only just misses the prize standard.

Marjorie Naylor.—The wavering reflections and near surface are only hinted. But just below the pier the effect is good. Atmospheric themes suit your dainty brush better. Clever study.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—A nineteenth century Cinderella loses romance. Well put together, the female figure very good, and the beginning of a good pen style.

Kathleen V. Halsall.—Good action and expression, but pen technique neither modern nor antique. Don't be over-explicit. learn to omit and suggest.

W. S. Harris.—Sympathetic pencil touch and plenty of go. Very promising work. Legs and feet your weak point. Good pictorial arrangement.

Joan Hunton.—Very colourful, quaint and effective. The proportion of figures more than exaggerated. If the figures and faces were as good as the rest this would be extremely fine work.

Pamela Searight.—Very smart and effective, though the tint does not help much. A blue or grey would have been really serviceable and helped the illusion. Still, clever work.

Pleasance Warren.—A most charming little entry, delightfully accurate in workmanship. You are becoming a really fine needlewoman!

R. E. Minchin.—The first verse begins very well, but gets a little clumsy in the fifth line. The second verse is much better.

The Children's Salon

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Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The*

Children's Salon Competition Circle

(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name.......

Address ....

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Age, if under 20...........

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

The Children's Salon

(continued)

Brenda Milligan.—You lose by having the landscape stronger in effect than the beanstalk, and by Jack's unhurried calm. In all other respects bright and telling.

Betty Weir.—Some pretty work and pleasant handling, but the background of the houses dominates too much, swamping some of the interest which should be concentrated on the figures.

Stephanie Weir.—Charming detail, better suited to book illustration, however, than for its present purpose, which demands greater stability in design. The colour scheme very pleasant.

Gwendoline Allen.—Very curious and interesting, but one feels the need of some further clue to this arresting person. A hint of the date of the story would help matters.

Penelope Burra.—Some delightful invention and colour, but the effect as a whole is rather spotty. Attention to composition will get you over this stile.

Joan Wyatt.—This only just fails to be very good indeed. The day placed before the dawning is in the nature of an anachronism.

May McCoy.—The rhymes run very easily, but the tautology in ideas contained in the first and second lines and again in the fourth should be avoided.

Jean Weir.—A most remarkable effort in design for one of your tender years, full of ingenuity and very suitable for the particular purpose. Most promising work. The literature entry sounds a little stilted. Better for the present to try to write as you would speak.

Mary Gordon.—An entertaining idea, very neatly introduced. With a better knowledge of nautical detail this would or should work out very interestingly.

Joan Harris.—Attractively handled, although the adventures are a bit extravagant. This criticism, however, is cleverly parried in the last sentence. An interesting entry.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—It is difficult to decide whether your curious technique is intentional or not. I think you would be safer for the present in submitting yourself to the discipline of the more usual verse forms. Your originality would not be stamped out, I feel certain. The art entry shows excellent colour and atmosphere, but you have allowed the interesting markings to hurt continuity a bit; otherwise charming.

Pat Low.—A bit extravagant in style but otherwise first rate. You show a complete grip of the requirements of the subject and have treated it in a most interesting manner.

Veronica Price-Harris.—The Noah's Ark theme lends itself very well for such a purpose and the general plan of your design is quite sound. It would, however, be better without the tree, which isn't quite in keeping with the subject.

Bridget Hill.—The title is not new, being that of a play which was very successful years ago. I thought you might like to know this; also "Gabriel" is the more usual spelling. Excellent otherwise.

B. Gardner. — You have hit off the usual sentiments very neatly, even if they follow rather familiar lines. For competition purposes a breakaway from the beaten track of ordinary Christmas verse is advisable.

E. Oliver Hall.—A very neat and impressive piece of work. I could have wished that it were a little longer. Still, to leave the reader desiring more is naturally quite in order.

Jem Russell.—The last verse isn't exactly in harmony with the earlier ones, which, although a trifle too ecstatic, are nevertheless very well composed.

Evangeline Weir.—In the last sentence it would be better to put the statement therein in the form of a query "Did they know?" etc. The rest is charmingly done.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—One of the neatest things you have sent in for a verse competition. It is very good, particularly the last couplet. I also like the decoration. It is soundly composed and has true dramatic force and interest.

Michaela Danckwerts.—The colour scheme is a quaint mixture of the morbid and the robust, but as pattern this is interesting and suitable.

G. Bertelsman.—The word "blend" falls oddly on the ear. Its sense is perfect in this connection, but still its use is disturbing to the harmony and pleasant flow of the rest. Yes, two are enough.

A. G. Haydon.—A most interesting entry and of course just the thing for our sale. Beautifully worked into the bargain! Thank you so much.

Olive Dwyer.—Certainly you have achieved an original and graphic portrait. But the last sentence should run differently. That "in fact" isn't necessary and spoils the effect.

G. M. Cumpstey.—I doubt the wisdom of linking up the two events or dates. Otherwise neat in its finish and appeal, with the first verse decidedly the best.

Beryl White.—Very skilfully and charmingly written, especially considering your years. You have improved immensely. I hope you will try to send in regularly.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346 Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best limerick introducing the name "Jane."

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post March 15th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—March 15

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIRST SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best begging letter to a friend who has secured a sweepstake prize.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE not later than first post March 29th.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—March 29

Results of 144th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Elizabeth Martin.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," Gertrude Pitt, May Belben, "Elizabeth Adams," Elsie Wightman, Mary Low, M. Palmer, "M.R.A.," Julia Binfield, May W. Harrison, Alice Georgano, B. Gibbs, M. R. Watson, Eva Dingley, D. Avril, "G. G.," E. G. Robins, Isabel Smart.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse of six (should have been eight) lines the last words of which are date, mate, tree, flee, borne, scorn, gone, done.

Awarded to Julia Binfield.

Hon. Mention: "C. A. P.," B. Gibbs, "Elizabeth Adams," Eva Dingley, Ella Hood, F. A. Edinborough, Isabel M. Smart, E. G. Robins, M. Scott Morris, "J. A. B.," "G. G."

Winning Entry:—

Somehow, somewhere, at some fore-ordered date,
Spirit will meet and know its destined mate;
Each cling to each, as ivy to the tree;
As river to its quest, each to each flee:
Then, by supernal force together borne
Beyond the fret of earth, its surge, its scorn,
Abide where, loneliness for ever gone,
Bitterness will be past, mis-judgment done.

Results of 145th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

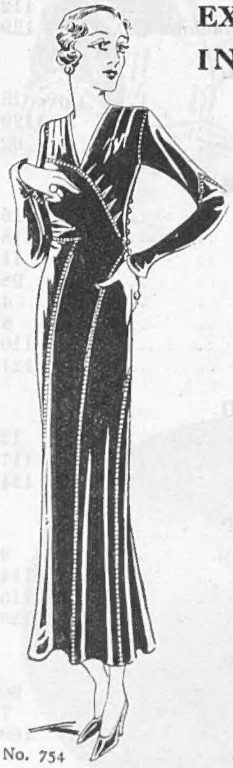
Awarded to F. A. Edinborough.

Hon. Mention: S. Christine Straker, "Caroline," Isabel M. Smart, May W. Harrison, "M. R. A.," D. Holland, Mary Low, Elizabeth G. Robins, Helen Grey, Alice de S. Georgano, "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem apostrophising a fine house going to decay.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention: Victoria Tyrrell, B. Gibbs, Anne Kerr, Elizabeth Robins, J. H. G. Gibbs, Mary Low, May Belben, E. Dingley, Julia Binfield, G. S. Ryder, W. M. Alexander.



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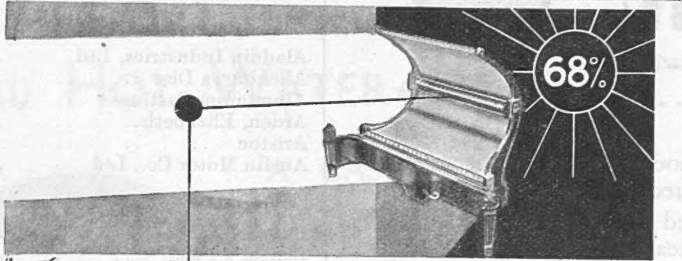

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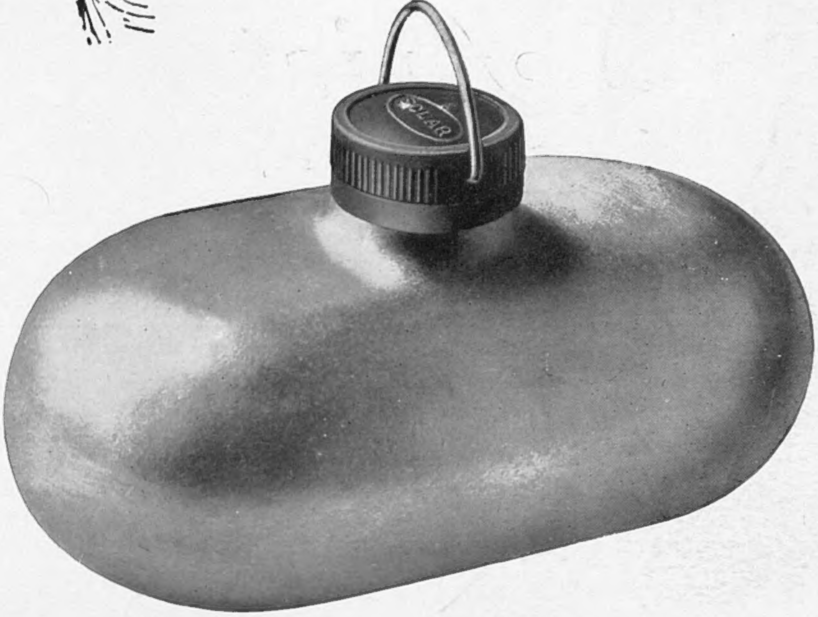

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